

Frontispiece.



Frontispiece.



K. Saligane de la Roche-Beaucourt (F.)

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
THE
SON of *ULYSSES.*

Written by the
Archbishop and Duke of *CAMBRAY.*

WITH A
POEM on a RURAL RETREAT,
written by the same Author, when a young
ABBOT among the Mountains of *Auvergne*
in *France*; and likewise, by another Hand,
the ADVENTURES of *ARISTONOUS.*

Translated into *English* from the best *Paris* and
other Editions,

By Mr. *OZELL.*

To which are added many Large and Explanatory Notes,
taken from the several Editions of this Work.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

LONDON: Printed for *W. Innys* and *R. Manby* at the West-
End of *St. Paul's*, *S. Birt* in *Ave-Mary Lane*, and *W. Poles*
over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand.* 1735.



EXPLANATION
OF THE
FRONTISPIECE.

HE Archbishop's Aim in this Poem being to lead his Pupil up to the most *exalted Wisdom*, the Painter has represented that Virtue under the Figure of a winged Female, of exquisite Beauty. She is in the upper Part of the Picture, contemplating the Heavens, and leaning on a Portraiture of the Author.

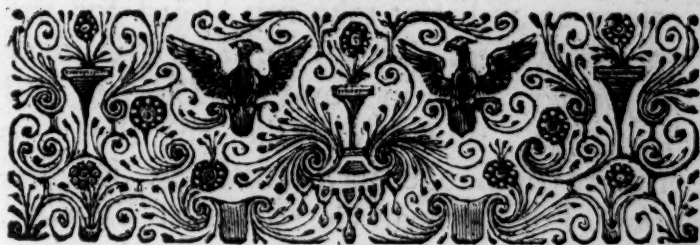
On one Side are two *Genii*, offering him Palm-branches: Beneath is the Muse *Calliopè*, leaning on Three Books, representing the Three Species of the greater Poetry.

On the other Side is *Minerva* holding a Rudder, whereon are depicted the Arms of the *Dauphin* of *France*; to denote the Author's being intrusted with the Education of the present King's Father, the late *Dauphin*.

EXPLANATION
OF
FRONTISPECE



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T H E

Translator's Advertisement

Concerning this New Edition of
the ADVENTURES of TE-
LEMACHUS.

WHERE I to tell the Publick the Pains I have taken, (I won't say *to out-do my own Out-doings*, but) to out-do all my former Editions of *Telemachus*, I should be pitied for my Pains, by the Ingenuous, and laugh'd at for my Labour, by such as think no Books worth a Button but Books of Accompts. Perhaps, if I had thought so too, I had been a better Man than I am. I mean *better*, as that Word is understood in the *Change-Alley* Language, whereby a *money'd* Man is called a *good* Man, and he that dies *rich*, dies *well*.

To resume what I was saying in relation to the *present* Edition of *Telemachus*; such

The Translator's Advertisement.

Persons as will not take my Word for the Superiority and Advantage *This* has over the *former*, both in point of *Additions* and *Alterations*, must e'en take the Pains to compare them together, themselves. By *Alterations*, I don't mean Correction of *Blunders*, for I knew myself guilty of none; (*Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam—*) but pruning the Stile and making the Language richer; and I think I have done it every where, except in one Word, and that is *defricher*, which I would change from *grubbing up* of Lands, to *clearing* of Lands: this is more polite, the other is *rustic*, and was done in the Country. By *Additions*, I not only mean whole Sentences, beautiful Periods, and fine Thoughts of the Author's, interspers'd thro'out the whole Body of the Work; but some hundreds of Notes, Historical, Geographical, Moral, Mythological, Scholastical, Satirical and Encomiastical. The two last I kept afunder, for Fear the Annotators, *viz.* The *Dutchman* and *Frenchman*, should quarrel. The Satirical I have thrown at the End. They are taken from the *Rotterdam* Edition, dedicated to the Prince of *Orange*, and justify'd by a Preface, which I have likewise translated and prefix'd to the Body of the Book. The Encomiastical, &c. which are at the Bottom of the Pages, are taken from the *Paris* 4to. Edition, but first rectify'd and clear'd from some egregious Mistakes, in point of Literature. I had some Thoughts

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of obviating, or qualifying at least, certain Historical Facts; such as the first, for Instance, relating to *Don John's* Mother, who, *Gregorio Leti*, in his History of *Charles V.* says, was nam'd *Vander Geest*, and was a Gentleman's Daughter of *Audenarde* in *Flanders*. This was a Piece of secret History he pick'd up from the Memoirs of *Don Ronquillo*, the *Spanish* Ambassador in *England*, and may be true, for aught I know.

After I had collated the various Editions of *Telemachus* printed in the *French* Tongue, at *Paris*, *Rotterdam*, *London*, &c. and converted all that was right in them to my own Use, rejecting their Faults, which were not few, I did the same by the *Spanish* and *Italian* Translations, and would have done by the *German*, could I have procured it. The *Hamborough* Edition would have saved me a great deal of Trouble had it come out sooner; for I find the Editors of it have taken the same Steps to improve theirs as I had done to improve mine.

As for the *English* Translation of *Telemachus* which goes under the Name of the late *Mr. Boyer*, with that injurious Preface against me, (which Preface, tho' he be dead, yet speaketh, and is to speak, it seems, in every new Edition.) Surely, he only lent his Name to the Book, for it was impossible he could have let such Blunders and Omis-

The Translator's Advertisement.

fions pass, as every Page even of the last Edition abounds with. Could Monsieur Boyer, (a *Frenchman* born) translate *Telemaque* PART *avec* Mentor, *Telemachus* PARTS *with* Mentor, instead of *TELEMACHUS* SETS OUT *in Company with* Mentor? Could He be ignorant of the Difference between *Ships* and a *Camp*? *Crete* and *Cyprus*? Between a *Cuirasse* and a *Helmet*? Between the *Owl* and the *Ægis* of *Pallas*? Between *Degoutè* and *Degoutante*, *Cloyd* and *trickling down*? *Cour* and *Tour*? *Vainqueur* and *Vaincu*? *Larboard* and *Starboard*? *Modern* and *Moderate*? and above two hundred more by Tale, full as bad; besides Omissions consisting of whole Sentences, numberless half Sentences, which stared him in the Face in the Original, (which he translated from) Multitudes of *Adverbs* and beautiful *Epithets*, as if *Epithets* were unnecessary in a Poem, and an *Adverb* none of the *Eight* Parts of Speech.

To conclude; since in that poor sple-netick Preface it is averr'd, That I cou'd not find above fifteen Faults in his Translation, whereas I charg'd it with two or three hundred; I fancy I shall find Credit with the Reader for that Assertion of mine, after he has cast an Eye over the following Specimen of Blunders and Omissions, even in the very last Edition of His *Telemachus*, which sells for Six Shillings, and is not worth the six Feet of an

The Translator's Advertisement.

Hexameter Nonfense-Verse, such as School-Boys make in Sport. Who, I wou'd ask, would readily understand what is meant by the City of *NO*, Vol. 1. p. 24? In mine, the Reader will find *NO*, means *Alexandria*. For so 'tis explained in (a Book he used to laugh at) the Bible, *Geneva* Edition. Again, Vol. 2. p. 146. l. 15. *Boyer* says *Telemachus's* Shield was smooth as Ice, *Poli comme une Glace*. Smooth as a Looking-Glass, I say; so says the *Spanish*, *Limpas como un Espejo*. Vol. 2. p. 152. l. 16. He says, But one Minute more and *Adrastus* had completed the Ruin of the *Lacedæmonians*. It should be the *Lacedæmonian* in the *Singular* Number, viz. *Phalantus*. Monstrous Mistake, tho but of a Letter! *Cum multis aliis*, which see hereafter, some few of them at least; for I reserve a good many in *petto*, till I see how these will be relish'd by the Proprietors of the *other* Copy, which may truly be call'd a *Copy*, for the whole 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Books are copy'd from mine; and, generally speaking, all the rest.

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J. Ozell.



Errors and Omissions in Mr. Boyer's TELEMACHUS, last Edition.

PAGE 1. l. 29. *Cables* floating. The Author does not use the Word *Cables*. *Cables* won't float.

P. 2. l. 18. *And* so like his Father. *And* is not in the Original. It carries no Sense with it. In that Place, 'tis Nonsense.

P. 3. l. 10. *But now he wanders in unknown Seas, and HAS past most astonishing Dangers.* Here the *preterperfect* Tense being used for the *present* Tense would make one believe *Ulysses's* Dangers were at an End, which they were not. The Author says, *Errant dans toute l'étendue des mers, il PARCOURT* (not, *il a PARCOURU, &c.*) I say *But now he WANDERS thro' the Liquid Wilds, driven into mighty Dangers, the Sport of adverse Fortune, &c.*

P. 4. l. 27. *SCHORCHING Heat.* We write *Scorching*. The other is a *Dutch* Way of Spelling.

P. 5. l. 1. *Chrystal.* It shou'd be spelt *Crystal*, without an *h*. *Κρυσταλλος* in Greek: with a *Kappa*, not a *Chi*.

Ibid. l. 1. *A thousand Flowers enamell'd the green Turf that surrounded the Grotto. There was an entire Wood of those Trees that*

bear golden Apples, and put forth Flowers in all Seasons. I say, *A thousand OPENING Flowers*, so does the Author: *Mille fleurs NAISSANTES.* *Green Turf*, I call *verdant Carpet*, and so does the Author, *Tapis Verds.* *Those Trees* should be *Those TUFTED Trees.* *Ces Arbres TOUFUS.* You see here what Epithets the *English* Monsieur has left out: But worse than all that, he mistakes *la Fleur* for *les Fleurs*. He says, puts forth *FLOWERS in all Seasons*, I say *BLOSSOMS*: [See mine, p. 6. l. 2.] The Author has it *Ces arbres toufus dont LA FLEUR se renouvelle, &c.* not *les fleurs*, which would have been Nonsense.

P. 6. l. 4. *Vines*, should be *Vine-branches.* *Pampres* in the French, from the Latin, or rather the Greek *Pampinus*, a young tender Shoot of a Vine; a Vine-leaf; or the Tendrel of a Vine, not the Vine itself; for that could not hang *en festons*, in festoons.

Ibid. l. 16. *After which, we will see ONE ANOTHER again.* It shou'd be, *after which, we'll see YOU again.* *Nous vous reverrons*, not *nous NOUS reverrons.* A great Difference.

Boyer's ERRORS and OMISSIONS.

P. 6. l. 22. *A Fire of Cedar.* I say, and so does Cambray, *A LARGE Fire of Cedar-wood.*

Ibid. l. 27. *White as Snow,* read *whiter than Snow.* *Effa- coit la blancheur de la neige.*

Ibid. last line. Hereupon Men- tor told him with a grave and SEVERE Voice. It is in the Ori- ginal, only *d'un ton grave*, not a Word of SEVERITY. Mentor knew better thigs than to be severe out of Season.

P. 7. l. 6. *To DRESS like a Wo- man.* It should be, *to DECK HIM- SELF, and VAINLY TRIM his Person like a Woman.* *Se parer VAINEMENT, (not s'habiller) comme une femme.*

Ibid. The four last Lines of this Page, and first seven of the next, about young Persons, what with false stopping, Words o- mitted, &c. is all Confusion. See mine, or the French, even those which Boyer translated from, viz. The Rotterdam, 1725. &c.

P. 8. l. 11. *A plain, but ex- quisite Repast.* This curtail'd Translation of the Words is a plain Contradiction, and exqui- site Nonsense. The Author says, *un repas simple, mais ex- quis POUR LE GOÛT & POUR LA PROPRETE. i. e. a plain-Repast, but exquisite FOR TASTE AND NEATNESS.*

¶ P. 8. l. 24. *The Race of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who WAS overcome, &c.* It should be, *who DID overcome, &c. Qui fut vainqueur, not vaincu.*

P. 10. l. 3. Absolute Non- sense too long to be specified. See mine, p. 10. l. 20.

P. 12. l. 1. *Monstrous Giants that DESTROY Men,* read *that*

DEVOUR Men. So 'tis in the O- riginal: a Man may be destroy- ed without being devoured; but these were Man-Eaters.

Ibid. l. 7. *Continu'd he, con- tinuoit-il,* left out.

Ibid. l. 11. *To see his Coun- try,* read *to see his Country A- GAIN.*

P. 13. l. 22. *He gave out all necessary Orders,* read *he CALM- LY gave out, &c. tranquillement.*

Ibid. l. 26. *I acted BY MY OWN ADVICE; I say, by my own HEAD.*

P. 14. l. 9. *Courage must sup- port you.* Here by leaving out the Adverb *now (maintenant)* the Stress of the Advice is quite lost. I say, *Courage must NOW be OUR Support.*

Ibid. l. 12. *Contempt.* Con- tempt of what? This Period is flat Nonsense. It should be, *We have nothing then to do but to despise it, that is, Danger, which was the Antecedent.*

Ibid. l. 22. *Knowing,* read *considering.*

P. 15. l. 10. *Winds,* read *impetuous Winds.*

Ibid. l. 15. *After we found,* add *upon that Coast of Sicily.* *Sur cette cote de Sicile.*

Ibid. l. 17. *After old Aestes,* add *who sprung from Trojan Blood; Sorti de Troie.* For A- eestes by the Mother's Side, was a Trojan. Such Omissions of Boyer's make the Author quite unintelligible.

Ibid. l. 21. *After burnt our Ship,* add *in the first Transport of their Rage; dans le premier emportement.*

Ibid. l. 22. *Kill'd our Com- panions,* read *kill'd ALL our Com- panions.*

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Boyer's ERRORS and OMISSIONS.

P. 16. l. 21. *In all Parts of the World, should be throughout every Sea.* Dans toutes les mers.

Ibid. l. 29. *Said Acestes,* read *said Acestes to me.*

P. 17. l. 17. *After determin'd add, we were upon the Point of perishing.* C'etoit fait de nous.

Ibid. last line. *THESE Walls,* read *YOUR Walls.*

☞ P. 19. l. 29. He makes *Telemachus say, I follow'd Mentor more close; but NOTHING CAN equal his Valour.* I'm sure nothing can equal this Nonfense. It shou'd be, *I follow'd Mentor more close, but COULD not equal his Valour, — mais je ne pus egaler sa valeur, not rien ne pouvoit.*

☞ P. 19. last Line. *In the Fight, his HELMET resembled the immortal Ægis of Minerva.* Abominable Blunder! It should be his CUIRASSE, (his Back-and-Breast-Armour) not his Helmet. *Sa Cuirasse ressembloit, &c.* Strange that Boyer should be ignorant what the Ægis was; stranger, that a Frenchman should not know his own Language better. I fancy he took the Owl on Pallas's Helmet to be the Ægis.

P. 20. l. 18. *After so weak an Enemy,* add, *as me.*

P. 20. l. 26. *After Acestes,* add, *with the Arms I had stript him of.*

P. 21. l. 4. *After carry us,* add *without Loss of Time; sans retardement.* The Reader, will see, with half an Eye, the Importance of these Adverbs, which shew the Manner of doing or suffering, as *Adjectives* shew the Qualities of Substan-

tives, good, bad, or indifferent; white, black; hot, cold, &c. — and never ought to be omitted, and never are, by a careful Translator. As for Epithets, which he almost always leaves out, every body knows, if they are essential to any sort of Writing, it is to Poetry.

So much for the first Book of Boyer's *TELEMACHUS*. The other twenty-three are equally full of Faults; but before I proceed to those of Commission, I shall point out some few of Omission, tho what he has omitted were all in the Original he translated, or pretended to translate, from.

P. 30. l. 21. *Falshood,* read *disingenuous Falshood.*

P. 31. l. 21. *After he sought not,* add, *really and in good earnest.*

P. 32. l. 16. *The Desart,* r. *the Desart of Oasis.*

P. 34. l. 8. *Men,* read *other Men.*

P. 35. l. 3. *To torment me,* read *at first to torment me.*

Ibid. l. 28. *After Hair,* add *and somewhat wrinkled.*

P. 39. l. 10. *He taught,* r. *He thus taught.*

P. 44. l. 9. *To see,* read *to see once again.*

P. 45. l. 31. *After Misfortunes,* add, *by Death.*

* P. 47. l. 20. *After no longer,* add, *He was as 'twere beside himself.*

P. 48. l. 7. *In Triumph,* r. *as it were in Triumph.*

P. 52. l. 17. *I perceive,* r. *nay, I even perceive.*

Boyer's ERRORS and OMISSIONS.

- P. 56. l. 31. *Stands round his Palace*, read *continually stands round his Palace*.
- P. 58. l. 5. Or *fail*, read *or even fail*.
- P. 59. l. 6. *Covetousness*, r. *his Covetousness*.
- P. 64. l. 18. *Obscure Antiquity*, read *the most obscure Antiquity*.
- P. 65. l. 5. After *these*, add *without seeking any other Cause*.
- P. 67. l. 5. After *opening his Ports*, add *according to our ancient Custom*.
- P. 68. l. 24. *Men dextrous at the Oar*, read *even Men dextrous at the Oar*.
- P. 71. l. 15. After *Power*, add *if they please*.
- P. 73. l. 11. *His Hair*, read *his flaxen Hair*.
- P. 78. l. 19. *It is time*, r. *it is time for you*.
- P. 79. l. 7. *Monsters*, read *numberless Monsters*.
- Ibid. l. 8. After *Virtue*, add *as you*.
- Ibid. l. 16. *Grotto*, read *private Grotto*.
- P. 80. l. 14. *Suffer you*, read *now suffer you*.
- P. 81. l. 17. *To conceal*, read *to conceal from her*.
- P. 82. l. 2. *Said he*, read *said he to him*.
- Ibid. l. 31. *Sat down*, read *they immediately sat down*.
- P. 83. l. 3. *Looking*, read *incessantly looking*.
- P. 85. l. 12. *Doves*, read *two Doves*.
- † P. 87. l. 24. After *Pilot*, add *disorder'd with Wine*.
- P. 89. l. 30. *Garnished*, r. *gilded and garnished*.
- P. 90. l. 9. After *the same*, add, *round the Bottom of the Garment*.
- Ibid. l. 25. With an *Inclination*, read *with I know not what Inclination*.
- Ibid. l. 25. *My Modesty*, r. *my Reservedness and Modesty*.
- P. 91. l. 1. *Could support me*, read *cou'd scarce support me*.
- Ibid. l. 17. *Mentor*, read *the wise Mentor*.
- Ibid. l. 22. *Sighs*, read *deep Sighs*.
- P. 95. l. 16. *Call*, read *call us*.
- P. 96. l. 18. *Desire*, read *desire of me*.
- P. 97. l. 25. *Find*, read *find again*.
- P. 98. l. 14. *Virtue*, read *Virtue alone*.
- Ibid. l. 15. *Mentor*, read *Mentor again*.
- P. 99. l. 11. *Light*, read *pure Light*.
- P. 100. l. 25. *Behind*, read *far behind*.
- Ibid. l. 25. After *Furrows*, add *in the Sea*.
- P. 101. l. 1. *Waters*, read *gentle Waters*.
- Ibid. l. 1. After *Sea-Nymphs*, add *crowned with Garlands*.
- Ibid. l. 25. *Came*, read *came in Haste*.
- P. 105. l. 14. After *but*, add *also*.
- P. 109. l. 17. *To see his Father*, read *to see his Father again*.
- P. 110. l. 5. *His Son*, read *mean while his Son*.
- P. 113. l. 16. *Of Command*, read *of the supreme Command*.
- P. 117. l. 3. After *Crantor*, add *at first setting out*.
- P. 119. l. 19. After *being*, add *so impetuous*.

Boyer's ERRORS and OMISSIONS.

- P. 124. l. 13. *As much*, read *almost as much*.
P. 125. l. 6. After *thing*, add *against them*.
P. 127. l. 25. *Old Men*, r. *all the old Men*.
P. 128. l. 1. *Etablish'd*, r. *newly establis'd*.
Ibid. l. 4. To *reign*, read to *reign therein*.
P. 132. l. 28. *Whose Life*, r. *whose whole Life*.
P. 133. l. 24. *His reserved*, read *his cold and reserved*.
P. 139. l. 14. After *Crown*, add *upon this*.
P. 142. l. 16. *Her Eyes*, r. *her beauteous Eyes*.
P. 144. l. 15. Upon the *Mast*, read *upon the floating Mast*.
P. 154. l. 10. *Virtue*, read *nothing but Virtue*.
Ibid. l. 13. *Too fierce*, read *almost too fierce*.
Ibid. l. 23. *Calypso*, read *Goddeſs Calypſo*.
Ibid. l. 27. *Feeling*, read *hardly feeling*.
P. 157. l. 7. After *away*, add *in his own Deſpite*.
P. 162. l. 2. *View'd herſelf* in one of her *Cryſtal Fountains*, read *preſently turn'd her Eyes down to view herſelf*, &c.
P. 163. l. 21. *Deſerved*, r. *juſtly deſerved*.
P. 165. l. 7. After *Hammer*, add *ſhe liſten'd*.
P. 166. l. 11. *Cold Damp*, r. *cold damp Sweat*.
P. 169. l. 21. *Saw her*, r. *ſaw her near her*.
P. 173. l. 13. *See*, read *ſee again*.
Ibid. l. 13. *Conſiſts in flying*, read *conſiſts in Fearing and Flying*.
* P. 178. l. 15. After *Diſ-* appointment, add *in not being able to prevent their Flight*.
P. 180. l. 16. *Voice*, read *Voice and Harp*.
* P. 183. l. 11. After *Face*, add *it made an Impreſſion on me at firſt Sight*.
P. 184. l. 4. After *you*, add *at that time*.
Ibid. l. 10. *Cruel Pygmalion*, read *cruel and ſuſpicious Pygmalion*.
* P. 185. l. 11. After *Danger*, add *from his Diſtruſtfulneſs*.
P. 188. l. 25. After *firſt*, add *according to Cuſtom*.
P. 191. l. 31. After *ſent*, add *immediately*.
P. 193. l. 4. After *hope*, add *at leaſt*.
P. 199. l. 13. *Phœnician*, r. *Phœnician boys*.
* P. 203. l. 8. After *maſtery*, add *and ſing ſo divinely*.
P. 206. l. 31. *Unhappy*, read *very unhappy*.
P. 211. l. 3. After *not*, add *directly*.
P. 212. l. 17. After *diſpute*, add *among them*.
Ibid. l. 25. After *free*, add *and waſte*.
* P. 214. l. 16. After *you*, add *they would have them*.
* Ibid. l. 17. After *them*, add *by unjuſt Methods*.
P. 217. l. 16. *His Charms*, read *all his Charms*.
* P. 225. l. 25. After *deride*, add *and make Sport of us*.
P. 228. l. 23. *I perceive*, r. *I even perceive*.
* P. 231. l. 18. After *Exer- ciſe*, add *and fortified in Virtue*.
P. 235. l. 14. After *Arms*, add *ſeem to ſtand*.
* P. 237.

Boyer's ERRORS and OMISSIONS.

* P. 237. l. 11. After ignorant, add of what the Gods design to do with us, &c.

P. 243. l. 17. Commander, read Commander among the Greeks.

* Ibid. l. 17. Siege, read Siege of Troy. Else the Reader will not know what Siege he means.

P. 247. l. 19. Were speaking to me, read were in this manner speaking to me.

P. 249. l. 13. The tenderest Blade of Grass, read even the tenderest Blade of Grass.

P. 258. l. 18. After Helmets, add Cuirasses.

P. 249. l. 15. After Sand, add itself.

** Ibid. l. 23. After preparing, add in the Fields of Enna.

P. 259. l. 1. Followed him, read followed him close.

P. 260. l. 7. Blood, read human Blood.

Ibid. l. 17. After Harveck,

add of the Greeks.

P. 263. l. 20. Those Heroes, read all those Heroes.

P. 267. l. 9. As the most valuable Hostage, read as a Hostage and the most valuable Pledge.

P. 268. l. 15. Natives, read antient Natives.

** P. 160. l. 18. After unsteady, add her Eyes had something gloomy and savage in them.

P. 272. l. 6. After Colony, add like that you have founded.

P. 274. l. 25. To make the least Noise, read to speak or make the least Noise.

P. 276. l. 5. The boisterous Passions, read all the boisterous Passions.

P. 277. l. 17. After firm, add and immoveable.

P. 279. l. 26. After attain, add at most to.

P. 280. l. 16. The powerful Cities, read the most powerful Cities.

Ibid. l. 22. After enjoy, add at Home.

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Omissions

Omissions in *Boyer's* Second Volume of *TELEMACHUS*.

- P**AGE 3. l. 26. *Discover, r. discover to you.*
- P. 4. l. 15. *Kingdom, read new Kingdom.*
- * P. 6. l. 15. *To facilitate, read in order to facilitate.*
- P. 9. l. 21. *The Son, read the young Son.*
- P. 14. l. 15. *After discovering add to Mentor.*
- * P. 20. l. 15. *After presence, add in order to fill him with Confidence.*
- P. 26. l. 1. *Seven degrees, r. seven different degrees.*
- P. 29. l. 28. *After perfection, add in them.*
- * P. 30. l. 24. *Complain, r. loudly complain.*
- * P. 31. l. 18. *After Mountains, add and Shores of the Sea.*
- ** P. 36. l. 14. *Which defend the Country, read which defend their Country in time of War.*
- P. 40. l. 2. *After Examples, add of such as shall offend.*
- P. 44. l. 24. *O Jupiter, r. O great Jupiter.*
- * P. 47. l. 6. *After Honours, add I was able to bestow upon him.*
- Ibid. l. 27. *All he told, r. all he told me.*
- P. 49. l. 3. *Said he, read said he to me.*
- P. 53. l. 18. *After jealousy, add and make me easy.*
- P. 55. l. 25. *With them, r. with them and Timocrates.*
- * Ibid. l. 26. *After Timocrates, add the latter.*
- P. 57. l. 19. *In Men, read in corrupt and forward Men.*
- Ibid. l. 20. *Hope for Liberty, read hope for any Liberty.*
- Aucune Libertè.
- * P. 59. l. 10. *After obstinately, add rallied again resolutely.*
- P. 60. l. 19. *You know, Mentor, read you know, dear Mentor, &c.*
- * P. 62. l. 17. *These two Men, read these two wicked Men.*
- Mechants hommes.
- ** P. 64. l. 4. *The Danger, read the Danger and Extravagance. Le danger & l'exces.*
- P. 66. l. 17. *Suffers himself, read suffers himself implicitly.*
- P. 67. l. 11. *All other Vices, read all their other Vices.*
- P. 68. l. 9. *They are fond, read they themselves are fond.*
- P. 70. l. 5. *Was the Severity, read was his fearing the Severity.*
- P. 74. l. 12. *What he had done, read what Protefilaus himself had done.*
- P. 75. l. 26. *Of Protefilaus, read of that Favourite Protefilaus.*

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- ** P. 78. l. 3. After *body*, add *avoid Idleness*.
- Ibid. l. 10. To *be known*, read *to be easily known*.
- * P. 79. l. 29. Here *have I tasted*, read *yet here have I tasted*.
- P. 80. l. 5. *Afford me*, read *easily afford me*.
- * P. 82. l. 7. After *true Happiness*, add *to pursue a false one, &c.*
- P. 89. l. 31. *Uncultivated*, read *almost uncultivated*.
- P. 95. l. 20. After *Telema- chus*, add *as Nestor had*.
- * P. 97. l. 21. But *this Garment*, read *but alas this Garment*.
- P. 100. l. 15. *Was no longer a Gift*, read *was no longer to be reckon'd a Gift*.
- P. 101. l. 13. See *him thro' the Flames*, read *see him a little through the Flames*.
- ** P. 105. l. 4. Of *Troy*, read *of Troy all alone*.
- ** P. 106. l. 14. My *Eyes*, r. *my Eyes in that savage and horrible Place*.
- ** P. 107. l. 19. Talking *myself*, r. *talking myself to any body*.
- P. 109. l. 19. After *share*, add *with us*.
- ** P. 111. l. 7. After *Mes- sage*, add *and tell him my Misery*.
- P. 115. l. 12. Your *Father*, read *your sedate Father*.
- P. 117. l. 1. Made a *Sign to Neoptolemus*, read *made a Sign to Neoptolemus accordingly*.
- P. 123. l. 2. He *was not so- licitous*, read *he was not much solicitous*.
- P. 124. l. 12. Like a *Palm- Tree*, read *like the supple Palm- Tree*.
- P. 124. l. 27. *Summon*, read *summon up*.
- P. 125. l. 19. *Unexperienced Man*, read *unexperienced young Man*.
- P. 128. l. 17. Due to his *Te- merity*, read *due to his Temerity and Hot-headedness*.
- P. 129. l. 15. After the *Word another*, add *he shakes him*.
- P. 130. l. 7. The *Son of Ulysses*, read *in this Condition the Son of Ulysses*.
- Ibid. l. 30. After *Dauni- ans*, add *their Enemies*.
- Ibid. l. 31. I *forgot how*, read *I forgot even how*.
- Ibid. l. 30. I *ought to shed*, read *I ought to have shed*.
- ** P. 132. l. 3. After *but what then?* add *I shou'd have been no more; no, &c.*
- P. 132. l. 11. I *may run*, r. *I may or would run*.
- *** P. 135. l. 21. After *Li- quors*, add *so was the Heart of this great Captain leaky, and incapable of retaining any thing*.
- P. 137. l. 24. A *Dolopian*, read *a certain Dolopian*.
- Ibid. l. 27. Several *Humours*, read *several Tastes and Humours*.
- P. 140. l. 9. Were *weak*, r. *were still weak*.
- P. 140. l. 31. After *River*, add *with all expedition*.
- P. 146. l. 26. One *wou'd have thought he heard him neigh*, read *one wou'd have thought too he heard him neigh*.
- P. 148. l. 1. That fatal *Ma- chine*, read *that famous and fa- tal Machine*.
- Ibid. l. 12. Cultivating the *Earth*, read *cultivating and me- morating the Earth*.

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- P. 152. l. 9. His *Son*, read *that Light*, read *It is not like that his dear Son*.
dusky Light.
P. 153. l. 22. Regard to their *Power*, read *Regard to, or just Sense of their Power*.
P. 154. l. 2. After *escape*, add *Them*.
* P. 156. l. 23. After the Word *Them*, add *he comforts them, &c.*
* P. 164. l. 26. After the Word *kind*, add, *how tender*.
P. 167. l. 20. To *speak*, read *to speak to Him*.
P. 172. l. 16. That *God*, read *that God Pluto*.
* P. 173. l. 2. After *refuse*, add *at least*.
* P. 174. l. 8. *Bitter*, read *always bitter*.
P. 183. l. 20. The greatest *Gift*, read *tho the greatest Gift*.
P. 184. l. 30. Are *excused*, read *are tolerated and excused*.
Ibid. l. 31. *Vengeance*, read *implacable Vengeance*.
P. 185. l. 3. Three Judges *passing Sentence*, r. Three Judges *sitting and passing Sentence*.
P. 189. l. 24. Their *Tyrants*, read *their merciless Tyrants*.
P. 191. l. 20. *Arrogance and Cruelty*, read *Arrogance, Lust, and Cruelty*.
P. 195. l. 5. By this he was *convinced*, read *by this Change he was convinced*.
* Ibid. l. 22. After *disorder'd*, add *he trembled with Fear*.
* P. 196. l. 15. After *who were*, read *solacing themselves*.
Ibid. l. 23. The *Rich*, read *the Richest*.
Ibid. l. 26. *Dog-Star*, read *furious Dog-Star*.
P. 197. l. 8. It is not like
that *Light*, read *It is not like that dusky Light*.
P. 198. l. 9. Fly *away*, read *fly far away*.
Ibid. l. 30. It is a noble majestic Joy, read *it is a gentle, noble, majestic Joy*.
P. 202. l. 23. Thou, who now enjoyest, read *even thou, &c.*
* Ibid. l. 29. The gentle Joys, read *the gentle Joys which now accompany you*.
P. 205. l. 31. His thirsty Mouth, read *the Dreamer's thirsty Mouth*.
* P. 206. l. 18. A less degree of *Glory*, read *a far less degree of Glory*. Une gloire beaucoup moindres.
* Ibid. l. 27. The *Death*, read *the cruel Death*.
P. 207. l. 3. Had he been as wife and moderate, read *Had he been as wife, just and moderate*.
* P. 222. l. 17. I believe *it*, read *I believe it as well as you*.
P. 228. l. 28. After *Wolves*, add, *and not Shepherds*.
P. 241. l. 6. By *Achilles*, read *by Achilles himself*.
P. 242. l. 9. His *Completion*, read *his ruddy Completion*.
* P. 244. l. 14. After *Man-kind*, add *and to spill their Blood*.
Ibid. l. 29. his *Cheeks*, read *his lovely Cheeks*.
Ibid. l. 31. The *Soldiers*, read *all the Soldiers*.
P. 246. l. 19. *Fear*, read *freezing Fear*.
P. 248. l. 17. His *Dart*, read *his now useless Dart*.

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* P. 251. l. 1. After *Gods*, add *from high Olympus Top*.

P. 253. l. 14. Committed his *Flight*, read committed *himself* in his *Flight*.

P. 255. l. 14. The *Commanders*, read the *Chief Commanders*.

P. 261. l. 24. After *who*, add *ever since your Departure*.

P. 262. l. 3. A great compass of *Land*, read a greater compass of *Land*.

Ibid. l. 4. A great number of *Men*, read a greater number of *Men*.

P. 262. l. 17. To conduct *them*, read only to conduct *them*.

* P. 264. l. 6. After *foretel*, add *must unavoidably ensue*.

P. 267. l. 9. To *defend*, read *either* to defend.

* P. 268. l. 7. After *place*, add *which was of no use to you*.

P. 270. l. 15. The Son of *Tydeus*, read the great Son of *Tydeus*.

Ibid. l. 18. *See*, read *See again*.

P. 174. l. 19. After *ignorant*, add, *and unexperienced*.

P. 279. l. 16. After *Magnificence*, add *than before*.

P. 281. l. 1. Was *asking*, read was *eagerly asking*.

Ibid. l. 5. And *said*, read and *said to Him*.

* P. 283. l. 25. After *Slaves*, add *whose number lessen every Day*.

P. 287. l. 1. Have *won*, read have *lately won*.

* Ibid. l. 27. After *People*, add *with justice*.

P. 297. l. 28. All other *Women*, read *almost all other Women*.

P. 307. l. 9. After *Massacres*, add *Plagues*.

P. 308. l. 12. In compliance, read *only* in compliance.

P. 301. l. 25. *Spear*, read *long Spear*.

P. 313. l. 2. Nothing to *show*, read nothing *now* to *show*.

** P. 315. l. 25. After *live*, add *they are so jealous of their Honour*.

** P. 316. l. 8. Go, speak to *Idomeneus*, read, Go, speak *yourself* to *Idomeneus*.

P. 318. l. 30. Sedate *Life*, read sedate *calm Life*.

*** P. 319. l. 6. After *Consort*, add, *without any hopes of your Kingdom*.

P. 322. l. 17. Be *Happy*, read be *happy together*.

** P. 325. l. 1. Concealed, read *till now concealed*.

P. 329. l. 14. Dives *into*, read Dives *into and guesses at*.

* P. 331. l. 7. After *Abilities*, add *and a Talent for Business*.

P. 332. l. 22. Endeavour, read endeavour *by degrees*.

* P. 333. l. 27. After *brought up*, add *in the lowest ones*.

P. 335. l. 6. These *Words*, read these *melancholy Words*.

P. 336. l. 11. With *pity*, read with *so much pity*.

P. 338. l. 6. Seemed *never*, read seemed *never before*.

Ibid. l. 30. After *fickle*, add *capricious*.

* P. 340. l. 4. Advanced, read advanced *with Impatience*.

** Ibid. l. 20. After *Mother*, add *before his Birth*.

P. 341. l. 10. He has *gone*, read he has *often gone*.

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P. 345. l. 25. To treachery, *fickle* Desires.
 read to *the* Treachery. P. 354. l. 1. I leave you,
 P. 348. l. 26. *Desires*, read read I *now* leave you.



Promiscuous MISTAKES of various
 but not trifling Natures, if look'd
 at in their Places.

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PAGE 13. l. 7. *Violent*, read
black.

Ibid. l. 12. *Understood to be*,
 read *discover'd to be*.

Ibid. l. 27. *These Wars*,
 read *your Wars*.

P. 15. l. 11. *We exerted our
 utmost Efforts to make the nearest
 Coast of Sicily*—but he does
 not tell us how. I say we ex-
 erted our utmost Efforts to *row*
ourselves to the nearest Coast, &c.
à force des rames.

P. 20. l. 8. From his *Fury*,
 read to *escape* his fury. *pour se
 dérober à sa fureur*.

* P. 24. l. 9. I was no *Phe-
 nician*, read *we were no Pheni-
 cians*.

P. 26. l. 1. He *would* never,
 read He *will* never. *il n' aura
 not il n' auroit*.

* Ibid. l. 5. *We must* have no
 other Thoughts, read *there's no
 room for any other Thoughts*.
*nulle autre pensée ne nous est plus
 permise*.

P. 26. l. 14. *See*, read *see
 again*. Reverrez.

* P. 28. l. 29. He *know*, r.

he believed. Il croioit. Know-
 ing and believing are two things.

P. 29. l. 22. *Trusting a Man*,
 read *trusting one of his Subjects*.
 Un de ses sujets.

* P. 30. l. 6. *Equal to his
 own*, read *not unlike his own*.
 Semblable au sien.

P. 37. l. 4. *Golden Harp*, r.
Ivory Harp. Lyre d' yroire.

P. 52. l. 24. *Which you CAN
 TRUST to my Discretion*, read
*Which you shall please to intrust
 me with*. Que vous voudrez
 me confier.

P. 56. l. 22. *The Gods, TO
 CONFOUND HIM, load him with
 Treasures*, read *The Gods, FOR
 HIS PUNISHMENT, load him, &c*.

P. 61. l. 10. *To see us embark*,
 read *to see me embark*.

P. 62. l. 18. *North-East*, r.
North. *Aquilon* it is in French,
 which according to Mr. Boyer's
 own Dictionary, signifies the
North-Wind, tho the plural *A-
 quilons*, in Poetry, signifies any
 cold and boisterous Wind.
 Here it is in the Singular, so I
 translate it *North*, as *Aquilo* ge-
 nerally signifies in *Latin*, as well
 as *French*.
 P. 79.

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P. 79. l. 19. *Heavy Eye-Lids*,
read *closing Eye-Lids*.

P. 82. l. 20. *She smiled when
she saw them*, read *when she
saw him*.

P. 83. l. 31. *Venus arose
from the Foam of the Ocean*, r.
sprung from, &c. The Author
is speaking of her Birth. *Sortir
de l'écume de l'Océan*. *Venus
orta Mari*, in Latin.

P. 91. l. 2. *All my best Reso-
lutions*, read *all my good (or vir-
tuous) Resolutions*.

Ibid. l. 3. *Not*, read *no longer*.

P. 23. l. 19. *The Soil*, read
this Soil

P. 95. l. 8. *At a dear Rate*,
read *at a great Price*.

P. 98. l. 15. *Gentle Waves*;
the Zephyrs play, &c. r. *peaceful
Waves*; *a gentle Zephyr plays*, &c.

** P. 86. l. 23. *Inflamed with
the Furies of Bacchus*, read *with
the Fury*, &c.

P. 91. l. 24. *My Fury*, read
his Fury.

P. 107. l. 3. *They intend*, r.
the Laws intend. Otherwise the
Reader will take it for the Sub-
jects.

Ibid. l. 5. *Whole Nations*, r.
a Nation.

P. 112. l. 22. *Their Breast*,
read *every Breast*.

P. 109. l. 27. *His Friends
and Relations*, read *his Subjects*.

P. 113. l. 18. *Competitors are
to fight*, read *are to contend*.

P. 118. l. 26. *Had none at
all*, read *had hardly any*.

P. 119. l. 13. *Without Emo-
tion*, read *without Uneasiness*.

P. 122. l. 3. *All the rest of
Mankind*, read *other Men*.

Ibid. 8. *Reach his View*, read
reach him.

P. 130. l. 22. *Restore to his
Family*, read *restore to you*.

P. 136. l. 18. *Miseries of old
Age*, r. *Uneasinesses of old Age*.

P. 142. l. 2. *Safe Voyage*, r.
pleasant Voyage.

* 142. l. 22. *Are sensible of
it*, read *are subject to it*.

*** P. 145. l. 13. *Told me,
Do ye think?* &c. read *said to
me, Do ye think?* &c. — what
Nonsense!

P. 146. l. 16. *Bruis'd us to
Pieces*, read *beat us to Pieces*.

P. 147. l. 9. *An Amour*, r.
an Amour with her.

Ibid. l. 24. *Throws him*, r.
pushes him.

P. 154. l. 2. *Told him*, read
said to him. Luy dit. He al-
ways mistakes this. *Told him*,
and *said to him*, are vastly dif-
ferent in English.

Ibid. l. 8. *Most*, r. *much more*.

** P. 156. l. 4. *For my own
Part*, I go out of this Island, r.
as for me, I'll leave you and
will soon get out of this Island.

** P. 159. l. 5. *The Goddess
complain'd to him about all she
saw*, r. *the Goddess discover'd to
him her Uneasiness at what she saw*

P. 161. l. 4. *Those of Mentor*,
read *those of his Friend*.

Ibid. l. 17. *Island of Calypso*,
read *Calypso's Island*.

* P. 162. l. 6. *Spoke thus*, r.
talk'd thus to herself. (*toute seule*)

P. 163. l. 11. *An Abyss*, r.
this Abyss.

Ibid. l. 16. *Intoxicate his
Heart*, read *poison his Heart*.

Ibid. l. 19. *Torture me*, read
despise me.

P. 174. l. 17. *If your Wis-
dom*, read *if Wisdom*

P. 181. l. 15. *All other Na-
tions*,
* a 3

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- tions, read *all Nations*.
- Ibid. l. 30. *He wanted*, r. *he continually wanted*.
- P. 183. l. 25. *He return'd*, read *we return'd*.
- Ibid. l. 10. *Untainted Virtue*, read *approv'd Virtue*.
- P. 196. l. 21. *Promoting*, r. *reviving*.
- P. 199. l. 7. *Please*, read *ravish*.
- Ibid. l. 15. *As white*, read *whiter than*.
- ** P. 211. l. 7. *Good Manners*, read *both Health and Morals*.
- P. 104. l. 31. *Restored to*, read *flourish'd throughout*.
- P. 110. l. 11. *After Sadness*, put an *Interrogation Point*.
- P. 114. l. 24. *Dele All*.
- P. 220. l. 1. *Troy which I protected*, read *espous'd*.
- P. 227. l. 26. *City*, read *new City*.
- P. 241. l. 30. *The Oracle WE HAVE heard*, read *we BUT NOW heard*.
- P. 248. l. 27. *Nobs pointed with Iron*, read *Nobs stuck full of Iron Spikes*.
- P. 259. l. 20. *Majestick DEPARTMENT*, read *majestick MANNER OF DOING THESE things*.
- P. 262. l. 2. *All the rest*, r. *all the other People*.
- P. 265. l. 13. *The Kings enter Salentum*: This should come in at the 18th Line.
- P. 8. l. 5. *He has it sliding into your Heart with Pleasure*, instead of *like a Serpent sliding beneath the Flowers*.
- P. 24. l. 29. *He has it Islands*, instead of *Cities*.
- P. 32. l. 16. *After Defart*, add *Oasis*, else it is not intelligible.
- P. 35. l. 28. *Omitted and somewhat wrinkled*.
- P. 42. l. 14. *Instead of inhospitable*, read *uninhabitable*.
- P. 47. l. 19. *After longer*, add *he was as it were beside himself*.
- P. 22. last Line but one. *King Admetes* for *King Admetus*.
- P. 71. l. 1. *City of Amathunte*, read *City of Amathus*.
- P. 117. l. 4. *Polyclete*, read *Polycletus*.
239. l. 29. *Metapontus*, read *Metapontum*.
- P. 24. l. 29. *Wealthy Islands*, read *wealthy Cities*. *Des Villes opulentes*.
- P. 63. l. 28. *Islands of Greece*, read *Towns of Greece: les Villes de la Grece*.
- P. 145. l. 3. *Told me, Do you think, &c.?* read *said to me, Do you think, &c.?* *Monstrous Nonsense!*
- P. 154. l. 2. *Told him*, read *said to him*. This Mistake he often commits.
- Ibid. l. 30. *He says again, Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, and told him, Why shall we not stay in this Island? &c.*
- P. 162. l. 26. *Perfidious*, r. *pernicious*.
- P. 174. l. 28. *With her invisible Shield*, read *invisibly with her Shield*.
- P. 181. l. 16. *Help*, read *Life*.
- Ibid. l. 16. *Safety*, read *it*.
- P. 183. l. 25. *He return'd*, read *we return'd*.
- P. 200. l. 31. *Virtue*, read *Wisdom*.
- P. 201. l. 3. *Solid*, read *pure*.
- Ibid. l. 20. *Fears*, read *Tears*.

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P. 240. l. 14. *Found me, r.* find me.

Ibid. l. 22. *Our*, read *out*.

Plurals for Singulars, and vice versa.

P. 33. l. 26. *Mountains*, read *Mountain*.

P. 107. l. 3. *Whole Nations*, read *a Nation*. A material Error!

P. 122. l. 10. *Pleasures*, read *Pleasure*. (An ugly Mistake)

P. 115. l. 30. *Cestus*, read *Cæsus*. The Dictionaries and Lexicons would have inform'd him that *Cæsus* is a kind of Club or Whirlbat, used in Boxing or Wrestling: *à cædendo*. But *Cestus* is a Marriage-Girdle full of Studs, *à xevtũv, pungere*.

P. 144. l. 2. *Which made our Ship heel a-port*, read *which made our Ship heel*, that is *lean on one Side*. Sur le cotè. So the Author says, without determining on which Side. Mr. Boyer, forsooth, pretends to ascertain the Side; if he understood what was meant by *heeling-a-port*, which I doubt. To *heel-a-port*, means on the Larboard, or left Side of the Ship, setting your Face towards the Prow. In short, the Word *a-port*, is a nonsensical Addition of his own.

P. 218. l. 19. He says, *Jupiter's sweet and serene Aspect diffuses Tranquillity and Joy thro'out the Universe; on the contrary, when he shakes his ambrosial Locks, he makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble*. Ambrosial (as he writes it, instead of Ambrosian, as I think it ought to be written) is not in the Author in this Place, and is very improperly plac'd here by Mr.

Boyer. For that Word Ambrosian, shou'd never be us'd but when *Jupiter* is in a good Humour; it means *placidus, suavis, benignus, &c.* as well as *immortalis*.

P. 50. l. 27. He makes *Telemachus* say, *I departed from the COURT*, instead of *I was releas'd from the TOWER*. On me fit fortir de la Tour. This you'll say is only a *lapsus Oculi*, a Slip of the Eye. Mr. B. read it *Cour* instead of *Tour*. May be so: but I'm sure the *Tower* *Telemachus* was confin'd in was hundreds of Miles distant from the *Court*.

P. 77. l. 20. He says *the drunken Cyprians*, instead of *the Cyprians being drunk, &c.* He mistakes the Act for the Habit. Tho' a Man may happen to be drunk, he may be no Drunkard.

P. 80. l. 5. *Before slumber had clos'd their Eyes*, read *Before they wou'd suffer Slumber to close their Eyes, &c. avant que de laisser, &c.* The Reader must turn to the Places to see the Importance of these Misconstructions.

Ibid. l. 23. *Passionate Women*, read *lustful Women*.

P. 86. l. 24. *Furies*, r. *Fury*.

P. 88. l. 31. *The wanton Nymphs Eyes seem'd in pain to find out the Eyes of Men*, read *seem'd to lye in wait for those of Men*. sembloient chercher ceux des hommes.

P. 91. l. 16. MISFORTUNES, read VIRTUES.

Ibid. 24. *My Fury*, r. *his Fury*.

P. 145. l. 14. *Jupiter MIGHT sink you*, read *Jupiter COULD sink*

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sink you : (A vast Difference.)

P. 184. l. 7. *News from a Man*, read *News of a Man* : (A vast Difference.)

P. 188. l. 18. *Speechless*, read *full of dreadful Apprehensions* ; a capital Blunder.

P. 191. l. 3. *Unknown*, read *in disguise*.

P. 32. l. 25. He makes *Telemachus* say, *I was compelled to be a Slave, and to UNDERGO all the rigours of Fortune*. I say, **EXHAUST**, as it were, *all the severities of Fortune*. Epuiser, pour ainsi dire, toutes les rigueurs de la fortune.

P. 50. l. 17. *Whose Loss was so IRKSOME to you*, read *whose Loss you have so much Reason to lament*. Dont vous sentez la perte avec tant de raison.

P. 89. l. 25. *Cattle*, read *Victims*.

P. 200. l. 1. By his putting a Comma instead of a full stop after the Word *them*, and a full stop instead of a Comma after *inflam'd* (line 4.) the Whole is Nonsense.

Ibid. l. 23. I wish you moderate, &c. All nonsense, see mine.

P. 269. l. 5. He says *OLD arm'd Men*. There's not a Word of *OLD* in the Original, nor ought to be.

P. 261. l. 1. *Love*, read *pleasures*.

Ibid. l. 2. *Of another War*, read *in another War*.

P. 263. l. 18. *Milk*, read *Honey*.

P. 275. l. 13. *THE Lacedemonians*, read *HIS Lacedemonians*.

P. 40. l. 16. **REGRET** a *pastoral Life*, read, think with Envy on a *pastoral Life*. **REGRETER** la *vie pastorale*.

P. 51. l. 13. A happy *Navigation*, read A happy *Voyage* : for *so une heureuse navigation* means here.

P. 25. l. 27. *Alas ! Mentor, 'tis not now the Question, by what Maxims a King ought to reign* : *Helas ! il n'est pas question de songer aux maximes suivant lesquelles on doit regner*. I say, *Alas, Mentor, it's now no time to talk of Maxims of State*.

Scripture Words.

P. 189. l. 8. Ready to give up the Ghost, read *struggling in the Agonies of Death*. Tribulation in another Place, &c. &c.

P. 233. l. 10. He says *Basso Relieves representing the Transformation of Jupiter into a Bull, the Rape of Europa, and her Passage thro' the Sea into Crete*. *THEY seem'd to reverence Jupiter, tho' he was in a strange Form*. Who or what was it that seem'd to reverence Jupiter ? He shou'd have kept to his Author, and then the Reader wou'd have known. *LES FLOTS sembloient respecter, &c. The WAVES setm'd to reverence, &c.*

P. 40. l. 11. He says *in THIS Solitude*, read *in Solitude*. The Pronoun *This* makes it quite another Thing : *Dans LA solitude*, not *dans CETTE solitude*.

P. 41. l. 27. I took him by the Throat, not a Word of it in the Author.

P. 101. l. 21. He says, *Æolus's thick Eye-brows HANGING DOWN TO HIS BEARD*. I say,

his

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his thick down-hanging Eye-brows, &c. not a Word of his Beard in the Original.

P. 182. l. 4. Dele *Among the Rest*. These three Words are a nonsensical Addition of his own.

P. 201. l. 7. Dele *itself* after *Wisdom*.

P. 230. l. 5. Dele *the Wisest*.

P. 101. l. 23. He says, the fierce Aquilons, I say the fierce and boisterous Winds, for so *les Aquilons* means in French as I've said before: but who will understand the *Aquilons* as he has it?

!!! P. 146. l. 26. One wou'd have thought *too*; by omitting the Adverb *too*, he makes the whole nonsense.

P. 147. l. 4. Plain and useful Gifts, *read* plain but useful Gifts.

Ibid. l. 22. Appear'd also Minerva, *read* appear'd again Minerva.

!!! 154. l. 10. He says they appear'd half burnt, whereas they actually were half burnt.

!!! 158. l. 13. After Nature, omitted a Sentence.

!!! 159. l. 27. *But such as were given him in private, far from him*, how cou'd that be. It shou'd be *such as he HEARD were given him private, &c.*

P. 163. l. 20. Atis and Gany-mede, *read* Atis or Gany-mede.

P. 165. l. 5. A perfum'd Li-
quor, *read* perfum'd Liquors.

Ibid. l. 25. In the same Urn, *read* in this same Urn. Dans cette meme urne.

P. 168. l. 13. Twice to-
gether, *read* twice. The Word to-

gether makes it nonsense.

!!! P. 169. l. 19. He has it perjur'd Hypocrites, *read* the perjur'd, and the Hypocrites.

P. 171. l. 22. Shall I never see you more? *read* I shall never see you more.

!!! P. 172. l. 9. *Theſeus* went thither with good success. He mistakes the Word *bien*.

!!! P. 173. l. 2. After refuse me, *read* at least.

P. 174. l. 8. Were bitter, *read* always bitter.

!!! P. 175. l. 7. A certain number of Mortals, *read* a certain number of Dead. It is in French *Morts*, not *Mortels*.

Ibid. l. 31. These happy Omens, *read* these Omens which I conceive to be happy.

P. 177. l. 6. Nabopharzar, *read* Nabopharzan.

!!! P. 179. l. 11. Another wou'd say to him, *read* another wou'd say to him insultingly.

P. 181. l. 7. His Face, *read* his Forehead.

Ibid. l. 24. Glutted with Blood, *read* reaking with Blood.

P. 184. l. 30. Are excused, *read* are tolerated and excused.

!!! *Ibid.* l. 12. Condemning, *read* often condemning.

Ibid. l. 20. So false to the Gods, *read* so great an enemy to the Gods.

P. 187. l. 23. Spy'd those Kings, *read* took notice of those Kings.

!!! P. 188. l. 9. Jealousy, *read* undeserv'd and misplac'd Jealousy.

!!! P. 190. l. 21. A maimed Sentence, by leaving out *they see the Truth indeed, but they see* it

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it only flying in their Face.

Ibid. l. 21. Putt them besides themselves, *read* tears them from themselves.

!!! Ibid. l. 26. Thy Youth, *read* thy Life.

!!! Ibid. l. 27. He had been considering, *read* he had been viewing; *considerer* in French signifies to view.

!!! Ibid. l. 28. This Territory, *read* this melancholy Territory. Ce triste séjour.

!!! Ibid. l. 29. After the gentle Joys, *add* which now accompany thee.

!! P. 206. l. 18. A less degree of Glory, *read* a far less degree of Glory. Une gloire beaucoup moindre.

P. 208. l. 20. Clytemnestra's *Perfidy*, *read* Clytemnestra's, Disloyalty and Treachery.

P. 210. l. 1. His light Tread seems to resemble the Flight of a Bird, *read* resembles, not seems to resemble. Sa démarche legere ressemble au vol, &c. He might as well say seems to seem.

!! P. 212. l. 3. I fear, *read* I foresee. Je prévois.

!! P. 216. l. 25. His Country, *read* his Countrymen; else what follows is Nonsense.

P. 220. l. 16. This Act of Perfidiousness, *r.* this Invasion.

P. 223. l. 1. Violating your Faith, *read* breaking your Word and violating your Oath.

P. 223. l. 29. If you have any Remains of Sense or Forefight, *read* if you have any Sense of Probity left, or any Forecast with respect to your own Interest.

!! P. 230. l. 1. After unmov'd, *add* and Telemachus began to

think that he might not be guilty.

!!! P. 231. l. 6. Omitted after Venus self, He was resolved either to destroy *Adrastus*, and recover his Wife, or to perish himself in the Attempt.

P. 232. l. 3. Wisdom and Virtue will be quite out of Doors, *read* will be of no manner of Use. Ne seront plus d'aucun usage.

!!! Ibid. l. 12. And in short *read* and much more. Et plus encore.

Ibid. l. 18. *Adrastus* in Spite of himself admired the Thing, *read* admired this Step of theirs.

!!! P. 233. l. 14. A Crest of waving Hair, *read* a Crest of waving Horse-Hair. Des crins flotans.

Ibid. l. 16. For *Vulcan's* Work had, *read* it was the Work of *Vulcan*, and had.

P. 235. l. 20. Peace, *read* peaceable Inclination.

P. 236. l. 3. Since thou art Judge, *read* since thou art just.

P. 237. l. 21. *Cæstus*, always mispelt.

Ibid. l. 27. Imitated, *read* was no faint Imitator.

P. 239. l. 5. The Grass on its Banks never brings forth Flowers, *read* no Grass adorns its Banks.

!! P. 240. l. 22. After Medly, *add* of enrag'd and blood-thirsty Men.

P. 241. l. 4. Hyppolitas, *r.* Hyppolytus.

!! Ibid. l. 16. After spoken, *add* and given the last Token of his Tenderness.

!!! P. 244. l. 6. Those dreadful Arrows which never miss'd their Aim, *read* which when flung

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flung by him never miss'd their Aim.

P. 245. l. 16. And their whole Villages, *read* and whole Villages.

Ibid. l. 30. Deer travelling the Plain, *read* traversing the Plain.

!! P. 247. l. 3. Angry, *read* shaking their Thunder at him.

!! P. 249. l. 12. Prostrate, *read* on his Back. Just the contrary!

Ibid. l. 31. Nation, *read* Nations.

!!! Ibid. l. 30. Here are the Effects of the Bane of Prosperity, *read* this is the Bane, the Canker of Prosperity.

P. 254. l. 16. The Instrument, *read* their Instrument.

P. 255. l. 2. It may seem to acquire, *read* it acquires. Not a Word of *seem* in French.

P. 256. l. 24. Saw thee, *r.* met with thee.

!!! Ibid. l. 6. Legal Authority, *read* illegal Authority.

!!! P. 260. l. 11. After praising him, *add* thus their Encomiums were at an end.

!! Ibid. l. 20. He is the Delight of them who live with him, *read* converse with him.

P. 266. l. 8. Attended to, *read* admired. Admiroient.

!!! Ibid. l. 18. After hopes, *add* that this majestic Person.

P. 269. l. 5. Euebus, *read* Erebus.

Ibid. l. 21. Loads him to his Tomb, *read* leads him to his Tomb.

!!! P. 279. l. 16. After Magnificence, *add* than before.

!! P. 281. l. 1. Was asking, *read* was eagerly asking. *Avec curiosité.*

P. 283. l. 25. After Slaves, *add* whose number lessens every Day.

!!! Ibid. l. 7. Down to the very Dregs of the People, *read* down from the King to the, &c. Depuis les Rois.

P. 285. l. 26. He has transposed the Author's Sentiment about Poverty.

P. 291. l. 29. Spirit, *read* Genius.

!!! P. 296. l. 4. One won'd take her for a smiling Venus, she is attended with so many Graces, *read* one would take her for a smiling Venus, accompany'd with the Graces.

P. 297. l. 28. All other Women, *read* almost all other Women.

P. 299. l. 4. Urg'd to him, *read* intimated to him.

P. 202. l. 8. Diophanes, *read* Diaphanes.

P. 303. l. 29. The Persons of a distinguish'd birth, *read* some Persons, &c.

P. 306. l. 1. Together by the Ears. (Poor Expression.)

!!! P. 307. l. 18. Reasons, *read* solid Reasons.

P. 308. l. 2. Sipentines, *read* Sipontines.

Term of Art. P. 309. l. 14. Tame to Battle, *read* break to Battle.

Ibid. l. 18. Diana with her Nymphs, *dele* with her Nymphs. It's Nonsense there.

P. 311. l. 11. Tell to her, *read* say to her.

!!! P. 312. l. 2. Over-ruled, *read* regulated. Regloit.

!!! P. 319. l. 6. After the word Comfort, *add* ev'n without any hopes of your Kingdom.

!!! P. 322.

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!!! P. 322. l. 9. If Humanity, *read if, however, Humanity, &c.* of *have* OFTEN a Relation, &c. ont souvent du rapport, &c.

!!! P. 323. l. 9. Take their leave, *read with tears in their Eyes take their leave.* In the same Discourse upon Epic Poetry, P. 2. l. 9. He wou'd make one believe the Author says, The simple Beauty of Virtue

!! P. 330. l. 16. After the Words *either well or ill*, add, for both Mistakes are very dangerous. does *never* affect Man's Mind; whereas the Author says it does not ALWAYS affect it. *Ne le touche pas TOUJOURS.*

P. 333. l. 15. Industry, *read Genius.* P. 13. l. 19. He says, *nor do his HEROES ever disappear,* instead of, *nor does his HERO*

P. 335. l. 3. Seek, *read see.* *ever disappear.* Son. HEROS. The Author means *Telema-*

P. 336. l. 1. They are sporting, *read they are for sporting.* The Author means *Telema-*

P. 338. l. 2. Labouring for Virtue, *read labouring the Cause of Virtue.* P. 14. l. 9. He has it, *Philostrates*, instead of, *Philostratus*,

Ibid. l. 5. Stop, *read lay on.* in French *Philostrate*, according to their way of terminating Proper Names.

P. 341. l. 10. Has gone, *r. has often gone.* P. 17. l. 6. He says, *READY to sacrifice his Country*, instead of,

Ibid. l. 31. At Ifmarus, *read and Ifmarus.* *ACTUALLY to sacrifice his Country.* *Jusqu' à sacrifier sa Pa-*

!!! P. 350. l. 28. Upon her Head, *read upon her Helmet.* *trie.*

P. 353. l. 1. Virtue, *read Virtues.* P. 19. l. 21. Last line but two, he says, that the Love of the Fair is to be prefer'd before the love of *Pleasure*. Wou'd not one think that he means the Love of the fair Sex? It shou'd be the Love of what is *Honourable*,

!!! P. 353. l. 11. An ill Reign, *read one ill Reign.* the love of *Pleasant*. *l'amour du beau, à l'amour du plaisir.* This puts me in mind how he begins that very Discourse. He says, *if we cou'd imbrace naked Truth, &c.* I say, *if we cou'd meet with Truth naked and unattired, &c.*

P. 236. l. 3. Since thou art *the Judge*, *read since thou art Just.* P. 24. l. 21. He titles his Section thus, OF POETRY, as if the Author was treating of Poetry in general; whereas it should be THE Poetry, that is, this Poetry of *Telemachus*, as before

Ibid. l. 4. *If we* prove victorious, *read If thou (or thy side)* prove victorious.

P. 255. l. 6. Legal Authority, *read illegal Authority.*

P. 118. l. 12. An old consecrated Wood, *read an old sacred Wood.*

P. 182. l. 10. Rocks, *continually insulted by the wanton Waves,* *r. Rocks vainly insulted by the Sea.*

P. 36. l. 16. Of Chevalier Ramsay's Discourse he says, *these universal Truths have Relation to the Histories of the Times*, instead

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fore he says of *The Morality of the Epick Action*, &c.

P. 30. l. 16. He says, that whoever writes ought to forget himself; instead of, ought to make the Reader forget that there is such a Man, &c. *Faire oublier*, in French.

P. 31. l. 18. He puts a Comma between *Dionysius* and *Halicarnassus*, and thereby makes two Authors of one; for thus he has it, *Aristotle, Dionysius, Halicarnassus, Strabo*, &c.

P. 40. last Line but four. He says, every where in this Poem *THE Art becomes Nature*, instead of, *Art becomes Nature*. A Gallicism. *Par tout l'Art devient Nature*.

The Systems of Machiavel and Hobbes are well known, as also those of Puffendorf and Grotius, two more MODERATE (MODERIZ) Authors. Boyer translates it *MODERN Authors*, as if it had been *MODERNES* in French: whereas it is plain in this Edition, and so it was in the last French, *MODEREZ, MODERATE*, as I then translated it. Again, p. 16. *Elle ne contient que les six PREMIERS Livres*, says *Ramsay* in giving an Account of the Narration's being divided into two Parts. It contains no more than the *FIRST six Books*. But Boyer has it the *LAST six Books*: But what I most wonder at, is, that being a Frenchman he should be so full of Mistakes in his own Language: thus, in lib. xviii. p. 128. Describing the Torments of Hell, *Les vengeances toutes DÉGOÛTANTES de sang, &c. &c. &c. convertes des playes. Anglice.*

Revenge, cover'd all o'er with Wounds, and TRICKLING down with Blood, he has it *GLUTTED with Blood*: forgetting there's two Words in French spelt exactly the same, viz. *DEGOUTER* to cause a Loathing, from *DE-GUSTARE* in Latin; and another *DEGOUTER* from *DEGUT-TARE*, as it were à *GUTTA*, from trickling down *Drop by Drop*.

He always mistranslates the Word *Assister*; thus, he says to *assist at a Consort of Musick*; whereas it only means to be present at it, to be a Hearer, not a Performer.

Vol. I. p. 281. l. 4. He says, a violent Prince who knows no Authority but his Interest. It should be, no Law but his Interest. *Point d'autre loi*.

Comical Blunders.

As in the Index; instead of *make an Entertainment FOR Telemachus*, he says, *make an Entertainment OF Telemachus*; as if he was to have been cut in Pieces and made a Hash of.

Vulgarisms abundance.

Such as *two Strings to his Bow*. *Telemachus, now his own Man again*, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Peculiarities of Diction not a few.

Such as *his hard Misfortune*, for *his hard Fortune*, &c. &c. &c.

Fustianisms

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Fustianisms frequent.

As the *Aquilon*, for the North
Wind, &c. &c. &c.

Bulls innumerable.

As *Speches made to a Man in*

private, BEHIND HIS BACK, &c.
On each Side two Men, for be-
tween two Men, &c.

Modernisms many.

As Chief Mourner, &c.

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POSTSCRIPT.

NOW I have done with pointing out what few of *Boyer's* Blunders I thought sufficient for the present, I must desire the Reader to correct three or four Typographical Slips in my own Book, viz. *Piece* for *Peace*, *shou'd* for *wou'd*; in some Part of the Book which I can't at present recollect; as likewise 3, or 400, for 2, or 300, in the Notes concerning *Hannibal*, as also a literal *o* for an *a*, in the *Latin* Verses, and in the *English* ones in the same Notes, for *Love* or *Hunger*, read *Love Tyrannic*.

POSTSCRIPT

NOW I have done with pointing out
what few of Bees's Blunders I
thought for the present
most decent to correct; these or
few typographical errors in my own book
will I leave to the reader's
some part of the book which I can't at pre-
sent recollect; in likewise, for a
good, in the Notes concerning Handel, as
also a hint for an in the Latin Verse,
and in the English ones in the same Notes,
for some corrections, that have I presume.





SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Archbishop of *Cambray*
AND HIS
WRITINGS.

THE Adventures of *Telemachus* have long receiv'd the Applauses of all Men of Sense and Taste: The infinite Charms which are interspers'd in it, and which are Instruments to raise the Value of the most pure Morality that ever can be thought of, the Order and Œconomy of the whole Work, the Nobleness and Vivacity of the Style, the agreeable Ease of the Narration, its Variety, its Richness, and the well-apply'd Learning that is contain'd in it; in a Word, the Author's Merit, already so generally known, and his Misfortunes, which hardly any body thought he deserv'd, all this

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has been the Occasion of the great Praises which have been so unanimously bestow'd upon *The Adventures of Telemachus*. Nay, a great many have been overjoy'd at having this Opportunity of defending the Archbishop of *Cambray* against the Persecution that was rais'd against him.

Every body knows that he was a Martyr to the Mystical Theology, which he defended in his Book, intituled, *MAXIMS OF THE SAINTS*. The Story is long, and would require a very ample Relation; but the Bounds I have here prescrib'd to myself, will not permit me to enter too far into it.

I shall therefore say in a few Words, that the Archbishop of *Cambray* (as great a Man as he was) took it into his Head to be a Champion for the pure and disinterested Love of God, such as several contemplative Men have taught it, and which subsists only in the heated Imagination of some profess'd Devotees, who thereby think they sequester themselves from the World, and who look upon the rest of Mankind as Mercenaries, that make Bargains with God for Paradise, and serve him only with an Eye to the Reward.

This Idea is doubtless noble and worthy the Greatness of God, who ought to be served for his own sake, without any View of Interest. 'Tis a pity the Nature of Man is too weak to arrive at so high a Degree of Perfection, and that Self-Love should still be the Basis and Motive of all our Virtues. However, several Mystical Theologists, who have been approv'd by the Church of *Rome*, have taught these very Maxims, nay, and carry'd them farther than the Archbishop of *Cambray* has done, as most People agree, and as it would be very easy to prove.

prove. Yet for this very Doctrine it was that he was prosecuted. I don't here intend to give an Account of all the Persecutions which have been rais'd against him; the Publick are sufficiently acquainted with them already.

No body is ignorant that the Bishop of *Meaux*, formerly his intimate Friend, was one of his most violent Enemies; that he employ'd against him the King's Authority, and the Zeal which that Prince express'd for Religion; that he engag'd several Prelates in his Quarrel; stirr'd up part of the *Sorbonne*; spread about several Libels to diminish the Reputation of his old Friend: And, in short, all his Fury rather serv'd to shew the mighty Interest of the Bishop of *Meaux*, than the Justice of his Cause.

But most Men will be apt to say, What Reasons could so highly provoke the Bishop of *Meaux* against his old Friend? What could there be to occasion so bitter a Zeal? The Interest of Religion never puts Men upon such injurious Methods, especially against one who desir'd nothing but Peace, who only demanded Justice, who offer'd to submit to a legal Tribunal, who submitted to it without Reserve, and who gave so great an Example of perfect Obedience. But let us own the Truth and give her Glory. The Bishop of *Meaux* had other Motives to animate his Zeal besides those of Religion. It is not indeed for me to pretend to dive into the Heart of any Man; but since the Bishop of *Meaux* took so great a Liberty with respect to the Archbishop of *Cambray*, his Friends must give us Leave to be as free with him: He has led the Way, and we will endeavour to follow him as well as we can: But as we have not so happy a Talent as he had for Aspersions, we shall omit imitating him

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him in that Point. This, then, is what some, who seem to have pretty well discover'd the Truth, have thought of this Affair, which has made so much Noise in the World, and of which very few have enquir'd into the real Cause.

The Bishop of *Meaux* was very importunate for the Post of Chief-Almoner to the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*. The Archbishop of *Cambray* also seem'd to desire it, but without making any Interest to obtain it, or depending upon any other Recommendation than his Merit alone. The Bishop of *Meaux* had Interest enough to carry it, and got the Victory, but That would not satisfy him: The Archbishop of *Cambray* ceas'd, in his Eye, to be his Friend the Moment he became his Rival; an Opponent of so great Merit is always to be fear'd, let him be never so unlucky. This, or I'm deceiv'd, is the fatal Cause: But let us push our Search farther yet. When the King rais'd this good Man to the Archbishoprick of *Cambray*, he generously resign'd a considerable Abby, saying, that the Revenue of the Archbishoprick was enough to maintain him. This Example of Disinterestedness, which certainly deserved the greatest Praise, tacitly condemn'd the Conduct of the Bishop of *Meaux*, who possessed several Benefices together, and whose Ambition was never satisfy'd. With him therefore, this Action had nothing in it at all laudable or that argu'd an Indifference. Besides, the Reputation of Wit, Learning, and Virtue, which the Archbishop of *Cambray* had acquir'd, did in some sort eclipse the Glory of the Bishop of *Meaux*, who had long been the Oracle of the *French* Prelates, and was very uneasy to see himself degraded from that Honour.

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These Reasons made him secretly his Enemy ; but as yet he did not know how to shew himself so ; he waited till he might have some specious Pretence to authorize his Passion, and to guard him from losing his own Reputation whilst he endeavour'd to destroy another Man's. The Book of MAXIMS, furnish'd him with what he wanted ; he saw, or thought he saw, in that Piece, Consequences which might prove extremely dangerous. The Author's good Intention would not excuse him ; his Uprightness, his Submission, and all his other Virtues, were not able to stop the Torrent of Abuses just ready to break in upon him ; that uncharitable Zeal took its full Scope, and wrought very much upon the Populace. The Ideas of Perfection which the Archbishop of *Cambray* endeavour'd in that Book to raise in the Minds of Mankind, were, according to his Enemy, nothing but Heresies and Chimeras ; his Name, in the Writings of the Bishop of *Meaux*, never went without the most odious Epithets along with it ; and as his Conduct had nothing in it that could be taken hold of, he was put upon the same Foot with *Madam Guyon* ; and a Man of the Archbishop's Wisdom was charg'd with being in the Interests of an extravagant mad Woman ; he was become *the Montanus of the new Priscilla* : In short, no Means were left untry'd to make him appear guilty ; they compass'd Heaven and Earth to ruin him. During these Times of Trouble and Persecution, the Bishop of *Cambray* remain'd serene and quiet within himself ; and as if he had been insensible of the Injuries that were heap'd upon him, and the Cabals which were form'd against him, he made his Reply with such Moderation, as one wou'd think might

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have disarm'd all the Fury of his Enemies. He us'd no Force in any thing but his Arguments, and in the Victory which he gain'd over himself; and indeed, he won over to his Party all disinterested and impartial People; and notwithstanding the severe Condemnation from *Rome*, he was justify'd in the Hearts of all good Men.

Every body knows that his Adversaries got the better of his Arguments only by their Interest and Subtilty. Yet for all this, he paid an implicit Obedience. He no sooner had Notice of the Sentence which was pronounc'd against him, than he submitted to it without any Restriction; he himself condemn'd his own Book, without looking out for any Pretence or Excuse to defend it. We read in the Ecclesiastical History of several great Prelates, and even Saints, that have fallen into Errors, but we read of none that has shown so perfect a Submission; nay, nor of any one that defended himself with so much Strength and so much Moderation.

Every body commended the Archbishop for his Submission: I know of none but Monsieur *Jurieu* that blam'd him for having, by an unrefer'd Obedience, procur'd the Peace of the Church, and treated him as a poor-spirited pusillanimous Man, for having had the Courage to overcome himself. That Minister ascribes the Archbishop's Submission to Motives far beneath a Man of Honour; by which he sufficiently shews what he himself must be, and how he would behave upon the like Occasion. But let us leave him to applaud himself for his Mistake, and resume the Thread of our Story.

There has been no body hitherto but what thinks the Bishop of *Meaux* ought to have been contented with his Adversary's Submission; and indeed,

indeed, if all which that Prelate labour'd for was the Advantage and Interest of the Church, he had what he wanted: *Rome* has decided, all Things gave Way, his Antagonist has been the first to set an Example of Obedience. Charity oblig'd him to forget what was past, and to give the highest Commendations to the Conduct of so prudent an Enemy, if one can give the Name of Enemy to a Man who only searches after Truth. Yet the Bishop of *Meaux* again attack'd and fell upon a Man who no longer defended himself: He next reviv'd this Affair in the Assembly of the *French* Clergy, which was held at *St. Germain en Laye*, and would fain have had them gone on to a Revision of the Prosecution, and made a full History of it, in order to justify his Zeal to Posterity, and to immortalize the Glory he had acquir'd by humbling his Adversary, whom yet he did not think low enough. In vain the Bishop of *Rennes*, back'd by several of his Brethren, represented to him in a full Assembly, that the Archbishop of *Cambray*'s Affair ought no longer to be remember'd, except it were to admire his Obedience and Submission. Notwithstanding all this, the Bishop of *Meaux* resolv'd to proceed; and begun a new Prosecution against the Archbishop of *Cambray* in a certain Court where himself sat as the Head.

This cruel Persecution did not make the Archbishop alter his Conduct; he oppos'd nothing but Moderation against all this Rage; and the Publick have at last risen up in the Defence of a Man so undeservedly unfortunate. I believe it would have been very much for the Reputation of the Bishop of *Meaux*, to have join'd with the rest of the World in admiring the Wisdom of so submissive a Prelate, who acquir'd more

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Reputation by his Misfortunes, than he had done by his Victory.

This Relation is not intended to insinuate a Belief that it was Injustice to condemn the Archbishop of *Cambray's* Doctrine. God forbid that any body should withstand so authentick a Judgment as that of the Court of *Rome*; the Archbishop readily submitted to it, and he was in the right in so doing: The irreligious Views for which it might be obtain'd, did not hinder but that the Judgment might be equitable. All our Intention is only to shew the Violence with which he was proceeded against by some certain People, who prosecuted him with the utmost Rigour, when he desir'd nothing but Peace, and offer'd to submit without any Restriction. 'Tis for this that the Publick condemns his Adversaries and admires his Conduct, which was always to be admir'd.

There is another Thing which the Archbishop might with Reason complain of; namely, that tho he had advanc'd nothing but upon the Credit of the most approv'd Mystical Theologists, and among others of *St. Francis de Sales*, *St. Theresa*, the celebrated *John de la Croix*, *Balthazar Alvarez*, &c. yet his Enemies wou'd not let him and the others take their Fate together, (tho he was much more moderate than they were) but resolv'd that his Doctrine should stand good in those Authors Books, tho it must be condemn'd in his. But, if they wou'd own the Truth, the Archbishop's Misfortunes proceeded from his having selected this Doctrine out of the mysterious Obscurity in which it was before conceal'd. He set it in an open Light; he pull'd off the Veil which cover'd it, and with a great deal of Clearness and Exactness displays it as it really

really is: Thus being purg'd from the Bombast which obscur'd it, it seem'd quite new; and it was this that was the Archbishop's chief Crime: He writ too plainly for those who desire to be deceiv'd; he dissipated the Clouds which were so long rever'd; the Light dazled their Eyes, and in him they condemn'd what they had in others approv'd.

But we have said enough of this Affair; let us return to *Telemachus*. This Work was never publish'd according to the Author's Copy till now. The Prince, for whose Use it was compos'd, he was desirous to inspire with noble and generous Sentiments: He thought his Labour wou'd be sufficiently rewarded, by the Fruit he wish'd for from it, and the Advantage which all *Europe* might in Time receive from it, if his Maxims were follow'd. The Publick have receiv'd it with great Applause, and notwithstanding the Squeamishness of some few Criticks, 'tis esteem'd one of the finest Performances that has been publish'd.

I don't design to mispend so much Time as to defend *Telemachus* against the unjust Cavils of all his Censurers; the Publick justifies it sufficiently, both by its Esteem for the Book, and the Contempt it shews for the Criticisms that are made against it. Those Authors fall of themselves, in endeavouring to rise out of the Obscurity to which their want of Merit has confin'd them; and their Pens would never be known nor heard of, if they had not the Assurance to fall upon so noble and illustrious an Adversary. But they are no more than Pigmies attacking a *Hercules*.

One of these Authors, who has printed his Criticism in *Holland*, gives us only a Beadroll of vile Jest; in which he is very fruitful, for
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he finds a Way to vent them constantly once a Month against all the greatest Men in *Europe*. I think the Archbishop of *Cambray* very happy in being in so much good Company, and in not having the Approbation of so weak a Writer, since, to obtain it, a Man must renounce That of all sensible People.

Another Author has writ a Criticism enormously long, and which may justly be call'd the Terror of the Reader, *Horribilem & sacrum Libellum*, a Book as tiresome and dull as *Telemachus* is agreeable and diverting. 'Tis made up of *Greek* and *Latin* Quotations, which are crowded in without any Judgment or Order; and these he sends to a Lady, in order to entertain her, as he imagines; but indeed, only to create in her an Aversion to all Manner of Books and Reading. He begins with a long Dissertation against all Romances in general; after which he adds, That the profound Respect and Veneration which he has for the Character and Personal Merit of the Archbishop of *Cambray*, make him blush for him, to bear that his Pen should be guilty of such a Performance, and that the same Hand with which he every Day offers up to the living God the adorable Chalice which contains the Blood of *Jesus Christ*, (the Price of the Redemption of the Universe) should administer, to those Souls who have been redeem'd by it, the poison'd Cup of the Whore of *Babylon*. Here's Sublimity for you! This Author does not want for big Words! After this *Exordium*, he cites the Archbishop of *Cambray* before all the Fathers of the Church, to hear his Condemnation: But this topping Critick does not know that *St. John Damascene*, a Pope, and several Bishops, have written Romances; and that 'tis generally believ'd the History

—
tory of *Job* was invented by *Moses*, to teach the *Israelites* Patience.

Thus we see Romances are authorized by the greatest Men. But, adds the Author of the Criticism, *The Charms of a Country Life, and the tender Loves of the Ægyptian Shepherds and Shepherdesses, dancing upon the verdant Turf to the Sound of the Reed and Flute; and the Description he gives of the natural and artless Beauty of the little Ægyptian Lasses, the Happiness of the Inhabitants of Betica, &c. All this is dress'd with too many Charms, and serves only to corrupt the Minds of Youth.* This is a new Sort of Criticism, to blame a Book for having too many Embellishments and Graces in it.

If, in order to please, there needs only a dull heavy Narration, and a Pedantick Style; the Author of the *Telemachomania* is incomparable: Yet sometimes he assumes an Air of Pleasantry, which fits upon him just as it did upon the *As* in the *Fable*, who had a Mind to divert his Master, and render himself agreeable: The most pityful Joke in the World passes with him for fine Raillery; and that it may not be thought I say this without Grounds, I'll give one Sample of his Wit, by which we may judge of the rest. He says, *That 'tis strange Monsieur de Cambray should not know, or consider, that honest Anchises did not die in Sicily till he had been carry'd thither by his Son Æneas, not upon his Shoulders, but in a good strong Ship.* This Remark is wonderful curious, and worthy so extraordinary a Critick!

But there is in this Place another Fault still more lamentable. He accuses the Archbishop of *Cambray* of having committed the grossest Blunder that ever was heard of, in making *Acestes*

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go about to sacrifice *Telemachus* upon the Tomb of *Anchises*, before the Fleet of *Æneas*, which was hovering upon the Coast, was arriv'd. Here he triumphs: *A Lyar*, says he, *ought to have a good Memory*. If *Anchises* dy'd in *Sicily*, *Æneas* must be arriv'd there, and his Fleet can no longer be wandering about in the Seas which surround that Island.

The Author of *Telemachomania* might have spar'd himself all this Pains, had he read the first and fifth Books of the *Æneid*. He would in the first Book have seen that *Æneas* left *Sicily* in order to go into *Italy*, and being cast by a Tempest upon the Coasts of *Africa*, *Dido* receives him there, and makes him recite to her all his Adventures from the Destruction of *Troy* till his Arrival in *Sicily*, and the Death of his Father *Anchises*, who dy'd at *Drepanum* in that Island: In the fifth Book, he would have read of *Æneas's* Return into that Island, where he is forc'd by a second Storm to land once more. The Archbishop of *Cambray* feigns that the same Tempest drove *Telemachus's* Ship upon the Coasts of *Sicily*, and that *Acestes* had then a Design to sacrifice him upon the Tomb of *Anchises*, in order to revenge *Æneas* for the Mischiefs *Ulysses* had done against *Troy*. This is that dreadful *Anachronism*, or rather the Ignorance of the Censor, who did not know that *Æneas* was twice in *Sicily*.

To give one Proof more of this Author's Want of Judgment, I shall add a most egregious Blunder which he's guilty of concerning *Pygmalion*.

He accuses the Archbishop of *Cambray* of confounding Chronology, and assures us that *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*, did not flourish in the Time

Time of the *Trojan War*; he proves it from several *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, and spends five or six whole Pages only to demonstrate this Truth. He need not have given himself this Trouble, for 'tis a Thing no body is ignorant of, and 'tis more than probable that the Archbishop of *Cambray* knew it better than himself. And indeed, who doubts that *Dido*, *Sichæus*, and *Pygmalion*, were above 200 Years after the Destruction of *Troy*? If the Archbishop of *Cambray* did not keep to this, 'twas because he thought that in a Romance there was no need of being so exact in Chronology; and he had a Mind to imitate *Virgil*, who puts *Pygmalion* in the same Age with *Æneas* and the *Trojan War*: He believ'd that such an Example would be a sufficient Authority for what he did, in a Thing wherein the Point in Hand was not to clear up a Piece of Chronology, but to please and instruct by Versimilitude rather than strict Truth. The Author of the *Criticism* would have been of this Opinion, had he had any Taste for Poetry. But the best Jest of all is, he would needs prove that *Telemachus's Pygmalion* liv'd a long Time after that young Heroe, by confounding him with another of the same Name who liv'd several Ages before the *Trojan War*. 'Tis worth while to read him in his own Words.

The Poets, on their Side, says he, speaking of *Pygmalion*, assure us that *Venus* and *Cupid*, in order to be reveng'd on him for contemning their Rites, made him fall in Love with a Statue; and as a Punishment for his having had an Aversion for Idols of Flesh, they made him almost distracted for an Idol of Stone. He says, a little before, that *Monsieur de Cambray* makes *Pygmalion* a passionate Lover of Women, an Adorer of *Astarbe's* Beauty,

Beauty, a great Debauchee, and the most fond of sensual Pleasures that ever was; in short, he makes him a Monster of Incontinence. Whereas, on the contrary, no Man was ever more averse to all this than that Prince was; he abhor'd Women, and could not endure the very Sight of them, &c. Venus, as well as Cupid, had the Vexation to find herself unable to reduce him under her Subjection. It is not possible to croud more Blunders into so few Words. The Author of the Criticism pretends to prove that Pygmalion, King of Tyre, was not a Debauchee, because about 400 Years before him there was a famous Carver of the same Name in the Island of Cyprus, who was a sober continent Man. The Truth is, the Pygmalion he talks of, and whom he confounds with the King of Tyre, was a celebrated Carver in the Isle of Cyprus, and did himself make the Statue with which he fell in Love. Venus, mov'd with Compassion for him, did transform the Marble into a Woman as charming as Pygmalion's Workmanship was. By this Woman he had a Son call'd Paphos, who gave his Name to the Country of his Birth. Paphos was Father of Cyneras, and Cyneras had, by his own Daughter Myrrha, Adonis, who was the Favourite of Venus. This Fable is so commonly known, that one can never sufficiently wonder at the Ignorance of a Scribbler, who stands so much upon his Learning, in being mistaken in such a plain Story.

This Error is not the only one he has run into about *Pygmalion*: He tells us, “ that that Prince, “ whom Monsieur de Cambray represents as a “ Wretch full of Impiety, was a very religious “ Man; and that his insatiable Avarice, and the “ Murder he committed upon *Sichæus*, Husband

“ to

“ to his Sister *Dido*, were only Trifles, which
 “ did not hinder his being a Man of great
 “ Worth, and the Delight of his People.”

These are fine Maxims for a Man who would make us believe that 'tis a Crime to write a Romance which teaches nothing but Virtue! I shall not mention the gross Equivocations he uses upon Occasion of *Telemachus's* Conversation with the *Ægyptian* Priest, nor the insipid Praises he bestows on the Bishop of *Meaux*. We very well know how much that Prelate deserved to be commended, but I don't think he could be overmuch pleas'd with such fulsom Flattery.

But the World will say, we take too much Pains to confute a Caviller whom no body takes Notice of; besides, the Archbishop's Performance is out of the reach of Criticism. 'Tis true: But yet, as there are some People of good Sense who have found Fault with this Work, and that too upon more plausible Grounds; let us endeavour to answer and satisfy their Objections.

1. They say that the Style is too Poetical, and that the Author is too diffusive, or rather verbose, in his Descriptions and Comparisons. 'Tis true, the Style is Poetical, and the best Poetry too that ever was writ since *Homer*: But 'tis a great Commendation of the Author, to say that his Style favours of the ancient Poetry; since it was his Design to imitate it, in writing a Sequel of those Adventures of *Telemachus* which *Homer* relates in his *Odysssey*. We should first examine whether he has hit the Manner of that Poet; and if he has, we must own that his Work has all the Perfection that can be desired.

But,

But, say some, Why should he chuse such an elevated Stile when he writes in Prose? The Reason of that is soon found: He wrote to a young Prince, who was to be instructed in a Stile that might please him, and in some Manner conceal the *Bitter* of the *Medicine* (to use *Tasso's* Expression.) Now no Stile is more likely to delight a young Prince, and as it were insinuate Morality into his Mind, than that which He has pitch'd upon. Maxims that have too dogmatical an Air create Disgust: The Archbishop, therefore, was to invent some innocent Stratagem, and this was supply'd to him by the flowing Facility of his Pen; which has so well imitated *Homer*, that the best Judges doubt whether *Homer* himself deserves more Admiration.

2. Others are offended at his having made Choice of a Fable rather than a true History, and say that so perfect a System of Morality ought to have been apply'd to a true Subject, and not interwoven with chimerical Adventures. But to condemn Fables is declaring against the common Sense of all Mankind: The Holy Scripture abounds with them, nor have the most severe Writers rejected them: Young People are exceeding fond of them, and 'tis good to take Advantage of that Fondness, in order to instil into them those Precepts which otherwise they would be averse to: 'Tis necessary to convey them under the Disguise of Amusement and Pleasantry: Almost every Body stands in need of this Artifice. The Archbishop of *Cambray*, therefore, is very much to be prais'd for having follow'd it in instructing a young Prince; we all know that Princes have more Occasion for this Sort of Management than any other Persons.

Some

Some other Objections have been made ; but they are so weak, that 'twould be Folly to take the Pains to offer them : This immortal Piece will best defend itself ; and the Pleasure it gives all Readers is a convincing Proof of its Value.

There shines throughout the whole the greatest Nobleness of Thought : The Diction is certainly the most florid and magnificent that our Language is capable of. One may perceive in it the Graces of Poetry, the Ornaments and Force of Eloquence, join'd to a vast Knowledge of Antiquity, which is apply'd with so much Art, that one would think the Persons he talks of would really appear themselves. Nothing in it tastes of the Pedant ; all is smiling and engaging, and keeps the Reader attentive to the End, which at last, in his Opinion, comes too soon.

I might add a great deal concerning the wise and edifying Conduct which the Archbishop of *Cambray* observ'd in his Diocese, where he govern'd with such Mildness as can never be too much admir'd. I might dwell a great while upon the Charities he bestow'd, the Instruction he gave to all his People, and his Easiness of Access. But to give his just Character in a few Words, we need only transcribe it from the Writings of an unexceptionable Author : *

“ That most excellent foreign Writer, (the
 “ Archbishop of *Cambray*) made a very considerable Figure in the Learned and Christian
 “ World : This great Author, in the several
 “ Pieces which he has produc'd, † has manifested
 VOL. I. b “ an

* Guardian, Vol. 1. N^o 69.

† The Adventures of *Telemachus* the Son of *Ulysses*.
 Instructions for the Education of a Daughter.

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“ an heart full of virtuous Sentiments, great
 “ Benevolence to Mankind, as well as a sincere
 “ and fervent Piety towards his Creator. His
 “ Talents and Parts were a very great Good to
 “ the World; and it is a pleasing Thing to be-
 “ hold the polite Arts subservient to Religion,
 “ and recommending it from its natural Beauty.
 “ A Man of his Talents view’d all Things in a
 “ Light different from that in which ordinary
 “ Men see them; and the devout Disposition of
 “ his Soul turn’d all those Talents to the Im-
 “ provement of the Pleasures of a good Life.
 “ His Devotion has a Sublimity in it befitting
 “ his Character, and the Emotions of his Heart
 “ flow from Wisdom and Knowledge.”

A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of G o d.

A Pastoral Letter to the *Clergy* of his Diocese.

Reflections upon Learning.

Private Thoughts upon Religion.

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A
DISCOURSE
UPON
EPICK Poetry ;

Particularly on the Excellence of this Poem
of *TELEMACHUS*.

WERE it possible for us
to meet with Truth
naked and unattired,
and taste her natural
Sweetness, she would have no Occa-

*The Origin and
End of Poetry.*

sion to borrow Ornaments of the Imagination to recommend herself to our Embraces: But the Light she's invested with, is of too refin'd, too delicate a Nature, sufficiently to affect the gross Sensation of Man; she requires an Attention that would be too great a Check to his natural Levity: Pure, unmix'd Ideas may serve to enlighten him; but to compleat the Work of his Instruction, there must be sensible Ideas to detain him in a fix'd and settled View of Truth. This was the Source of Eloquence, Poetry, and

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all the Sciences that depend on the Imagination. The Weakness and Imbecillity (if I may say so) of our Faculties, is what makes these Sciences necessary. The simple and unchangeable Beauty of Virtue is not always sure to reach our Souls. 'Tis not enough that we are shewn the Truth, she must be represented to us under such Colours as may make her lovely and desirable (a).

We shall examine this Poem of *Telemachus* by these two Rules, of instructing and pleasing; and we hope to evince, that the Author, by the Sublimity of his Moral, has excell'd the Antients in the Matter of Instruction, and equall'd them in the Point of Pleasing, by an happy Imitation of every one of their Beauties.

There are two Ways of instructing Men for their Good : *First*, By setting forth the Deformity of Vice, and its pernicious Consequences; such is the principal Design of *Tragedy*. *Secondly*, By discovering to them the Beauty of Virtue, and its happy End; this is the proper Character of *Epick Poesy*. Terror and Pity are the Passions that appertain to the one, as Love and Admiration suit with the other. In the former, the Actors are the Speakers; in the latter, the Poet makes the Narration.

We may define the *Epick Poem* to be *A Fable related by a Poet, to stir up the Admiration, and inspire the Love of Virtue, by representing some Action of a Hero favour'd by Heaven, who executes a great Design in spite of all the Obstacles*

(a) *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

that oppose him. Thus there are three Things in the *Epopæa*, the *Action*, the *Moral*, and the *Poetry*.

I. Of the E P I C K Action.

The Action must be *Great, One, Entire, Wonderful*, and of a *certain Duration*. *Telemachus* has all these Qualities. Let us compare it with the two Models of *Epick Poetry*, *Homer* and *Virgil*, and we shall be convinc'd of it.

*The Qualities
of the Epick
Action.*

We shall speak only of the *Odyssæy*, which is built upon a Plan more conformable to that of *Telemachus*. In this Poem *Homer* introduces a wise King returning from a foreign War, where he had given signal Proofs of his Prudence and Valour: He is stopp'd in his Way by Storms, and thrown upon divers Countries, whose Manners, Laws and Policy, he diligently observes. Hence naturally arise a great Number of Incidents and Dangers. But knowing what Disorders his Absence occasion'd in his Kingdom, he despises all the Pleasures of Life; Immortality itself cannot move him; he renounces all to relieve his People, and revisit his Family.

*The Design of
the Odyssæy.*

In the *Æneid*, a Hero equally pious and brave, escap'd out of the Wreck of a mighty Kingdom, is destin'd by the Gods to preserve its Religion, and to establish an Empire more great and glorious than the first. This Prince, who is chosen King by the unfortunate Remains of his Fellow-Citizens, wanders a long while with them to several Countries, where he learns all that is necessary for a King, a Legislator, and

*The Subject of
the Æneid.*

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a Pontiff; he at length finds an Asylum in a remote Country, from which his own Ancestors originally descended. He defeats many formidable Enemies that oppose his Establishment, and lays the Foundation of an Empire which was to be the Mistress of the Universe.

The Plan of The *Action* of *Telemachus* unites all that is Great in both these Poems: It shews a young Prince, animated by the Love of his Country, going in Search of his Father, whose Absence was like to be the Ruin of his Family and Kingdom. He exposes himself to all manner of Dangers; he distinguishes himself by the most heroick Virtues; he withstands the Allurements of Royalty, and refuses a Crown more considerable than his own; and traversing several unknown Countries, learns whatever is requisite to govern according to the Prudence of *Ulysses*, the Piety of *Aeneas*, and the Valour of Both: Like a wise Politician, a religious Prince, and an accomplish'd Hero.

The Action
ought to be
One.

The *Action* of the *Epopæa* ought to be One. The *Epick* Poem is not a History like the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*, and the *Punick* War of *Silius Italicus*; nor the whole Life of a Hero, like the *Achilleid* of *Statius*: The Unity of the Hero does not make the Unity of Action. The Life of Man is full of Inequalities; he is every Moment changing his Designs, either thro' the Inconstancy of his Passions, or the unforeseen Accidents of Life. He that should describe the whole Man, would draw a fantastick Picture, a Contraste of opposite Passions, without Connection and without Order. For this Reason, the *Epopæa* is not the Elogium of a Hero, who

is propos'd as an Example, but the Narration of some one great and illustrious Action, which is set up as a Model.

A Poem is like a Picture ; the Unity of the principal Action does not hinder the inserting of various particular Incidents. The Design is form'd at the very Beginning of the Poem ; the Hero accomplishes it by overcoming all Obstacles. It is the Narration of these Obstacles that makes the *Episodes* : But all these *Episodes* depend upon the principal Action, and have so near an Affinity, and such a Harmony with one another, that the whole offers to the View but one single Picture, consisting of several Figures finely dispos'd and justly proportion'd.

Of the Episodes.

I do not here examine whether it be true, that *Homer* sometimes drowns his principal Action in the Length and Number of his *Episodes*, that his Action is double, that he often loses Sight of his chief Persons ; it is sufficient to my Purpose to observe, that the Author of *Telemachus* every where imitates the Regularity of *Virgil*, avoiding the Faults imputed to the *Greek* Poet. All his *Episodes* run on in a continu'd Chain, and are so artfully link'd together, that the first draws on the second. His chief Persons never disappear, and the Transitions he makes from the *Episode* to the principal Action always shew the Unity of the Design. In the six first Books, where *Telemachus*, who is the Speaker, relates his Adventures to *Calypso*, this long *Episode*, in Imitation of that of *Dido*, is told with so much Art, that the Unity of the principal Action remains perfect. The Reader is in Suspence all the while,

The Unity of the Action of Telemachus, and the Connection of the Episodes.

and perceives from the very first, that the Abode of the Hero in that Island, and all that happens there, is nothing but an Obstacle that is to be surmounted. In the thirteenth and fourteenth Books, where *Mentor* instructs *Idomeneus*, *Telemachus* is not present, he is at the Army ; but it is *Mentor*, one of the principal Persons of the Poem, that does all and for the Instruction of *Telemachus* ; so that this *Episode* is perfectly well woven into the principal Design. It is another great Piece of Art in our Author, to adorn his Poem with *Episodes* which are not Continuations of the principal Fable, without breaking either the Unity or the Continuity of the Action. These *Episodes* are justifiable, not only as they are very important Instructions for a young Prince, which is the main View of the Poet, but because they are related to his Hero in a Time of In-action to fill up the Vacancy. Thus *Adoam* informs *Telemachus* of the Manners and Laws of *Betica*, during a Calm which stops their Voyage ; and *Philoctetes* gives him an Account of his Misfortunes, while the young Prince is in the Camp of the Allies, waiting for the Day of Battle.

*The Action
ought to be en-
tire.*

The *Epick* Action ought to be entire. This supposes three Things, the Cause, the Knot, and the Unravelling. The Cause of the Action ought to be worthy of the Hero, and conformable to his Character. Such is the Design of *Telemachus*. We have before seen what it was.

Of the Knot.

The Knot ought to be Natural, and arising from the Action itself. In the *Odyssey* it is *Neptune* that forms it. In the *Æneid* it is the Wrath of *Juno*.

In *Telemachus* it is the Hatred of *Venus*. The *Knot* of the *Odyssey* is natural, because there is no Obstacle in Nature more to be fear'd by those that venture upon the Sea, than the Sea itself. The Opposition of *Juno* in the *Æneid*, as an Enemy of the *Trojans*, is a fine Fiction: But the Hatred of *Venus* against a young Prince, that despises Pleasure for the Sake of Virtue, and subdues his Passions by the Assistance of Wisdom, is a Fable drawn from Nature, and at the same Time includes the sublimest Morality.

The *Unravelling* ought to be as natural as the *Knot*. In the *O-* *Of the Un-*
dysey, *Ulysses* arrives among the *velling*.
Phæacians, and relates his Ad-
ventures to them; and those Islanders, who are great Lovers of Fables, being charm'd with his Narration, give him a Ship to carry him back to his Country: This *Unravelling* is Simple and Natural. In the *Æneid*, *Turnus* is the only Obstacle to the Establishment of *Æneas*. That Hero, to save the Effusion of the Blood of his *Trojans*, and of the *Latines*, whose King he is shortly to be, decides the Quarrel by single Combat. This *Unravelling* is noble. That of *Telemachus* is at once both Natural and Great: This young Hero, in Obedience to the Commands of Heaven, conquers his Love for *Antiope*, and his Friendship for *Idomeneus*, who offer'd him his Crown and his Daughter. He sacrifices his strongest Passions, and even the most innocent Pleasures to the pure Love of Virtue. He embarks for *Ithaca* in Ships which were fitted out for him by *Idomeneus*, for whom he had done so many good Services. When he is near his own Country, *Minerva* causes him to drop Anchor at a little desert Island, where she makes herself

herself known to him. After having accompany'd him, without letting him know who she was, thro' stormy Seas, thro' strange Countries, thro' bloody Wars, and thro' all the Dangers and Misfortunes that can prove the Heart of Man; *Wisdom* at length conducts him into a solitary Place: There she speaks to him, and declares to him the End of his Labours, and his happy Destiny; and then she leaves him. As soon as ever he returns into Happiness and Repose, the Deity is gone, the Wonderful concludes, the Heroick Action ends. It is amidst Sufferings that the Man shows himself a Hero, and stands in need of the Divine Assistance; and it is not till after having suffer'd that he is capable of walking alone, of being his own Guide, and governing others. In the Poem of *Telemachus*, the Observation of the smallest Rules of Art is attended with a profound Moral.

General Qualities of the Knot, and Unravelling of the Epick Poem.

Besides the general *Knot* and *Unravelling* of the principal Action, each *Episode* has its proper *Knot* and *Unravelling*. They ought all to have the same Qualities. The *Epopæa* does not require the surprising Intrigues of the Modern Romances. Bare Surprise produces but a very imperfect and a very short-liv'd Pleasure. The Sublime consists in imitating simple Nature, in preparing the Events so delicately, that they cannot be foreseen; and conducting them with so much Art, that every Thing may seem Natural. You are not to be kept uneasy and in Suspence, nor driven off from the main View of Heroick Poetry, which is Instruction, to be intent upon a fabulous Unravelling and an imaginary Intrigue. This may do well enough where the whole Design

sign is to amuse; but in an *Epick* Poem, which is a kind of Moral Philosophy, such Intrigues are Conceits below its Gravity and Nobleness.

As the Author of *Telemachus* avoided the Intrigues of the modern Romances, so he has taken Care not to fall into the extravagant Miracles, for which some find Fault with the Antients. He neither makes Horses speak, nor Tripods walk, nor Statues work. The *Epick* Action ought to be Wonderful, but then it should be Probable. We cannot admire what we think impossible. The Poet ought never to shock Reason, tho he may sometimes exceed Nature. The Antients introduc'd the Gods in their Poems, not only to bring about great Events by their Interposition, and to unite the Probable and the Wonderful; but also to teach Men, that the most Valiant and most Prudent can do nothing without the Assistance of the Gods. In our Poem *Minerva* all along conducts *Telemachus*. By this Invention, the Poet makes every thing possible for his Hero to perform, and at the same time instills this Precept, *That without the Divine Wisdom, Man can do nothing*. But this is not the whole of his Art. The Sublime of this Fiction is, the having conceal'd the Goddess in a Human Form. Not only the Probable, but the Natural is here join'd to the Wonderful. All is Divine, and all seems Human. Nay, even this is not all. If *Telemachus* had known that he was conducted by a Deity, his Merit had not been so great; it had been too powerful a Support. *Homer's* Heroes almost constantly know what the Gods do for them. Our Poet, by concealing from his Hero the Wonderful of the Fiction,

has

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has given a great Idea of his Virtue and Courage.

Of the Duration of the Epick Poem.

The Duration of the *Epick* Poem is longer than that of *Tragedy*. In this latter the Passions reign. Nothing violent can be of long Continuance. But Virtues and Habits which are not suddenly acquir'd, are proper to the *Epick* Poem; and consequently its Action must have a greater Extent. The *Epopœa* may take in the Actions of several Years; but according to the Criticks, the Time of the main Action, from that Part of it where the Poet begins his Narration, must not be longer than a Year, as the Time of the *Tragick* Action must never be more than a Day. However, *Aristotle* and *Horace* do not lay down any such Rule. *Homer* and *Virgil* have observ'd none in this Particular. The whole Action of the *Iliad* takes up but fifty Days. That of the *Odyssey*, from the Beginning of the Poet's Narration, is but about two Months. That of the *Æneid* is a Year. One single Campaign brings *Telemachus* Home to *Ithaca* after his Departure from the Island of *Calypso*. Our Poet has chosen a Medium between the Impetuosity and Vehemence with which the *Greek* Poet runs on to his End, and the sober, majestick Step of the *Latin* Poet, who sometimes seems to be slow, and to lengthen out his Narration too much.

When the Action of the *Epick* Poem is long and not continued, the Poet divides his Fable into two Parts; in one the Hero is made to speak and to relate his past Adventures; in the other, the Poet himself gives the Narration of what happens to his Hero afterwards:

Thus

Thus *Homer* does not begin his Narration till after the Departure of *Ulysses* from the Island of *Ogygia* ; nor *Virgil* his, till *Aeneas* arrives at *Carthage*. The Author of *Telemachus* has perfectly well imitated those two great Models. He, like them, divides his Action into two Parts. The principal of these contains what he himself relates, and begins where *Telemachus* concludes the Account of his Adventures, which he gives *Calypso*. He takes but little Matter, but he handles it fully. Eighteen Books are employ'd in it. The other Part is much more extensive as to Number of Incidents and Space of Time ; but it is a great deal more concise as to Circumstances. It is all contain'd in the six first Books. By this Division of what our Poet relates himself, and what he puts into the Mouth of *Telemachus*, he cuts out all the Intervals of In-action, as his Captivity in *Egypt*, his Imprisonment at *Tyre*, &c. He shortens the Time of his Narration ; he joins together the two Beauties of Variety and Continuity of Adventures ; all is Motion, all is Action throughout the Poem. His Persons are never idle, and his Hero never disappears.

II. Of the MORAL.

Virtue may be recommended by Examples and by Instructions, by Manners and by Precepts. In this Point our Author very much excels all other Poets.

Of the Manners.

We owe to *Homer* the noble Invention of personalizing the Divine Attributes, the Human Passions, and the Physical Causes ; a rich Spring of beautiful Fictions, which give Life and Soul

to

to every Thing in Poetry. But then his Religion is nothing but a Heap of Fables, not in the least likely either to create Respect or Love towards the Deity. Nay, the Characters of *The Character of Homer's Gods.* his Gods are below those of his Heroes. *Pythagoras, Plato, Philostratus,* tho' Pagans as well as he, never justify'd him in this his debasing of the Divine Nature, upon Pretence that what he writes is no more than sometimes a Physical, and sometimes a Moral Allegory. For besides that it is contrary to the Nature of Fable, to make use of Moral Actions to represent Physical Effects, they thought it of very dangerous Consequence to figure the Clashing of Elements, and the common Phænomena of Nature, by ascribing vicious Actions to the Celestial Powers, and to teach Morality by Allegories, which being literally taken, can inspire nothing but Vice.

Homer's Fault may be somewhat mitigated by the Manners and Darknes of the Age he liv'd in, and the little Progress that was then made in Philosophy. Without entring into a Discussion of this Point, I shall only observe, that the Author of *Telemachus*, who has imitated whatever is beautiful in the Fables of the *Greek* Poet, has avoided two great Faults which the other is charg'd with. He, like him, personalizes the Divine Attributes, and makes them inferior Deities; but he never brings them in but upon Occasions worthy of their Presence. He never makes them speak or act below themselves. He with great Art unites *the Poetry of Homer, and the Philosophy of Pythagoras.* He says nothing but what a Pagan might really have said, and yet has put into their Mouths the most sublime Maxims in the Christian Morality; by which
he

he hath plainly shewn, that this Morality is grav'd in indelible Characters upon the Heart of Man, where he would infallibly find them, if he hearken'd to the Voice of pure and untainted Nature, and gave himself wholly up to that sovereign and universal Truth which enlightens every Mind as the Sun enlightens every Body, and without which our mere Reason is nothing but Darkness and Error.

The Ideas our Poet gives us of the Deity, are not only worthy of it, but infinitely amiable to Mankind. All inspires Confidence and Love, a well-natur'd Piety, a noble and free Adoration due to the absolute Perfection of the infinite Being; and not a superstitious, melancholy, slavish Worship, that deadens and dejects the Heart, when we consider God as a powerful Legislator, that severely punishes the least Violation of his Laws.

His Ideas of the Deity.

He represents God to us as a Lover of Mankind: Whose Love and Benevolence are not govern'd by the blind Decrees of an irrevocable Fate, nor merited by the pompous Appearances of an outward Worship, nor subject to the capricious Whims of the *Pagan* Deities; but always regulated by the immutable Law of Wisdom, which cannot but love Virtue, and treat Mankind not according to the Number of the Beasts, but of the Passions that they sacrifice.

The Characters *Homer* gives to his Heroes, are more easily justify'd than those he gives to his Gods. It is certain he paints Men with Simplicity, Strength, Variety, and Passion. Our Ignorance in the Customs of his Country, the Ceremonies of his Religion,

Of the Manners of Homers's Heroes.

A DISCOURSE upon

gion, and the Genius of his Language, the Fault most Men are apt to fall into of judging of all Things by the Rule of their own Age and Nation, the Love of Pomp and false Magnificence: All these Things are apt to lead us astray, and to make us think *that* insipid which was highly esteem'd in ancient Greece.

*Of the two Sort
of Epopœas;
the Pathetic &
the Moral.*

Tho' it seems more natural and more philosophical to distinguish Tragedy from the *Epopœa* by the Difference of their moral Views, as we did in the Beginning; yet I dare not absolutely determine, whether there may not (as *Aristotle* says) be two Sorts of *Epopœa*, the one Pathetic, the other Moral; the one where the great Passions reign, the other where the great Virtues triumph. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* may serve for Examples of these two Kinds: In the one *Achilles* is describ'd according to Nature, with all his Faults, sometimes perfectly brutish, so as to preserve no Dignity in his Anger; sometimes furious, so as to sacrifice his Country to his Resentment: Tho' the Hero of the *Odyssey* is more regular than the hot impetuous Young *Achilles*, yet the prudent *Ulysses* is often false and deceitful. The Reason is, because the Poet draws Mankind with Simplicity, and as they generally are in Reality. Valour is frequently found ally'd with a fierce and brutish Desire of Revenge. Policy is almost constantly join'd with Lying and Diffimulation. To paint after Nature, is to paint like *Homer*.

*These two Sorts
of Epopœas in
Telemachus.*

Without going out of the Way to criticise the different Views of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, it is enough to have observ'd, by the Way, their different Beauties, to make

make every Body admire the Art with which our Author unites in his Poem these two Kinds of *Epopæas*, the Pathetic and the Moral. There is an admirable Mixture and Opposition of Virtues and Passions in that wonderful Picture: It offers to our View nothing too great, but represents to us equally the Excellence and Weakness of Man. It is dangerous to shew us one without the other; and nothing can be more useful, than to let us see them both together; for perfect Justice and Virtue require that we should esteem and despise, that we should love and hate ourselves. Our Poet does not lift *Telemachus* above Humanity; he makes him fall into such Weaknesses, as are compatible with a sincere Love of Virtue; and his Weaknesses serve for his Instruction, and give him a Distrust of himself and his own Strength. He does not render the Imitation of him impossible, by giving him a spotless Perfection; but he stirs up our Emulation, by setting before our Eyes the Example of a young Man, who, with the same Imperfections that every one finds in himself, performs the most noble and most virtuous Actions. He has thrown together, in the Character of his Hero, the Courage of *Achilles*, the Prudence of *Ulysses*, and the Piety of *Aeneas*. *Telemachus* is hot, like the First, without being Brutish; Politick, like the Second, without being Deceitful; Tender, like the Third, without being Effeminate,

Another Way of Instructing is by Precepts. The Author of *Telemachus* joins together great Instructions and Heroical Examples: The Morality of *Homer*, and the Manners of *Virgil*. His Morality, however,

2dly. Of Moral
Precepts and
Instructions.

has three Qualities which are wanting to that of the Antients, both Poets and Philosophers. It is *sublime* in its Principles, *noble* in its Motives, *universal* in its Ufes.

*Qualities of the
Morality of Te-
lemachus.*

1. *It is sublime
in its Princi-
ples.*

1. Sublime in its Principles. It arises from a profound Knowledge of Man. The Poet lets him into his own Heart ; he opens to him the secret Springs of his Passions, the hidden Folds of his Self-love, the Difference between the false Virtues and the true. From the Knowledge of Man he carries him up to that of God himself. He every where teaches him, that the infinite Being is continually acting in us, to render us good and happy : That he is the immediate Fountain of all our Knowledge, and of all our Virtues : That we owe to him no less our Reason than our Life : That his sovereign Truth ought to be our only Guide, and his supreme Will regulate all our Affections : That for want of consulting this universal and immutable Wisdom, Man beholds nothing but misleading Phantoms ; and for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confus'd Noise of his Passions : That solid Virtue comes to us like something foreign which is put into us ; That it is not the Effect of our own Endeavours, but the Work of a Power superior to Man, which acts in us whenever we give Way to it, tho' we do not always perceive its Actions, by reason of its Subtilty. He shews us, lastly, that without this first and sovereign Power, which raises Man above himself, the most eminent Virtues are nothing but a more refin'd Degree of Self-love, which confines all its Views within itself, makes itself its own Deity, and becomes at the same Time

Time both Idol and Idolater. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Picture of that Philosopher which *Telemachus* sees in the infernal Regions, whose only Crime was the having been too fondly enamour'd of his own Virtue.

Thus the Morality of our Author tends to bring us to forget our own Being, in order to refer it wholly to the supreme Essence, and to make us the Adorers of That; as the End of his Politicks, is to cause us to prefer the publick Good to private Advantage, and to give us a Love for Mankind. Every Body knows the Systems of *Machiavel*, *Hobbes*, and of two Authors somewhat more moderate, *Puffendorf* and *Grotius*. The two first, under the Veil and false Pretence, that the Good of Society has nothing in common with the essential Good of Man, which is Virtue, lay down no other Maxims of Government, but Cunning, Artifice, Stratagem, despotick Power, Injustice, and Irreligion. The two last Authors built their Politicks wholly upon *Pagan* Maxims, and those not equal either to *Plato's* Commonwealth, or those given in *Cicero's* Offices. It is true, these two modern Philosophers design'd their Labours for the Good of Society, and referr'd almost every Thing to the Happiness of Man, consider'd in a civil Respect. But the Author of *Telemachus* is Original, in having join'd the most perfect Politicks to the Ideas of the most consummate Virtue: His grand Principle, which he makes the Foundation of all he teaches, is, that the whole World is nothing but an universal Republick, and each Nation, as it were, a large Family. From this beautiful and luminous Idea grow what the Politicians call the *Laws of Nature and of Nations*; equitable, generous, and full of Human-

ty. We no longer look upon each Country as a Part independent of the rest ; but upon Mankind as an indivisible Whole. We no longer confine ourselves to the Love of our Country ; our Heart enlarges itself, grows immensely capacious, and takes the whole World into an universal Friendship. Hence proceeds a Love for Strangers ; a mutual Confidence between neighbouring Nations ; good Faith, Justice, and Peace, among the Princes of the Universe, just as among the Subjects of each State. Our Author farther shews us, that the true Glory of Royalty consists in governing Mankind so, as to make them good and happy : That the Prince's Authority is never better strengthen'd, than when it is supported by the Love of the People ; and that the real Riches of a State lie in retrenching all the false Appetites of Life, and being satisfy'd with Necessaries, and with those Pleasures which are simple and innocent. By this he shews, that Virtue not only contributes to prepare Man for a future Felicity, but even in this Life actually makes Society as happy as it is possible for it to be.

2dly. The Morality of *Telemachus* is noble in its Motives. His great Principle is, that we ought to prefer the Love of the *Honourable* to the Love of the *Pleasant*, as *Socrates*, and *Plato* say : The *Honest* to the *Agreeable*, as *Cicero* expresses it. Behold the Spring of noble Sentiments, of Greatness of Soul, and of all Heroick Virtues. By these pure and exalted Ideas, he, in a way infinitely more moving than by Dispute, destroys the false Philosophy of those, who make Pleasure to be the only Spring of the Heart of Man. Our Poet demonstrates,

monstrates, by the fine Morality he puts into the Mouth of his Heroes, and the generous Actions they perform, the strong Effect that the Love of the Beautiful and Perfect will have upon a noble Heart, in making him sacrifice his Pleasures to the painful Duties of his Virtue. I know that this Heroick Virtue passes for a Phantom among vulgar Souls; and the Men of more lively Imaginations have fallen upon this sublime and solid Truth with many frivolous and despicable Points of Wit. The Reason is, that finding nothing within themselves that may be compar'd with these great Sentiments, they thence conclude, that the Nature of Man is incapable of them: They are Dwarfs, that by their own insignificant Strength judge of that of a Giant. Those Spirits that always grovel within the narrow Bounds of Self-love, can never comprehend the Power and Extent of a Virtue that raises a Man so far above himself. Some Philosophers, who in other Respects have made fine Discoveries in Philosophy, have been carry'd away by their Prejudices so, as not sufficiently to distinguish between the Love of Order and the Love of Pleasure, and to deny that the Will can be mov'd so strongly by *the View of Truth*, as by *the blind Sensation of Pleasure*. We cannot read *Telemachus* seriously, without being convinc'd of this great Principle. We there behold the generous Sentiments of a noble Soul, that conceives nothing but what is Great; of a disinterested Heart, that always forgets the Consideration of itself; of a Philosopher, whose Views are confin'd neither to himself, nor his own Country, nor to any Thing particular; but who refers all to the common Good of Mankind, and all Mankind to the supreme Being.

3dly. *The Morality of Telemachus is universal in its Uses.*

3dly. The Morality of *Telemachus* is universal in its Uses: Extended, fruitful, adapted to all Times, to all Nations, and to all Conditions. One may there learn the Duties of a Prince, who ought to be at once, a King, a Warriour, a Philosopher, and a Legislator. We there see the Art of governing different Nations; the Way of preserving Peace Abroad with our Neighbours, and yet having always within the Kingdom a warlike Race of Youth ready to defend it; of enriching our Dominions without falling into Luxury; of keeping a Mean between the Invasions of a despotick Power and the Disorder of Anarchy. It lays down Precepts for Agriculture, for Commerce, for Arts, for civil Government, for the Education of Children. Our Author brings into his Poem not only the Heroick and the Royal Virtues, but such too as are proper for all Sorts and Conditions of Life. While he is forming the Heart of his Prince, he is no less careful to instruct every private Man in his Duty.

The Design of the *Iliad*, is to shew the fatal Consequences of Division among the Leaders of an Army. The *Odyssæy* gives us an Example of what may be done by a King who is endow'd both with Prudence and Valour. In the *Æneid*, we see the Actions of a Hero, who is pious as well as valiant. But these particular Virtues are not what make the Happiness of Mankind. *Telemachus* very much excels all these Plans in the Greatness, Number, and Extent of his moral Views; so that we may say, with the Philosophical * Critick, upon *Homer*, the most useful

* *The Abbot Terrasson.*

Present that the Muses ever made to Mankind, is Telemachus; for if it were possible for the Happiness of the World to arise from a Poem, it would arise from this.

Of the POETRY.

It is a fine Observation of Sir William Temple, That Poetry ought to take in whatever there is of Strength and Beauty in Musick, Painting, and Eloquence. But as Poetry differs from Eloquence only in its painting with more Enthusiasm, it might be somewhat more just to say, that Poetry borrows her Harmony from Musick, her Passion from Painting, her Strength and Justness from Philosophy.

The Stile of *Telemachus* is polite, clean, flowing, magnificent. He has all the Copiousness of *Homer*, without his Flux of Words. He never falls into Repetition; and when he speaks twice of the same Thing, he does it without recalling the same Images, much less the same Words. All his Periods fill the Ear with proper Number and Cadence. Nothing shocks you, no harsh Expressions, no abstracted Terms, no affected Turns. He never speaks for the Sake of Speaking, nor barely to please. Every Word sets you upon Thinking, and every Thought tends to make you better.

The Harmony of the Stile of Telemachus.

Our Poet's Images are as perfect as his Stile is harmonious. To paint, is not merely to describe the Thing, but to present its Circumstances in so lively and affecting a Manner, as to make us imagine, that we have it before our Eyes. The Author

The Excellence of the Paintings of Telemachus.

A DISCOURSE upon

of *Telemachus* does this with great Mastery. He had study'd the Heart of Man, and knew all the Springs of it. When we read this Poem, we never see a Thing but what he pleases to shew us ; we never hear any Thing but his Persons speaking. He warms, he stirs up, he sweeps away. We feel all the Passions he describes.

Of the Comparisons and Descriptions of Telemachus.

The Poets usually make Use of two Sorts of Painting, Comparisons and Descriptions. The Comparisons of *Telemachus* are Just and Noble. The Author does not lift the Mind above the Subject by extravagant Metaphors ; neither does he perplex it with too great a Variety of Images : he has imitated all that is Great and Beautiful in the Descriptions of the Antients, their Combats, Games, Shipwrecks, Sacrifices, &c. without enlarging upon minute Particulars, which deaden the Narration ; and without debasing the Majesty of the *Epick* Poem, by describing Things that are Mean and Disagreeable. He sometimes descends into Particulars, but he never says any Thing but what deserves Attention, and contributes to the Idea he means to give. He follows Nature thro' all her Varieties. He very well knew that every Performance should have its Inequalities ; sometimes Sublime, without running into Fustian ; sometimes Simple, without being Mean. It is a false Taste that makes People fond of Embellishment in every Thing. His Descriptions are magnificent, but natural ; plain, and yet agreeable. He not only paints after Nature, but his Pictures themselves are amiable. He joins Truth of Design to Beauty of Colouring ; the Fire of *Homer* to the Majesty of *Virgil*. Nor is this all ; the Descriptions in this Poem are not only

only form'd to please, but are full of Instruction. If the Author speaks of the Pastoral Life, it is to recommend its lovely Simplicity of Manners. If he describes Games and Combats, it is not barely to celebrate the Funerals of a Friend or Father, as in the *Iliad* and *Æneid*; it is to chuse a King that may surpass all other Men in Strength of Mind and Body, and that may be equally capable of sustaining the Fatigues of both. If he represents the Horrors of Shipwreck, it is to inspire his Hero with Firmness of Heart, and Confidence in the Gods in the greatest Dangers. I might run thro' all these Descriptions, and find the like Beauties in each; but I shall content myself with observing, that in this new Edition, the Sculpture upon the formidable *Ægis* (or Shield) which *Minerva* sends to *Telemachus*, is describ'd with great Art, and contains this sublime Moral: That the Buckler of a Prince, and the Support of a State, are Sciences and Agriculture: That a King arm'd by Wisdom always seeks Peace, and finds inexhaustible Supplies upon any occasion of War, in a well-disciplin'd and laborious People, whose Minds and Bodies are equally inur'd to Labour.

Poetry borrows her Strength and Justness from Philosophy. In *Telemachus* we every where see a rich, a lively, and an agreeable Imagination, and yet a just and profound Judgment. These two Qualities rarely meet in the same Person. The Soul must sure be in a perpetual Movement to invent, give Passion, and imitate; and at the same Time, in the most perfect Tranquility, to judge of every Thing that it produces, and to chuse from among a thousand Thoughts which offer themselves, that which

is

*The Philosophy
of Telemachus.*

A DISCOURSE upon

is agreeable to the Purpose. The Imagination must undergo a kind of Rapture and Enthusiasm, while the Mind, sitting at Peace in her Throne, holds it in, and turns it which Way she pleases. Without this Transport to enliven every Thing, a Discourse is cold, languid, abstracted, and historical; without this Judgment to regulate every Thing, it is false and deceitful.

*A Comparison
between the Po-
etry of 'Tele-
machus, and
that of Homer
and Virgil.*

The Fire of *Homer*, especially in the *Iliad*, is hot and impetuous, like a Whirlwind of Flames that devour all around it. The Fire of *Virgil* has more Light than Heat, and always shines in an equal and uniform Manner. That of *Telemachus* warms and enlightens at the same Time, according to the Occasion either of Persuading or Moving. When this Flame enlightens, it gives a kind of Heat that does not scorch you. Such are the Discourses of *Mentor* concerning Politicks, and those of *Telemachus* upon the Sense of the Laws of *Minos*, &c. These pure Ideas fill the Mind with their gentle Light; the Poetick Fire and Enthusiasm would have been prejudicial, like the burning Rays of the Sun, which the Eye cannot bear. When it is no longer the Business to reason, but to act; when the Truth has already been fully conceiv'd, and what Doubts remain, proceed only from Irresolution; then the Poet raises a Fire and a Passion that determines and forces away the Soul already stagger'd, which only wanted Courage to submit to the naked Truth. The *Episode* of the Love of *Telemachus*, in *Calypso's* Island, has a vast deal of this Fire.

This Mixture of Light and Heat distinguishes our Poet from *Homer* and *Virgil*. The Enthu-

Enthusiasm of the former carries him sometimes so far, as to make him forget Art, neglect Order, and exceed the Bounds of Nature. The strong Soar of his great Genius bore him away in Spight of himself. The pompous Magnificence, the Judgment and Conduct of *Virgil*, sometimes degenerates into a too formal Regularity, where he seems rather an Historian than a Poet. This latter pleases the modern Poets, and the Philosophical ones much more than the former. Is it not because they perceive it is more easy to attain by *Art* the judicious Beauties of the *Latin* Poet, than the noble Fire of the *Greek*, which *Nature* alone can bestow? Our Author must please all Sorts of Poets, as well those that are Philosophers, as those that admire nothing but Enthusiasm. He has join'd the Solidity of Learning to the Charms of the Imagination. He proves the Truth like a Philosopher; when he has prov'd it, he forces you to love it by the Sentiments he stirs up in you. All is solid, true, proper for Persuasion; no Wantonness of Fancy, no glaring Thoughts, which have a View to nothing but procuring Admiration to the Author. He has follow'd that great precept of *Plato*, which teaches, that a Man that writes should always conceal himself, should disappear, should make you forget that there is such a Man, and produce nothing but the Truths he would evince, and the Passions he would purify.

In *Telemachus*, all is Reason, all is Thought. This is what makes it a Poem for all Nations, for all Ages. All Foreigners are equally touch'd with it. The Translations that have been made of it into Languages less delicate than the *French*, do not efface the original Beauties. The learned Lady who has writ an Apology for *Homer*, assures us, that the *Greek* Poet loses infinitely by a Translation, into which it is impossible to transfuse

A DISCOURSE upon

the Strength, the Greatness, and the Soul of his Poetry. But one might venture to affirm, that *Telemachus* will always, and in all Languages, preserve its Strength, Greatness, Soul, and essential Beauties; because the Excellence of this Poem consists not in a happy and sonorous Cadence of Words, nor even in the Charms which it borrows from the Imagination; but in a sublime Taste of Truth, in noble and exalted Sentiments, and in the judicious, natural, and delicate Way of showing them: Such Beauties are of all Languages, of all Ages, of all Countries, and equally affect Men of Sense and Greatness of Soul, throughout the Universe.

1st. *Objection*
against *Tele-*
machus.

Divers Objections have been form'd against *Telemachus*: 1st. That it is not in Verse or Rhime.

ANSWER.

Verseification, according to *Aristotle*, *Dionysius of Halycarnassus*, and *Strabo*, is not essential to the *Epopœa*. It may be wrote in Prose, as some Tragedies are compos'd without Rhime. A Man may write Verses without the least bit of Poetry in them, and likewise be compleatly Poetical without making Verses. Verseification may be imitated by Art, but a Poet must be born. What constitutes Poetry, is not a set Number and regular Cadence of *Syllables*, but a lively Fiction, bold Figures, and Beauty and Variety of Images. It is that Enthusiasm, that Fire, that Impetuosity, that Strength, that *I know not what* in the Words and Thoughts, which Nature alone can give. All these Qualities are found in *Telemachus*. The Author thereof has done what *Strabo* says of *Cadmus*, *Pherecides*, and *Hecataeus*: *He has perfectly well imitated Poetry, by breaking only the Measure; but has preserv'd all the other Beauties.*

A

*A more instructing Homer see,
Whom Virtue's self taught Poetry :
And think, that list'ning to the Truths he wrote,
The Nine, in Raptures, jingling Rhyne forgot*.*

And, indeed, I know not but the Constraint of Rhyme, and the scrupulous Regularity of our *European* Construction, join'd to that fix'd and measur'd Number of Feet, would very much diminish the Flight and Passion of Heroick Poetry. To move the Passions strongly, we must oftentimes throw aside the Consideration of Order and Connexion. It is for this Reason, that the *Greeks* and *Romans*, who painted every Thing with Life and Taste, us'd Inversions of Phrases ; their Words had no fix'd Place ; they dispos'd them how they thought fit. The Languages of *Europe* are a Compound of *Latin*, and of the *Gibberish* of all the barbarous Nations that subdu'd the *Roman* Empire. These Northern People froze up every Thing, like their Climate, by a frigid Formality of *Syntax*. They had no Notion of that beautiful Variety of Longs and Shorts, which so well imitates the delicate Motions of the Soul. They pronounced every Thing with the same Coldness, and were at first acquainted with no other Harmony in Words, than a vain Tinkling in the final Monotones. Some *Italians*, and some *Spaniards*, have endeavour'd to free their Versification from the Fetters of Rhyme. An *English* Poet (*Milton*) has had wonderful Success in this Attempt ; nay, and has introduc'd Inversions of Phrases into his Tongue happily enough. In Time, perhaps, the *French*

* Ode to the Gentlemen of the Academy, by M. de la Motte, 1st Ode.

may once more resume this noble Liberty of the
Greeks and Romans.

2d Objection a-
gainst Tele-
machus.

Some thro' a gross Ignorance
of the bold Freedom of the *Epick*
Poem, have objected to *Telema-*
chus, that it is full of *Anacronisms*.

ANSWER.

The Author of this Poem has
done no more than the Prince of
the *Latin* Poets, who must needs know, that
Dido was not Contemporary with *Aeneas*. The
Pygmalion of *Telemachus*, Brother to that *Dido*;
Sesostris, who is said to have liv'd about the same
Time, &c. are no greater Faults than the *Ana-*
chronism of *Virgil*. Why should we condemn a
Poet for breaking now and then thro' the Order
of Time, when it is sometimes a Beauty to
break thro' the Order of Nature? It would
not indeed be sufferable, to contradict a Point
of History that happen'd but a few years ago:
But in the remote Antiquity, whose Annals
are so uncertain and wrapt in so much Darkness,
we are to follow Probability, not always Truth.
This is *Aristotle's* Sentiment, and confirm'd by
Horace. Some Historians have maintain'd, that
Dido was chaste, *Penelope* not so; that *Helen* never
saw *Troy*, nor *Aeneas*, *Italy*. However, *Homer*
and *Virgil* made no manner of Scruple to deviate
from History, to make their Fables the more
instructive. Why then should not the Author
of *Telemachus*, for the Instruction of a young
Prince, be allow'd to fetch together the Heroes
of Antiquity, *Telemachus*, *Sesostris*, *Nestor*, *Ido-*
meneus, *Pygmalion*, *Adrastus*, that he might shew
in one Picture the different Characters of the
good and bad Princes whose Virtues were to be
imitated, and whose Vices to be avoided?

Some

Some are displeas'd, that the Author of *Telemachus* inserted in his Poem the Story of the Loves of *Calypso* and *Eucharis*, and several other such Descriptions, which seem too tender.

3^d Objection against *Telemachus*.

The best Answer to this Objection, is the Effect the Poem produc'd in the Heart of the Prince

ANSWER.

for whose Sake it was written. Persons of low Condition do not want to be so much forewarn'd of the Shelves, which those who are born to reign are expos'd to by their high Station and Power. If our Poet had wrote for a Man that was to spend his Life in Obscurity, these Descriptions had not been so necessary: But to a young Prince bred up in a Court where Gallantry passes for Politeness, where every Object must unavoidably awaken his Relish for Pleasure, and where every Thing about him seems plac'd there for nothing but to seduce him; writing to such a Prince, I say, nothing could be more useful, than to represent to him with that lovely Modesty, Innocency and Decency (constantly observ'd throughout this Poem,) the alluring and fallacious Outside of Criminal Love; to paint this Vice in its imaginary Beauty, in order to give him afterwards a truer Sense of its real Deformity; to shew him the Abyss with all its Depth and Horror, to withhold him from falling into it, and to make him keep as far as possible from coming near but the Edge of so dreadful a Precipice. It was therefore a Piece of Prudence worthy our Author, to precaution his Pupil against the dangerous Passions of Youth, by the Fable of *Calypso*; and to give him, in the History of *Antiope*, an Example of a chaste and reasonable Love. Thus, by shewing this Passion at one Time,

Time, as a Weakness unworthy a noble Soul, and at another Time, as a Virtue befitting a Hero, he teaches us, that Love is not below the Majesty of *Epick Poetry*; and by this Means unites in his Poem the tender Passions of the modern *Romance*, and the Heroick Virtues of the antient *Poetry*.

Some think that the Author of *Telemachus* exhausts his Subject too much, thro' the Fruitfulness and Richness of his Genius; That he says All, and leaves nothing for others to think; and, like *Homer*, sets whole Nature before your Eyes. They are better pleas'd with an Author, who, like *Horace*, comprehends a great deal of Sense in a few Words, and leaves the Reader the Pleasure of enlarging upon it himself.

It is indeed true, that the Imagination can add nothing to our Author's Pictures; but then the Mind, by following his Ideas, opens and extends itself. When he is only to describe, his Paintings are perfect, nothing is wanting: But when he is to instruct, his Hints are fruitful, and we perceive a vast extent of Thoughts, which do not appear, and which all his Eloquence does not express. He leaves you nothing to imagine, but then he gives you full Scope to think. This is very properly adapted to the Character of the Prince, upon whose Account alone this Work was undertaken. There was apparent in him, even in his Infancy, a fruitful and a happy Imagination, a noble and extensive Genius, which gave him a Taste for the beautiful Parts of *Homer* and *Virgil*. This fine Disposition put our Author upon the Design of a Poem that might cultivate it, and at the same Time contain the Beauties of both those Poets: This abundance of

of great Images was essential to it, to imploy the Imagination, and form the Taste of the Prince, and to leave him Room to catch at the Truths prepared for his Heart, and to feed upon them of his own free Motion. It is visible these Beauties might full as easily have been suppress'd as produced, that they flow with as much Design as Fecundity, to answer the Occasions of the Prince and the Views of the Author.

5th Objection
against Tele-
machus.

It has been also objected, that the *French* Nation have nothing to do either with the Hero or the Fable of this Poem; whereas *Homer* and *Virgil* have interested the *Greeks* and *Romans*, by chusing their Action and their Actors from the History of their own Country.

ANSWER. If the Author has not particularly interested the *French* Nation, he has done more, he has interested all Mankind. His Plan is far more vast than that of either of those antient Poets. It is nobler for a Man to instruct the whole World, than to confine his Precepts to any one Country. Self-Love will have all Things referr'd to itself alone, and in some degree appears in our Love of our Country; but a generous Soul should have more extensive Views. Besides, was not *France* infinitely concern'd in a Work so adapted to form a King, that might one Day govern her according to her Occasions and Desires, as a Father of his People, and a christian Hero? So much as had appear'd in that Prince, gave the Hopes, and indeed the First-Fruits, of that future Happiness. The Neighbours of *France* began already to expect their Shares of it, as of a universal Blessing. The Fable of the *Greek* Prince became the History of the *French* one.

A DISCOURSE upon

The Author had a more useful Design than that of barely *pleasing* his Countrymen; he intended to *serve* them unawares, by contributing to form a Prince for them, who even by the Diversions of his Infancy seem'd to be born to make them happy and glorious. That august Child was a great Lover of Fables: The Poet's Business was to take Advantage of his Inclination; to teach him, in what he admir'd, the Solid and the Beautiful, the Simple and the Great; and to imprint in his Mind, by delightful Relations, the general Principles that might preserve him from the Dangers that attend the Royal Birth and the supreme Power.

In this View a *Greek Hero*, and a Poem like those of *Homer* and *Virgil*, the Histories of remote Countries, Ages, and Exploits, were extremely convenient and proper, because they allow'd the Author full Liberty of painting with Truth and Strength all the Rocks which Sovereign Princes have in all Ages been expos'd to.

From this it does necessarily happen, that these universal Truths have often a relation to the History and Circumstances of the present Age: And these Fictions independent of all manner of Personal Application, and consider'd only as they are proper to form the Infancy of a young Prince, contain Precepts for every Moment of his Life.

This Harmony between general Maxims of Morality and real Circumstances, ought to make us admire the Fruitfulness, the Depth, and the Wisdom of the Author. But I cannot see how it will any ways excuse the Injustice of his Enemies, who would fain discover in his *Telemachus* the most odious Allegories, and metamorphose the most commendable and the most inoffensive Designs, into outrageous Satires against those
whom

whom he most revered. All his Characters are quite overthrown, that they may be made to contain imaginary Resemblances and Hints, in order to poison the clearest and purest Intentions. Could the Author with any Honesty suppress the fundamental Maxims of so wholesome a Morality, and such beneficial Politicks, because forsooth the most cautious Way of inculcating them could not defend him against the Malice of Criticks?

Thus our illustrious Author has brought into his Poem the greatest Beauties of the Antients. He has all the Enthusiasm and Profusion of *Homer*, all the Magnificence and Regularity of *Virgil*. Like the *Greek* Poet, he paints every Thing with Strength, Simplicity and Life. There is Variety in his Fable, and Diversity in his Characters; his Reflections are Moral, his Descriptions Natural; and there runs thro' his whole Piece that noble Fire which Nature alone can bestow. Like the *Latin* Poet, he strictly observes Unity of Action, Uniformity of Characters, and all the other Rules of Art. His Judgment is profound, and his Thoughts exalted; he joins the Natural to the Great, and the Simple to the Sublime. Art in him is every where Nature: but our Poet's Hero is every where more perfect than either *Homer's* or *Virgil's*; his Morality is purer, and his Sentiments more noble.

Conclude we from all that has been said, That the Author of *Telemachus* has shewn by this Poem, that the *French* Nation is capable of all the Delicacy of the *Greeks*, and of all the great Sentiments of the *Romans*. The Elogium of the Author is that of his Nation.

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A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

Dutch Book-sellers Preface, prefix'd to their Edition of *Telemachus*, dedicated to His most Serene Highness the *Prince* of *Orange*. Giving an Account of that Edition, and of the REMARKS and NOTES therein, contained which I have transplanted into this of mine, with Additions, as also Alterations, innumerable.



ALL the Editions of the ADVENTURES of TELEMACHUS which have hitherto appear'd, have been very defective, and publish'd without the Author's Approbation. Even the last, which was set forth by the late Archbishop of *Cambray's* Family, from an Original M. S. found among his Papers, and printed in *Holland*, was not without very considerable Faults both of Omission and Commission. We have therefore taken the Pains, or rather we have had the

The Dutch Account of the

the Pleasure, in this Edition to rectify the Whole ; in order to make the Work worthy the Name of so illustrious an Author.

This new Edition differs from all the former ones in an infinite Number of Particulars. Oftentimes, indeed, these Differences and Variations relate only to the Stile, by the Addition of some Graces to the Discourse, and by giving a more harmonious turn to the Diction ; but, generally speaking, there were omitted a Multitude of very valuable and very extensive Periods, which are here faithfully restor'd from the Original.

[Then the *Dutch* Editors go on, and give an Account of the REMARKS and NOTES, as follows, viz.]

The Chevalier *Ramsay*, Author of the preliminary Discourse upon Epic Poetry, prefix'd to the Adventures of *Telemachus* says, (p. l. l. 32.) “ that the Enemies of the late Archbishop of Cambridge, wou'd fain discover in his *Telemachus*, “ certain odious Allegories, and metamorphose the “ most inoffensive and the most commendable Designs, “ into outrageous and injurious Satires against those “ for whom he had the profoundest Respect, &c.” This is the very Thing which awakened the Attention of the Curious, to find out in this Work Resemblances not imaginary, as he calls them, but grounded upon the strongest Presumptions ; not with design to poison, as he terms it, the Author's Intentions, which doubtless were (to use his Words) *les plus pures*, of the purest kind, but to draw from them such Applications as were perfectly consistent with Truth.

Every judicious and attentive Reader may of himself discover, what Thoughts he ought to entertain of the Scope and Design of this Poem. For, either the Authors of the REMARKS (at the

the End of the Book, and which by chance falling into our Hands, we thought fit in this Edition to communicate to the Public) have every where mistaken the Archbishop's principal Design : (in which case their REMARKS are merely Chimerical :) or else these REMARKS of theirs, have some foundation in Reason and common Sense, which no Man will say was the Bishop's Intention to run counter to, or contradict in the least ; and this is Reason sufficient for us not to reject them. Perhaps the Pictures, drawn by this illustrious Writer, bear not quite so near a resemblance of the Persons, as the Authors of these REMARKS fancy'd to themselves. However that be, it cannot be denied that the Author had some views in drawing these Characters, since they furnish'd a Handle for the Persecution which was rais'd against him ; as may be inferr'd from the following Verses which were handed about at *Paris*, at the Time the Bishop of *Meaux* fell out with him.

Contre Cambrai de Meaux chicane :
 Quoi ! pour des Contes de Peau-d'âne,
 Faloit-il en venir aux mains ?
 Mais Cambrai s'attire l'attaque,
 Moins pour les MAXIMES DES SAINTS
 Que pour celles de TELEMAQUE.

[nail :
 De *Meaux* falls foul on *Cambray*, tooth and
 Is all this Noise about an Afs's Tail ?

Was it the * MAXIMS OF THE SAINTS
 Rais'd all these loud Complaints,
 And made the Court fume thus ?

No : 'twas the MAXIMS OF TELEMACHUS.

* A Book so call'd, written by M. *de Cambray*. See his Life, prefix'd to *Telemachus*.

The Dutch Account of the

As in almost every Page throughout this whole Work it is apparent, there is a settled design to attack the Vices and Defects of Mankind wherever they are found, and that those Vices and Defects ought to be applied to such corrupt Men in whom they are found; it is not impossible, nay rather it is very probable, that in the said REMARKS, at least in some Passages of them, the Application is made to the very Persons to whom they belong, or at least to such whom the Cap fits to the utmost Nicety. For which reason we here present the Reader with them (subjoin'd at the End) as they were sent to us from good Hands, without entring further into a needless discussion of the Matter: leaving him at full liberty to judge of them himself, and at the same Time declaring that in the Publication of them, we are very far from intending to injure the memory of a Prelate, for whom, on the contrary, we have the greatest Respect and Veneration.

This is therefore the Design and Occasion of the REMARKS which are here added: Of these REMARKS some are GEOGRAPHICAL; most of them are HISTORICAL, but relate only to antient History and Fable. The others are ALLEGORICAL, or rather SARCASTICAL, and draw the *particular* Characters of such Persons of the *French* Court, whom the Author only traced out in the *general*. An Ænigma may suit several things, and every body is allow'd to guess at the meaning of it.

The only Reason that can be urged by those who alledge, that the Author had no particular Views in the Pictures he here gives us, is, that the Characters are so various, and so diversified, that they cannot, without great Difficulty, be all applied to one and the same Person. But perhaps he did this purely to put the Court of
France

France upon a wrong Scent, and to clear himself from the suspicion of intending to give the Characters of Persons, at the same time, that he wou'd excite his Readers to search out the true Resemblance of each Lineament and Feature of 'em. This is what has been done in these REMARKS, wherein is oftentimes applied to Many, what the Author speaks of but One and the same Person. Even tho' they were offer'd for nothing but Conjectures, yet they ought to be still well received, by such as are studious to discover Truth thro' the Veil under which it is shrouded. In the Applications that are here made, the Authors of them have confined themselves to that Period of Time, when this Work was composed, that is to say, before the Marriage of the Duke of *Burgundy*, for whose Instruction it was written: except some Passages, which, having been added after the Author's retiring from Court, may be look'd upon as more recent Events.

To conclude, it is to be observed that the Author of the preceding Discourse upon Epic Poetry, in blaming the Sarcastical Allegories which some have found in *Telemachus*, contradicts himself. And indeed cou'd he extol this Work (which he does pag. xlix.l. 28.) as *proper to form a King that might one Day govern France, according to her Occasions and Wishes, and as a Father of his People and a Christian Heroe*, without tacitly owning, that the Prince, who then governed her, was neither one nor t'other? The Consequence is easy to draw. Besides, whosoever shall well examine the Conclusion of that Discourse (of *M. Ramsay*) will see that the above-quoted Paragraph, at the Close, was added by that Gentleman,

tleman, *ex post facto*, somewhat of the latest, and only to serve a Turn.

N. B. To this Preface of the *Dutch* Editors, concerning the Notes, all I have to add is, that the *Adventures of Telemachus* being a Sequel or Continuation of part of *Homer's Odyssey*, and written in that Poet's manner, and in a Style perfectly favouring of the ancient Poetry, and abounding every where with Stories and Customs of Antiquity, nobody, that's scholastically inclin'd, can think the Learned Notes in *Italic*, at the End of the Work, at all foreign to the same, but rather absolutely necessary to go along with it, to save the trouble of searching, at every turn, hundreds of Books relating to Antiquity. As for the other farcaistical REMARKS (which may serve as a Master-key to the Characters of *Louis* the XIV, and his whole Court, *viz.* his Mistresses, his Ministers, his Generals, &c. Those REMARKS, I say, being printed in a different Letter, *viz.* Roman, and thrown in likewise at the End of the Book, may be wholly read apart, and will be a pleasing Amusement to such as may not relish the other *Learned* Notes: for,

Satire may please him who *Instruction* flies,
And rather wou'd be *Merry* made than *Wise*.

B MA 64

J. O.

N. B. The *Paris* Notes are of a mixt Nature, *viz.* Historical, Critical, Political, Moral, Philological, and, now and then, Encomiastical on the late *French* King. The last will please Those who may not like the *Satire* of the *Dutch* Notes upon that Monarch and his Court.

THE

THE
GENEALOGY
 OF
TELEMACHUS:

From the HAMBOROUGH Edition.

[Which Edition, I take to be an admirable good one, and happens to be the most conformable to my Translation, of any other.]

JUPITER^a.—MERCURY^b.

ARCESIUS^a.—AUTOLYCUS^c.

LAERTES^a.—ANTICLEA^d.

ULYSSES, PENELOPE,
 TELEMACHUS^e.

^a *Ulysses* says in *Ovid*,
Nam mihi Laertes pater est, Arceſius illi,
Jupiter huic. Met. l. xiii. v. 145.

^b *Eſt quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis*
Altera nobilitas : deus eſt in utroque parente.
 Id. ib. v. 147.

Mercury was ſurnamed *Cyllenius*, from a Mountain ſo called in *Arcadia*, where he was born.

^c *Alipedis de ſtirpe dei verſuta propago*
Nasſcitur Autolycus. Ovid. Met. l. xi. v. 313.

^d *Αὐτολύκῃ θυγατρὶ μεγάλῃτος ὧ Ἀντίκλεια.*
 Homer. Odyſſ. l. xi. v. 85.

^e *Haud male Telemachus, proles patientis Ulyſſei.*
 Hor. L. i. Epist. vii. v. 40.











The Adventures of ^{N. P. & Co. Lith. & Engrs.}
TELEMACHUS.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS
THE
Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, conducted by Minerva, in the Shape of Mentor, escapes, after a Shipwreck, to the Isle of the Goddess Calypso, who is still bewailing the Departure of Ulysses. The Goddess receives him favourably, conceives a Passion for him, offers him Immortality, and desires an Account of his Adventures. He relates to her his Voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his Shipwreck on the Coast of Sicily; the Danger he was in of being sacrific'd to the Manes of Anchises; the Assistance that Mentor and he gave to Acestes

VOL. I.

B

against

The Adventures of Book I.

against an Incurſion of Barbarians, and that King's Gratitude in requiting their Service, by giving them a Tyrian Ship to carry them Home to their Country.



CALYPSO, (*a*) ſeeing *Ulyſſes* (*b*) was departed, grew deſperate; and, deaf to Conſolation, ſhe thought ev'n Immortality a Curſe. Her Grotto did no more reſound with her harmonious Voice, nor did the attendant Nymphs preſume to ſpeak to her. Oft, unaccompany'd, ſhe trod the flow'ry Turf, with which an everlaſting Spring had edg'd her Iſland round; but, far from comforting her tortur'd Soul, thoſe beauteous Walks ſerv'd only to recal the ſad Remembrance of *Ulyſſes*, he, whoſe Company ſo oft ſhe had enjoy'd in thoſe once pleaſing Groves. Mute and immoveable ſhe ſometimes ſtood, watering the Shore with Tor-

(*a*) *Calypſo*. The Goddeſs of Secrecy: (from *καλύπτει* *celare*.) By the Name of this Goddeſs, ſo endearing to *Ulyſſes*, *Homer* gives a Leſſon to Princes to conceal their Failings, and cover them under the Veil of Darkneſs. Kings muſt by no means ſhew the *Man*: their Subjects ſhould ſee nothing in Them but the *Hero*. The Emperor *Charles* the Vth. was ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of this Maxim, that he never own'd *Don John of Auſtria* to be his Son till the Day on which he (himſelf) died, and then reveal'd it to none but his Succeſſor *Philip II.* and that too without declaring

who was the Mother of that Prince, or of *Margaret*, Dutcheſs of *Parma*, another of his natural Children: both whoſe Names he left a Secret to all Poſterity. [See Preface.]

(*b*) *Ulyſſes*. The wiſeſt of all the Princes that were at the Siege of *Troy*. Men's Notions of Virtue, in *Homer's* Time, were none of the moſt refined. Accordingly that Poet gives *Ulyſſes* a ſort of crafty Wiſdom, a low creeping Subtilty; but our modern Poet, who took from *Plato* the true Idea of Moral Virtues, always lays down TRUTH and GENEROSITY for their Principle.

rents

Book 1. TELEMACHUS.

3

rents from her Eyes. There, where she last had seen *Ulysses's* Ship ploughing the Waves, she turn'd her Face incessant: She suddenly perceiv'd the Ruins of a Vessel just wreck'd, the Oars and Rowers Seats dispers'd, the Rudder, Mast, and Cordage floating near the Shore. Then at a Distance she descry'd two Men; one seem'd advanc'd in Years, the other young, but bearing much the Semblance of *Ulysses*; such Sweetness, yet such Majesty, as did at once command Respect and Love. The Goddess knew he was *Telemachus*, that Hero's Son; but tho' the Deities do far surpass in Knowledge all Mankind, yet could she not discover who his grave Companion was; for Deities of higher Rank conceal what-e'er they please from those of less Degree; nor would *Minerva*, who in (c) *Mentor's* Shape, accompany'd *Telemachus*, be known unto *Calypso*.

Mean while, *Calypso* inwardly rejoyced at the Disaster which had brought *Ulysses's* Son, so like his Father, thither: Advancing towards him with an Air as if she knew not who he was, How did you dare, says she, to enter here? Young Stranger, be inform'd, that none unpunish'd come within my Empire. Beneath such threat'ning Phrase she strove to hide the joyful

(c) *Mentor*. *Ulysses's* Friend, to whom he entrusted the Care of his Family. 'Twas indeed *Minerva* herself (Goddess of Wisdom) who under the Shape of that faithful Friend, was *Instructor* to young *Telemachus*; to shew, that none but such as are eminent for Wisdom, are privileg'd to instruct the Children of Kings. The only way to

soften the Hearts of Princes, to enlighten their Minds, and enlarge their Understandings, is to commit their Education to Men of Letters. The History of the Republick of Literature will hardly ever shine with brighter Names than of those who have been Preceptors to our (*French*) Kings.

Transports of her Heart, which in her own Despair broke out upon her Face.

Whoe'er you are, reply'd *Telemachus*, a Mortal or a Goddess, tho' sure your Aspect speaks you all divine, can you, unmov'd, behold a hapless Son, who seeking out his Father, expos'd to Winds and Seas, has split against your Rocks? Who (said the Goddess) is the Father you are in Search of? He's call'd *Ulysses*, says *Telemachus*, one of those Kings, who, after ten Years Siege, o'erthrew *Troy's* famous City. All *Greece* and *Asia* celebrate his Name for valiant Deeds, and more for prudent Counsels: But now he wanders thro' the liquid Wilds, driven into mighty Dangers, the Sport of adverse Fortune; his Country seems to fly from him; his Wife *Penelope*, and I, his Son, despair of ever seeing him again: The self-same Hazards which he runs, I run, to find him out, when at this Time, perhaps, he's bury'd in the Sea's profound Abyss. O Goddess! Pity our Distress, and if you know the Work of Fate, and what the Destinies have done either to save or to destroy *Ulysses*, deign to instruct his Son *Telemachus*.

Amazement and Compassion (*d*) fill'd at once *Calypso's* Breast, to see so immature a Youth so sage and eloquent: She could not fute her Eyes with looking on him, and stood a while in Silence. At last she said, We will inform you, O

(*d*) We instantly feel within us a Concern for a Hero who sacrifices every thing to Paternal Love. A Prince is generally to his People, what he is to his Family. All Histories shew, That such as were good Kings, were equally so in the relations of Sons

and Fathers. The Virtues of a private Person become Illustrious upon a Throne. *Plato* sticks not to say, The Art of governing a great Empire is the same as that of governing a single Family.

Tele-

Book I. TELEMACHUS.

5

Telemachus! what has befallen your Father, but the Recital asks much Time ; at present, 'tis fit you shou'd repose and ease your harass'd Spirits : Come into my Abode, I'll treat you as my Son ; you will console me in this Solitude ; and in Return I'll crown you with Felicity, if you know how to taste it.

Ulysses' Son follow'd the Goddess's Steps ; a Crowd of youthful Nymphs surround their Mistress, who did by much surpass them all in Stature, as a large Oak, upon a Forest, rears his lofty Head amidst the neighbouring Trees. He with admiring Eyes survey'd her Beauty, her long and flowing Robe's rich Purple, her Hair ty'd back with graceful Negligence, the Fire which lighten'd from her Eyes, the Sweetness too which temper'd that Vivacity. *Mentor* with down-cast Eyes and modest Silence followed. Arriving at the Entrance of the Grotto, (e) *Telemachus* was struck with fresh Surprize, to see, under the Appearance of a rural Plainness, what-e'er could charm the Eye. There was no Gold nor Silver to be seen, no Marble-Columns, no Pourtraitures nor Statues. The Grot was hewn within a solid Rock ; the Roof adorn'd with Shell-work ; the Tap'stry was a tender Vine, which spread in supple Branches all around : Here, in Despight of the Sun's scorching Rays, the gentle Zephirs constantly maintain'd a pleasant and enliv'ning Coolness : The limpid Fountains sweetly purling, and gliding o'er the Meads thick set with Amarants and Violets, form'd in divers

(e) *Homer* is less full in his Description of this Grotto than our Poet, but then he renders it worthy of a Deity by a masterly Stroke ; he says

Mercury was struck with Admiration at the sight of that Place, tho' he came from the Palace of the Immortal Gods.

Places Baths, whose Transparency not Crystal could exceed: A thousand opening Flowers did enamel the verdant Carpet which enclos'd the Grotto. There was a Wood entire, consisting of those tufted Trees which bring forth Golden Apples, and whose Blossom, ever-renewing, sends forth the sweetest of Perfumes. This Wood appear'd as if it crown'd the beauteous Meads, and form'd an artificial Night, which not the Sun could pierce; here nought was ever heard but warbling Birds, or Streams, which gushing from a Rock on high, and falling down in Foam, ran off beneath the Grass.

The Grot was seated on a Hill's Declivity, from whence might be descry'd the Sea, one while as clear and level as a Mirror, and the next Minute impotently angry with the opposing Rocks, against which it dash'd itself in Pieces, roaring and swelling its Waves like Mountains; and from another Side was seen a River containing many little Islands, beset with blooming Limes and lofty Poplars, which kiss'd the Clouds with their aspiring Heads. The several Ducts and Channels which compos'd these Islands, seem'd to sport and revel in the Plain; some urg'd their forward Way with rapid Force, others just mov'd along a dormant Stream; and others, serpentizing in their Course, did after num'rous Windings retrace their Steps, as if they meant to visit once again the Spring from whence they came, unwilling to forsake the charming Place. At Distance one might see the Hills and Mountains losing themselves i'th' Clouds, whose odd-shap'd Figures seem'd form'd on purpose to divert the Eye. The Mountains less remote were cover'd o'er with green Vine-branches hanging in Festoons, the Grapes whereof surpass'd in Hue

Book I. TELEMACHUS.

7

Hue the richest Purple, nor could they be conceal'd beneath the thick-spread Leaves. The Fig, the Olive, and Pomgranate-Trees, with all the other Kinds, were seen throughout the Fields, and made the whole a perfect Garden.

Calypso having shewn *Telemachus* these native Beauties; said to him, Go, rest ye now: Your Clothes are wet; 'tis Time you chang'd them; after which we'll see you again, and then I'll tell you things that shall reach the Centre of your Heart. This said, she caus'd them both to enter into the most retired part of another Grotto, joining to that in which she dwelt. The Nymphs had taken care to light in it a large Fire of Cedar-wood, which fill'd the Apartment with a grateful Odour; they likewise had prepared fresh Garments for the Strangers, and left them in the Place.

Telemachus, seeing a Tunick of the finest Wool, whose Whiteness far exceeded that of driven Snow, together with a purple Robe embroidered o'er with Gold, began to be o'erjoy'd at so much Finery; a Weakness into which young Men are apt to fall.

Mentor (f) said to him, with a grave Accent. Are these, *Telemachus*, the Sentiments that ought to fill the Breast of him who boasts the Title of *Ulysses'* Son? Think rather to maintain your Father's Reputation, and learn to conquer Fortune that pursues you. The Youth

(f). The Soul cannot raise itself to sublime and great Sentiments, when it delights in low and little Objects: It was not to the Graces but to the *Corybantes* *Jupiter's* Education was committed. The

Lacedæmonians, who so well understood the Art of forming Soldiers, never gave their Children any other Playthings but Swords, Darts, and such like Instruments of War.

The Adventures of Book I.

who loves to deck himself, and vainly trim his Person like a Woman, is unworthy both of Wisdom and of Honour. The Heart that knows not how to suffer Pain and trample Pleasure under Foot, has no just Claim to Glory.

Telemachus, sighing, answer'd, May the Gods destroy me, rather than suffer soft Pleasure's Blandishments to seize my Soul. No! the Son of *Ulysses* shall never be o'ercome by the bewitching Charms of an indolent effeminate Life. But has not Heaven favour'd us most highly, in bringing us, after our Shipwreck, to this Goddess, or to this Mortal, who has receiv'd us with so much Goodness?

Mentor reply'd, Fear rather, lest she sink you down with Evil; dread more her artful Sweetness, than even those Rocks which split your Ship. Nor Death, nor Shipwreck are so terrible as Pleasure, Foe to Virtue. Take heed how you believe what she shall say to you. Youth is presuming; there's nothing it does not promise to itself; tho' frail, it believes it can compass every Thing, and that it has nothing to fear, lightly confiding, and without Precaution daring. Beware of list'ning to *Calypso's* soft and flatt'ring Words, which will insinuate it into your Heart, like a Serpent sliding beneath the Flowers. Fear the Poison that lies conceal'd; be diffident of yourself, and be sure always to take my Counsel along with you.

After this they return'd to *Calypso*, who expected them. And now her Nymphs, with braided Hair, and dress'd in White, brought in a plain Repast, but exquisite both for the Taste and Neatness. There were no other Viands seen, but Fowl which they had ta'en with Nets, or Venison which with their Bows they had pierc'd

pierc'd in Hunting; the Wine, more sweet than *Nectar*, flow'd from large Silver Vases into Golden Cups, whose Brims were crown'd with Flowers. At the same Time were brought, in Baskets, all Sorts of Fruits promis'd by the Spring, and ripen'd by the Autumn. And then four young Nymphs began to sing. (g) First they sung *The Combat of the Gods against the Giants*; then *The Amours of Jupiter and Semele*; *The Birth of Bacchus*, and old *Silenus' Care in Educating him*; *Hippomenes and Atalanta's Race*, she who was vanquish'd by the enticing Hue of Apples from the *Hesperian-Garden* cull'd. And last, *The Trojan War* was also sung; *Ulysses' Fights and Counsels, rais'd to Heaven*: The chief of all the Nymphs, *Leucothoe* join'd to those melodious Voices the Sweetness of her Lute.

When *Telemachus* heard his Father named, Tears trickled down his Cheeks, and added new Lustre to his Beauty. But when *Calypso* found he cou'd not eat, for the Grief with which he was seiz'd, she made a Sign to her Nymphs, and immediately they sung *The Battle of the Centaurs*, and *the Lapithæ*; with *The Descent of Orpheus into Hell, to fetch from thence his dear Eurydice*. When the Repast was over, the Goddess drew *Telemachus* aside, and spoke to him as follows.

(g) Our Author paints out, and recalls to our Mind every thing that is valuable in the Manners of the Antients. Among the *Greeks*, the Muses made a part in all Banquetings, so that it was no easy Matter to give themselves up entirely to the dangerous Pleasures of the Table, when

Musick and Poesy were elevating the Soul by the recital of the Actions of Heroes. We see in the *Odyssey*, that at the Table of the King of the *Phæacians*, the Company is more intent to hear the Musick of *Demodocus*, than taken up in praising the Delicacy of the Dishes.

You

You see, O worthy Son of great *Ulysses*! with how much Favour I here receive you: I am immortal, and no mortal Man can on this Island land, and 'scape unpunish'd; not even your Shipwreck wou'd be an Excuse to save you from my Indignation, did not I love you. Your Father had the same good Fortune too: Alas! He knew not how to use it rightly. Long did I keep him in this Island with me, and put it in his Power to live for ever here, and be immortal with me; but a fond Passion for his wretched Country made him reject all those Advantages. You see what he has lost for the poor Hopes of seeing *Ithaca* again, which he must never do. He was resolv'd to leave me, and he left me; but by a Tempest I reveng'd the Affront: His Ship, long toss'd and batter'd by the Winds, at last was bury'd deep beneath the Waves. Let his disastrous Fate make you more wise: His Shipwreck robs you of all Hopes to see him again, as yours does of ever reigning after him in *Ithaca*. Let not this Loss afflict you, since you find a Goddess that desires to make you happy, and offers you a Kingdom. *Calypso* to these Words added many more, in order to let him see how happy *Ulysses* was when he was with her; she related his Adventures in the Cave of the Cyclop *Polyphemus*, and in the Country of *Antiphates* King of the *Lestrygons*; nor did she forget what happen'd to him in the Island of *Circe*, the Daughter of the *Sun*; and the Dangers he was in between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. She describ'd the last Storm which *Neptune* had rais'd against him after he left her, insinuating that he perish'd in it, suppressing his Arrival at the Island of the *Phæacians*. *Telemachus*, who at first had given too much Way to the Joy of being so well receiv'd

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ceiv'd by *Calypso*, did now begin to be sensible of her Cunning, and the Wisdom of the Counsel *Mentor* had been giving him: He answer'd in few Words, Forgive my Grief, O Goddess, which at present I know not how to conquer; Time, perhaps, may make me know the Value of your Offers; permit me now to mourn, wailing my Father's Death: You best can tell how well he merits Tears.

Calypso was afraid to press him farther; she even feign'd to share his Grief, and mourn *Ulysses*: But that she might the better know the Means by which his Heart might with most Ease be reach'd, she ask'd him of his Shipwreck, and enquir'd what Accident had brought him to her Island. He answer'd, the Account of his Misfortunes would be too tedious. No, no! reply'd she, I long to know them; I beg you would relate them to me. She so earnestly intreated him, it was impossible for him to refuse her; so he spoke thus.

I went from *Ithaca*, with a Design to learn some News of my Father, from those Kings who were return'd from the Siege of *Troy*. My Mother *Penelope's* Lovers were surpriz'd at my Departure: I had taken care to hide it from them, knowing their Treachery. Neither *Nestor*, whom I saw at *Pylos*, nor *Menelaus*, who receiv'd me kindly in *Lacedæmon*, could tell me whether my Father was alive. Impatient of living thus in Suspense and Uncertainty, I form'd a Resolution to go to *Sicily*, on which Island I had been told my Father was cast by the Fury of the Winds. But the prudent *Mentor*, who is here present, would have dissuaded me from this rash Design: He represented to me, on one Hand, the Danger of the *Cyclopes*, monstrous Giants
who

who devour Men, and on the other, that of *Aeneas'* Fleet and the *Trojans*, who were hov'ring about that Coast. The *Trojans*, said he, are greatly exasperated against all the *Greeks* in general; but they would be particularly pleas'd with shedding the Blood of *Ulysses'* Son. Return therefore to *Ithaca*, continu'd he; perhaps your Father, by the Gods assisted, may be got safe thither as soon as you: But if they have decreed that he must perish, if he must never more behold his Country again, you should, at least, endeavour to revenge him on his Rivals, to free your Mother from an anxious Courtship, to make the World a Witness of your Wisdom, and shew to *Greece* a King as fit to reign as e'er the great *Ulysses* was himself. This Counsel was extremely good and wholesome; but I was not so wise as to follow it, or to give Ear to any Thing besides my own blind Passion; yet the sage *Mentor* lov'd me to such a Degree, as to bear me Company in a rash Voyage, which I undertook even contrary to his Advice, and the Gods suffer'd me to commit a Fault which was to cure me of my Presumption for the future. (b)

Whilst he was thus speaking, *Calypso* look'd stedfastly upon *Mentor*: She was amaz'd; she thought she perceiv'd something in him Divine; but she could not disentangle her Thoughts from the Confusion they were in. Thus she remain'd full of Diffidence and Fear in the Presence of this Stranger; but she was unwilling to let her Disorder be seen. Proceed, says she to *Telega-*

(b) Men seldom learn to be wise but at their own Expence; there are few that have the Skill to improve by the Faults of others. The perfect Heroe is no where to

be found but in our modern Romances: Our Author draws his in the Taste of Antiquity; he gives his Heroe the Failings natural to his Age.

abus,



Telemachus relates his Adventures to Calypso.



Book I. TELEMACHUS.

13

cbus, and satisfy my Curiosity. *Telemachus* resum'd his Discourse thus.

The Wind for some Time favour'd our Voyage towards *Sicily*; but at last a black Tempest priv'd our Eyes of the Sight of Heaven, and we were invellop'd in a profound Obscurity: By the Flashes of Lightning we perceiv'd other Ships in the same Danger, and soon discover'd that they belong'd to *Aeneas*; they were no less dreadful to us than the Rocks themselves. Then, but too late, I found that the Heat of inconsiderate Youth had blinded me before. *Mentor* appear'd amidst this Danger not only firm and dauntless, but more (i) chearful than he us'd to be. 'Twas he that encourag'd me, and I felt that he inspired me with invincible Resolution. He calmly gave out all the Orders, when the Pilot was at a Loss what to do. I said to him, My dear *Mentor*, why did I reject your Counsels? Wretch that I am! to act by my own Head at such an Age, as wants a Foresight of Futurity, Experience of Things past, and Moderation to govern the present. O! if ever we escape this Tempest, I shall distrust myself, as I would my most dangerous Enemy! 'Tis you alone, O *Mentor*! that I shall ever confide in. To this *Mentor* answer'd, with a Smile, I shall not blame you for the Fault you have committed; 'tis enough that you are sensible of it, and make Use of it hereafter to moderate your Desires. But when the Danger's past, Presumption will perhaps return. How-

(i) It is by this Chearfulness that true Valour discovers itself. To a Prince who has a Genius for War, there can't be a more agreeable Spectacle than an Army ready to engage. Some who served

under the late King of *Sweden* say, that that Prince, tho naturally very serious, always appear'd joyful and gay, when the Enemy was at Hand, and at no other Time.

ever,

ever, Courage must now be our Support. We ought always to be apprehensive of Peril, and to dread it; but when once 'tis come, we have nothing Then to do but to despise it. Act therefore, as becomes the Son of *Ulysses*, and exert a Courage greater than the Dangers that threaten you. The wise *Mentor's* Magnanimity and Sweetness charm'd me; but I wonder'd much more, when I saw how dextrously he sav'd us. *Mentor* consider'd that the *Trojans*, the Moment that the Light should appear, seeing us so near them, would infallibly have known us. He observ'd one of their Ships, which was separated from the rest of the Fleet, to be something like ours, only her Stern was crown'd with certain Garlands of Flowers; so he immediately hung up the like Garlands on the same Part of our Ship, fasten'd with Strings of the same Colour with those of the *Trojans*: He order'd every Rower to bow himself as low upon the Benches as he could, the better to avoid being discover'd by the Enemy. In this Manner we pass'd thro' the midst of their Fleet, they all the while shouting for Joy to see us, taking us to be their Companions which they thought to be lost. We were forc'd, by the Violence of the Sea, to go along with them for a considerable Time; but at last we kept lingering behind, and whilst the impetuous Winds drove them towards *Africa*, we exerted our utmost Efforts to row ourselves to the neighbouring Coast of *Sicily*.

We did indeed arrive there, but that which we sought prov'd almost as fatal to us as the Fleet we avoided. We found upon that Coast of *Sicily* more *Trojans*, and consequently Enemies to the *Greeks*: For there it was that old *Aceses* reign'd,

reign'd, who sprung from *Trojan* Blood. We were scarce got a-shore, when the Inhabitants, thinking we were either some other People of the Island come to surprize them, or Strangers that design'd to seize their Country, burnt our Ship in the first Transport of their Rage, and murder'd all our Companions (k), reserving only *Mentor* and myself to be presented to *Acestes*, that he might learn of us what were our Designs, and whence we came. We were carry'd into the Town with our Hands ty'd behind us, and our Death was only defer'd, that we might be made a Spectacle to a cruel People, as soon as they should know we were *Greeks*.

We were straitway presented to *Acestes*, who, with a golden Scepter in his Hand was distributing Justice, and preparing himself for a great Sacrifice. He ask'd us, with a severe Voice, of what Country we were, and the Purpose of our Voyage? *Mentor* instantly reply'd, We came from the Coast of *Great Hesperia*, from whence our Country is not far remote; and thus he avoided telling that we were *Greeks*. But *Acestes*, without farther hearing us, and taking us for Strangers that conceal'd our real Design, order'd us to be sent into a neighbouring Forest, there to serve as Slaves under those who tended the Cattle. I thought this Condition more terrible than Death: I cry'd out, O King! rather put us to Death than treat us so unworthily! Know that I am *Telemachus*, Son of the sage *Ulysses*, King of the *Ithacians*. I am in Search of my Father

(k) The Adventures of the Son resemble those of the Father: In the very beginning of the *Odyssy* (the sixth Verse) *Homer* declares that *Ulysses*

cannot save his Companions. It was not proper to give to *Telemachus* a Character superior in Glory to that of *Ulysses*.

throughout every Sea. If I can neither find him, nor return to my Country, nor avoid Servitude, take from me that Life which is intolerable. Instantly upon this all the People cry'd out in a Rage, The Son of the cruel *Ulysses* must dye, whose Artifices have over-thrown the City of *Troy*. O Son of *Ulysses*, said *Acestes* to me, I cannot refuse your Blood to the *Manes* of so many *Trojans*, whom your Father immaturesly sent to the Banks of the Black *Cocytus*. You and your Conductor shall dye. At the same Time an old Man of the Company mov'd the King to sacrifice us on the Tomb of *Anchises*; their Blood, said he, will be grateful to the Soul of that Hero; *Aeneas* himself, when he hears of this Sacrifice, will be pleas'd to see how much you love what was dearer to him than all Things in the World. This Motion was applauded by all, and now their Thoughts were bent to put it in Execution. We were led to the Tomb of *Anchises*, where they had rais'd two Altars, and kindled the sacred Fire. The Knife that was to pierce us was now before our Eyes; we were crown'd with Garlands, nor could our Lives be sav'd on any Terms of Composition. Our Doom was decree'd, and we upon the point of perishing (1) when *Mentor* calmly desir'd to speak with the King: Which being granted, he said to him, O *Acestes*! if the Misfortunes of young *Telemachus*, who never bore Arms against the *Trojans*, cannot move you, at least let your own

(1) Perhaps there is no Poem wherein the Marvellous is better managed, and wherein it causes more Admiration and less of that kind of Surprise which is irrational.

We naturally expect to see *Telemachus* escape from the greatest Dangers, when we behold him attended by a Deity continually watching over him.

Interest do it. The Knowledge I have acquir'd in foretelling the Will of the Gods, intimates to me, that before three Days are elaps'd, you will be attack'd by a barbarous People, who are coming down like a Torrent from the Mountains, to over-run your City and lay your Country waste. Hasten to prevent them, arm your People, nor let a Moment's Time be lost, till you have secur'd within your Walls all the rich Flocks and Herds you have abroad. If my Prediction proves false, you may sacrifice us when the three Days are expir'd; if, on the contrary, it proves true, remember, that no one ought to deprive of Life those to whom they owe their own.

Acestes was astonish'd at these Words, which *Mentor* deliver'd with an Assurance he ne'er had found in any Man before. I see, said he, O Stranger! that the Gods, who have granted you so small a Share in the Favours of Fortune, have bestow'd such a Portion of Wisdom upon you, as is more valuable than all the Prosperity in the World. He then defer'd the Sacrifice, and with the utmost Diligence dispatch'd the necessary Orders for preventing the Assault which *Mentor* had foretold. In every Quarter there were seen Old Men and Women trembling for fear, with Multitudes of young Children, bath'd in Tears, and retiring into the City. The lowing Oxen and bleating Sheep came crowding in from their luxuriant Pastures, but could not all be provided for with Stabling. The Noise and Tumult of the People pressing to get in were such, that no one could understand another. In this Confusion, one takes an unknown Person for his Friend, another runs he knows not whither. But the prime Men of the City, fancying

fyng themselves wifer than the rest, look'd up-
on *Mentor* as an Impostor, who had framed a
false Prediction to save his Life. Before the third
Day was expir'd, whilst they were fill'd with
these Imaginations, there appear'd upon the De-
clivity of the neighbouring Hills, a Cloud of
whirling Dust: A numberless Multitude of
Barbarians were seen, all arm'd. These were the
Hymmerians, a savage People, together with the
Nations that dwell upon the Mountains *Nebrodes*,
and upon the Summit of *Agragas*, whereon reigns
a Winter which the Zephyrs ne'er could soften.
All those who had contemn'd *Mentor's* sage Pre-
diction, lost all their Slaves and Cattle. Then
thus the King to *Mentor*: I forget that you are
Greeks; our Enemies are become our faithful
Friends; the Gods have sent you for our Deli-
verance: I expect no less from your Valour,
than from the Wisdom of your Councils: Ha-
sten therefore and assist us.

Upon this, *Mentor's* Eyes darted forth a
Boldness sufficient to astonish the fiercest Warri-
or. He takes a Buckler, a Helmet, a Sword,
and a Lance; he draws up *Acestes'* Soldiers,
and marches at their Head, advancing in good
order towards the Enemy. *Acestes*, tho' full of
Courage, could follow him only at a Distance
by reason of his Age; I follow'd closer to
him, but could not equal his Valour. In the
Fight his Cuirass resembled the immortal *Ægis*
of *Minerva*. Where'er he dealt his Blows
Death flew from Rank to Rank. As a *Numi-
dian* Lion, urg'd by sharp Hunger, falling up-
on a Flock of feeble Sheep, kills, rends, and
swims in Blood, whilst the Shepherds, instead
of succouring their Flock, betake themselves to
Flight, to escape his Fury.

These *Barbarians*, who expected to surprize the City, were themselves surpriz'd and routed. The Subjects of *Acestes*, animated by *Mentor's* Example and Words, felt within a Vigour they thought themselves utterly incapable of. I with my Lance (*m*) o'erthrew the Son of the *Barbarian* King: His Age was the same as mine, but his Stature far beyond mine; for these People sprung from a Race of Giants, who deriv'd themselves from the same Original with the *Cyclopes*. He scorn'd so weak an Enemy as me; but I, not daunted at his prodigious Strength, or fierce and savage Looks, thrust my Lance against his Breast, and made him vomit forth his beastly Soul, with Torrents of black smoaking Blood. In falling he was like to crush me to pieces; the Sound of his Arms echo'd on the Hills. I took the Spoil, and return'd to *Acestes* with the Arms I had stript him of. *Mentor* having entirely broke the *Barbarians*, cut them in pieces, and following his Blow, pursu'd the Run-aways to the Woods.

This unexpected Success, caus'd *Mentor* to be look'd upon as a Man favour'd and inspir'd by the Gods. *Acestes*, from a Sense of Gratitude, told us how much he fear'd for us, if *Aeneas's* Fleet should return to *Sicily*. He therefore gave us a Ship to convey us, without loss of Time,

(*m*) Heroes may be Stately without being Vain; and recount their great Actions, without extenuating the Glory of 'em. Tho' such as envy them may take offence at it, yet those who are Lovers of Virtue will ne'ertheless applaud them. The Antients

who so well understood what was true Modesty never blamed *Xenophon*, *Sylla* or *Cæsar*, for writing an Account of their own Victories. Truth, Historically related, will not shock any body, but it is offensive as soon as ever it begins to be ostentatious.

into our own Country, heap'd us with Presents, and press'd us to be gone for Fear of Mischief, but he would not give us either a Pilot or Mariners of his own Nation, lest they should be expos'd to Danger on the Coast of *Greece*. He intrusted us with certain *Phœnician* Merchants, who being in Commerce with all the Nations of the World, had nothing to fear, and who might bring back the Ship to *Acestes*, when they had set us safe on Shore in *Ithaca*. But the Gods, who laugh at the Designs of Men, still reserv'd us for further Dangers.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, that he was taken in the Tyrian Ship by the Fleet of Sesostris, and carry'd Captive into Egypt. He describes the Beauty of that Country, and the wise Government of its King. He adds, that Mentor was sold for a Slave into Ethiopia; that he himself was forc'd to tend Flocks and Herds in the Desarts of Oasis; that Termofiris, Priest of Apollo, gave him Consolation, by teaching him to imitate Apollo, who had formerly kept the Cows and Sheep of

King Admetus ; that Sesostris being inform'd of the Wonders he did among the Shepherds, sent for him, in a full Perswasion of his Innocence, and promis'd to find him a Passage into Ithaca ; but that the Death of this King plung'd him again into new Misfortunes ; that he was confin'd Prisoner in a Tower on the Sea Shore, from whence he saw the new King Bocchoris slain in a Battle against his revolted Subjects, assisted by the Tyrians.

THE Tyrians, by their Insolence, had exasperated King *Sesostris* (n), who reign'd in *Egypt*, and who had conquer'd many Kingdoms. The Wealth they had amass'd by Trade, and the Strength of the impregnable *Tyre*, situate in the Sea, had so swell'd their Hearts with Pride, they refus'd to pay to *Sesostris* the Tribute he had impos'd on them in his Return from his Conquests : And not only so, but had furnish'd Troops to his Brother, who had attempted to murder him amidst the Rejoycings of a solemn Festival.

Sesostris therefore in order to take down their Pride, resolv'd to ruin their Trade, and attack them wherever he met them. His Ships were sent out in all Parts in quest of the *Phœnicians*. One of his Squadrons met us, just as we had lost Sight of the Mountains of *Sicily*, when the Harbour and the Land seem'd to fly from behind us, and lose themselves in the Clouds,

(n) *Sesostris* was a Prince equally qualified to regulate his Kingdom and aggrandize it. The Author has the Art to introduce in his Poem the

greatest Men of Antiquity, without making any of them act a Part unsuitable to their true Character.

Then it was we saw the *Egyptian* Ships approach us like a floating City. The *Phœnicians* perceiv'd them, and would have avoided them, but they had not Time to do it: Their Ships were in better Condition for Sailing than ours; the Wind favour'd them, and they were far better mann'd; they boarded us, took us, and carry'd us Prisoners into *Ægypt*.

In vain I represented to them that we were no *Phœnicians*; they hardly deign'd to hear me, but consider'd us as Slaves, and Merchandize the *Phœnicians* us'd to deal in, and only consulted how to make the best Advantage of their Prizes. We now perceived the Waters of the Sea to have a whitish Cast from their mixing with those of the *Nile*; and now we begin to see the Coast of *Ægypt* almost as low and level as the Sea. At length we reach the Isle of *Pharos*, not far from the City of *No* [*Alexandria*.] From thence we are carried up the *Nile* to *Memphis*.

If the Grief arising from our Captivity had not render'd us insensible to every thing that relish'd of Pleasure, our Eyes had been charm'd with the Sight of the fruitful Country of *Ægypt*, which, like a delicious Garden, was water'd with an infinite number of Canals. Wherever we cast our Eyes, on either Side of the River, we discover'd wealthy Cities, well situated Pleasure-Houses, Lands productive every Year of a Golden Harvest, without ever lying fallow; Meadows full of grazing Cattle, Husbandmen bending beneath the Weight of the Fruits which the Earth had pour'd forth from her Bosom, and Shepherds that made the Ecchoes on every Side repeat the melodious Sound of their warbling Flutes and Pipes.

Happy, (c) said *Mentor*, are the People, who are ruled by a wise King: They flow in Plenty, are happy and love the Author of their Happiness. Thus, O *Telemachus*! added he, ought You to reign, and make your Subjects joyful, if ever, by the Favour of the Gods, you obtain Possession of your Father's Kingdom: let your People be to you as your Children, do you enjoy the Pleasure of being belov'd by them, and so conduct yourself, that they may not feel the Delights of Peace, without at the same Time remembring, That 'tis to a good King they owe that precious Boon. Kings, who are only studious how to make themselves dreaded, and to oppress their Subjects in order to render them the more servile, are the Scourges of Mankind; they are fear'd as they desire to be; but they are hated, detested, and have more Reason to fear their Subjects, than their Subjects have to fear Them.

Alas! reply'd I to *Mentor*, it's now no Time to talk of Maxims of State! *Ithaca* is ours no more, nor shall we e'er, revisit our Country or *Penelope*; and even tho *Ulysses* should return, laden with Glory, to his Kingdom, he'll never have the Pleasure to see me there, nor I that of learning the Rules of Government under his Tuition. Dear *Mentor*! Let us die, since there's

(c) This is exactly the Sum of all *Plato's* and *Xenophon's* Politicks. They looked upon the Prince's mutual Love of his Subjects, and of the Subjects Affection to the Prince, as the strongest Support and the finest Harmony of the Monarchical State. Those great Men were not

refined enough, and had not the Subtilty, to discover in a Kingdom two opposite Interests, that of the Prince and that of the People. The *Italian* Politician (*Machiavel*) who has separated Points so strictly united, is as bad a Philosopher as a Citizen.

no room for any other Thought; let us die, since the Gods are void of Pity towards us.

In speaking thus, each Word was interrupted with deep-fetch'd Sighs; but *Mentor*, who was not stupidly unapprehensive of Evils before they arriv'd, was fearless in the midst of them, when they did happen. O thou unworthy Son of the wise *Ulysses*! cry'd he, Dost thou suffer thyself to be vanquish'd by thy Misfortunes? Know that you shall one Day see again both *Ithaca* and *Penelope*; nay, you shall see too, in his pristine Glory, him whom you never knew: the invincible *Ulysses*, whom Fortune cannot humble, and who, amidst far greater Hardships than yours, is a Lesson for you never to despair. O! Could he come to know, in those distant Regions where the Storm has driven him, that his Son can neither imitate his Patience nor his Courage, the News would sink him down with Shame, and prove less tolerable than all the adverse Strokes he has long suffered from his wayward Fortune.

After this, *Mentor* pointed out to me the Tranquillity and Plenty that was spread over all the Country of *Egypt*, wherein there were reckon'd two and twenty thousand Towns: He admir'd the excellent Form of Government in those Towns; the Justice that was exercis'd in Favour of the Poor against the Rich; the good Education of Children, who were betimes inured to Obedience, and made familiar with Labour, Sobriety, the Love of Arts and Literature; the exact Observation of all the Ceremonies of Religion; the Disinterestedness of Spirit; the Desire of Reputation; the Fidelity towards their Fellow-Subjects, and the Reverence for the Gods, which every Father carefully cultivated in his Children. He put no Bounds to his admiring
this

this beautiful Oeconomy ; incessantly would be saying, O how happy are the People who have such a King to govern them ! But yet, more happy the King who causes the Happiness of so great a People, and finds himself happy in his own Virtue ! He ties his Subjects to him by a Band an hundred times stronger than that of Fear ; namely, that of Love. Men not only obey him, but take Pleasure in obeying him. His Empire is seated in his Subjects Hearts, and every Man, instead of wishing to part with him, is rather afraid of losing him, and would exchange his own Life for his.

I carefully attended to what *Mentor* said, and found my Courage revive within me at every Word my wise Friend utter'd. When we were arrived at *Memphis*, that rich and magnificent City, the Governor order'd we should be carry'd to *Thebes*, to be presented to King *Sesostris*, who had resolv'd to examine Things himself, and was very much exasperated against the *Tyrians*. So we proceeded up the *Nile*, till we arriv'd at the famous *Thebes*, which has a hundred Gates, and is the Residence of that mighty King. This City we found to be of an immense Extent and fuller of People than the most flourishing Cities of *Greece*. The Administration is exquisite, as to the Neatness of the Streets, the Conveniency of the publick Waters and Baths, the Propagation of Arts and Sciences, and Security of the Inhabitants ; the open Places of the City are embellish'd with Fountains and Obelisks ; the Temples are of Marble, the Architecture simple but majestick. The Prince's Palace is itself as big as a great Town, and nothing is to be seen but Marble Columns, Pyramids, Obelisks, Colossus-like

like Statues, with Moveables of solid Gold and Silver.

Those who had taken us inform'd the King that they had found us on board a *Phœnician* Ship. It was his constant Custom, every Day at certain Hours to admit to his Presence all his Subjects, who had either Complaints to make, or Advice to give. He neither scorn'd nor rejected any Man, and thought himself a King for no other End but to be an Instrument of Good to his People, whom he lov'd as his own Children. Strangers he receiv'd with (p) Kindness, and would always see them himself, because he thought it a Thing of no small Use and Advantage, to be instructed in the Manners and the Maxims of remote Nations; 'twas this Curiosity of the King that occasion'd our being brought before him. He was now seated upon an Ivory Throne, holding a Golden Scepter in his Hand; he was in Years, but agreeable, full of Sweetness and Majesty; he daily distributed Justice to his People with such Patience and Discretion, as made him, without Flattery, the Object of their

(p) It fares with Wisdom as with Nature, it extends to the whole Universe; and 'tis a Mistake to fancy that it is confined to one People alone. The truly wise Man is he that knows how to make his own Advantage of another Man's Wisdom, and who reaps Instruction to himself from every thing that he sees. *Homer*, who certainly was an excellent Judge of what was Praise-worthy, bestows on *Ulysses* no mean Encomium, in saying that he was acquainted

with the Genius and Disposition of many Nations. We have, in our Days, seen a great Prince, in imitation of the antient Philosophers, travelling in search of Wisdom and the Arts among the most civilized Nations, and afterwards, by himself alone, give a new turn to the Face of Affairs of a vast Empire; animating, as it were with a new Soul, a powerful Monarchy which knew not its own Strength.

Admiration:

Admiration: After he had diligently employ'd the whole Day in settling the publick Affairs, and rendering exact Justice; he wou'd (q) in the Evening, by way of Relaxation, converse with the wisest and best of his People, whom he knew how to make Choice of for that Purpose. He could not be blam'd for any Thing during his whole Life, except for triumphing with too much Stateliness, over the Kings he had vanquish'd, and confiding too much in one of his Subjects, whose Picture I shall by and by draw. When he saw me he compassionated my Youth and my Distresses; he enquir'd my Country and my Name; we were amaz'd at the Wisdom which flow'd from his Mouth. O mighty King, said I, you cannot but have heard of the Siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten Years, and the Ruin of that City at the Expence of so much *Grecian* Blood. *Ulysses*, my Father, was one of the chief Kings who destroy'd that City: He is now wandering thro' all the Seas, without being able to reach *Ithaca*, which is his Kingdom; I am in Search of him, and by a Misfortune not unlike his own, have been taken Prisoner: Restore me to my Father and my Country. So may the Gods preserve you to your Children, and make them feel the Joy of living under so good a Father.

(q) This was what *Francis* the First delighted to do, and the Fruit he gathered from conversing with learned Men was to purge his Kingdom from Ignorance, and that Sort of Barbarousness which is its inseparable Companion. It belongs only to the Muses to give to Kings such Recreations as are worthy of them, and it belongs only to great Men to recreate themselves with the Muses.

Sesostris look'd on me all the while with an Eye of Compassion, but being willing to know if what I said was true, he refer'd us to one of his Officers, who was commanded to inform himself of those who took our Ship, whether we were really *Greeks* or *Phœnicians*. If they are *Phœnicians*, said the King, (r) they must be doubly punish'd, for being our Enemies, and more for endeavouring to deceive us by a disingenuous Falsity: but if they are *Greeks* they shall be favourably dealt with, and sent back into their own Country in one of my Ships, for I love the *Greeks*; they receiv'd many Laws from the *Egyptians*; I am no Stranger to the Virtue of *Hercules*, nor has the Glory of *Achilles* escap'd our Hearing, and I admire what is told concerning the Wisdom of the unhappy *Ulysses*. My whole Pleasure consists in succouring distress'd Virtue.

The Officer who was entrusted by the King with the Examination of our Affair, was as corrupt and crafty as *Sesostris* was sincere and generous: His Name was *Metopbis*. He try'd to ensnare us by crafty Questions, and finding that *Mentor* answer'd more discreetly than I, he look'd upon him with Aversion and Jealousy; for wicked Men always take Offence at the Good. He caus'd us to be separated, and from that Time I knew not what became of *Mentor*. This Separation was a Thunderclap to me. *Metopbis* still hop'd that by separately examining us we might be drawn to say contrary Things; he particularly endeavour'd to surprize me with

(r) One of the greatest Weaknesses of Princes is to suffer their Favours to be as it were wrested from them by

the importunate Demands of Falshood and Delusion, and to suffer Imposture to harbour at the Foot of the Throne.

his

his flatt'ring Promises, and so to make me own what he could not get out of *Mentor*. To conclude, his real Purpose was not to come at the Truth, but only to obtain a Pretext to tell the King that we were *Phœnicians*, that he might keep us for his own Slaves: And accordingly, notwithstanding our Innocence and the King's Wisdom, he found Means to deceive him. Alas! to what Inconveniencies are Kings expos'd! Even the most penetrating are often impos'd upon by artful selfish Men that are about them: Those that are really good withdraw from Court, because they are neither forward in their Addresses, nor flattering in their Speeches: They wait till they are sought for, and Princes rarely do seek for them. On the contrary, ill Men are bold, deceitful, importunate, forward to insinuate themselves into favour, dextrous at Dissimulation, ready to do any Thing against Honour and Conscience, to gratify the Passions of him who reigns! O! how unhappy is a King, to be obnoxious to the Artifices of ill-designing Men! he is (s) lost if he does not repel Flattery, and love those who dare to speak the Truth. Such Reflections as these did I make in my Misfortunes, and revolv'd in my Mind the things that I heard from *Mentor*.

Metopkis, in the mean time, sent me towards the Mountains of the Defart of *Oasis*, with

(s) There is but little Flattery at Court, when once it's perceiv'd that the Prince delights in nothing but Truth. *Henry* the IVth was hardly ever flattered, because he hated the Fullomeness of Praises. He well knew that his Reputation stood in no need of Pa-

negyrist to establish it. But when a Prince is fond of Incense, he need not fear having enough of it; every Poetaster is ready to rank him among the Gods; and thus all the Kings of *Greece* were the Descendants of *Jupiter*.

others

others of his Slaves, to look after his Flocks, which were numerous. Here *Calypso* interrupting *Telemachus*, Well, said she, and what did you then, you, who in *Sicily* had prefer'd Death to Servitude? *Telemachus* answer'd, my Misfortune receiv'd continual Addition: I had no longer the wretched Consolation of chusing between Slavery and Death; I was compell'd to be a Slave, and to exhaust, as it were, all the Severities of Fortune. There remain'd no Glimpse of Hopes for me, nor could I speak one Word in order to my Deliverance. *Mentor* has since told me, that they sold him to certain *Ethiopians* whom he follow'd into that Country.

As for me, I was led into a frightful Desert: There was nothing to be seen but burning Sands upon the Plains, and on the Mountain-Tops perpetual never-melting Snows, that make eternal Winter. No Pasture to be found but what was scatter'd up and down among the Rocks. Towards the middle of the Declivity of these steep Mountains, the Valleys are so deep, that the Sun's Rays can hardly reach them.

The only Men I found in these Places were Shepherds, as wild and savage as the Country itself. I past the Nights in deploring my Calamity, and the Days in following my Flock, to avoid the brutal Rage of a Slave who was my Overseer, and who, in hopes of obtaining his Liberty, was incessantly accusing the others, to make a Show of Zeal and Affection to his Master's Service. This Slave's Name was *Butis*. Under these Circumstances I began to lose all Patience; in the Anguish of my Soul I one Day forgot my Flock, and laid me down upon the Grass near a Cave, in hopes of Death to relieve

lieve me from my insupportable Misfortune. In that Moment I observ'd the whole Mountain to tremble, the Oaks and Pines seem'd to descend from the Mountains Height, the Winds kept in their Breath, and a deep-sounding Voice came out of the Cavern, pronouncing these Words: O Son of the wise *Ulysses*! thou, like him, must become great by Patience. Those Princes who have been continually happy are scarce worthy to be so at all: They are corrupted by effeminate Pleasures, and inebriated by Prosperity. O how happy wilt thou be if thou surmountest thy Misfortunes and never forgettest them! Thou shalt again see *Ithaca*, and thy Glory shall ascend to the Skies. When thou shalt come to command other Men, remember that thou hast been like them, weak, poor, and obnoxious to Pain: Take Pleasure in relieving them, be a Lover of thy People, abhor Flatterers, and know that thou shalt be no otherwise great, than as thou shalt moderate thy Passions and exert thy Fortitude in overcoming them.

These divine Words went to the inmost parts of my Heart; they renew'd my Joy, and inspir'd me with fresh Courage: I had none of that Terror upon me which makes Mens Hair stand upright, and which congeals the Blood in the Veins, when the Gods reveal themselves to Mortals. I arose from the Ground with Tranquillity; then falling on my Knees, with Hands extended towards Heaven, I worshipp'd *Minerva*, who, I doubted not had sent me this Oracle. In the same Instant (1) I found myself a new Man; Wisdom

(1) No Man can be said to be truly great but he that is superior to Fortune, who laughs at her Caprices, and who, without losing any thing of his Dignity, can see himself

Wisdom irradiated my Mind ; I perceiv'd a gentle Force curbing all my Passions, and checking the Impetuosity of my Youth. I gain'd the Love of all the Shepherds in the Desert : My Mildness, Patience, and Diligence, did at length move even the cruel *Butis*, who was in Authority over the rest of the Slaves, and who had made it his Business at first to torment me.

The better to support the Irksomeness of my Captivity and Solitude, I endeavour'd to procure some Books, being overwhelm'd with Melancholy, for want of some Instruction to nourish and sustain the Faculties of my Soul. Happy are they, said I, who have a Dislike for violent Pleasures, and can take up with the Sweets of an innocent Life ! Happy are they who take Delight in Instruction, and please themselves in cultivating their Minds with Knowledge ! Where-ever they are thrown by adverse Fortune, they still carry about them wherewithal to entertain themselves ; and the Uneasiness which gnaws upon other Men in the midst of a flowing Fortune, is unknown to those who can employ themselves with a Book. Happy (u) they who love Reading, and are not, like me, depriv'd of the Means ! Revolving such Thoughts as these in my

himself reduced to the lowest condition of Life. *Cæsar* was taken by Pyrates, but even when he was their Slave, he knew how, says *Plutarch*, to strike an Awe into those Barbarians, as much as if he had been their King.

(u) This Maxim ought to be restrained now more than ever. Such as love Reading,

and have a Taste for Trifles and Falseness, intirely spoil their Heads by the Perusal of the Works of so many second-rate Authors, who have no Idea of the Virtues, and who aim at nothing but to amuse the Imagination. An Author deserves not to be read that does not write to make Men better and wiser.

Mind, I wander'd into the thickest of the Forest, and suddenly perceiv'd an aged Man holding a Book in his Hand : He had a large Forehead, dismantled of Hair, and somewhat wrinkled ; his white Beard hung down to his Girdle, his Stature was tall and majestick, his Complexion fresh and sanguine, his Eyes lively and piercing, his Voice agreeable, and his Discourse plain but delightful. So venerable an old Man my Eyes had never beheld : His Name was *Termosiris* ; he was a Priest of *Apollo*, officiating in a Temple of Marble, dedicated in the Forest to that God by the Kings of *Egypt*. The Book he held in his Hand was a Collection of Hymns in Honour of the Gods.

He accosted me in a friendly Manner, and we fell into Conversation together : He talk'd with such Perspicuity of Things past, that they seem'd present. But he did it in a compendious Way, so that his Narratives never tir'd me : He foresaw Things future by Means of his profound Wisdom, which thorowly let him into the Knowledge of Men, and the Designs they were capable of forming. With all this Prudence he was chearful and complaisant, and the most jocund Youth was not so agreeable as this old Man. He lov'd young Men if he found them docile, and if they had any Taste for Virtue.

He soon took a Liking to me, and gave me Books for my Consolation ; he would call me his Son, and I us'd often to say to him, Father, the Gods who depriv'd me of *Mentor* have taken Pity of me, and given me, in you, another Support. This Man, like *Orpheus* or *Linus*, was most certainly inspired by the Gods. He would often recite to me Verses of his own Composition, and gave me frequently Pieces that were
written

written by excellent Poets, and such as were most favour'd by the Muses. When he vested himself in his long Robe of the purest White, and took his Ivory Harp in his Hand, the Tigers, the Bears, the Lions, came fawningly to him, and lick'd his Feet. The Satyrs throng'd out of the Woods to dance round him ; the Trees themselves seem'd to move, and you would have thought that the soften'd Rocks were going to descend from the Tops of the Mountains, charm'd with his melodious Accents ; he sung nothing (x) but the Grandeur and Majesty of the Gods, the Virtues of Heroes, and the Wisdom of those Men, who prefer Glory before Pleasure.

He often bid me take Courage, for that the Gods would not forsake either *Ulysses* or his Son. Lastly, he exhorted me to follow the Example of *Apollo*, and try to persuade the Shepherds to cultivate the Muses. *Apollo*, said he, considering with Indignation that *Jupiter's* Thunder did oftentimes disturb the brightest Days, resolv'd to be reveng'd on the *Cyclopes*, who forg'd the Bolts ; and in order thereto, he took up his Bow and pierced them with his Arrows. Hereupon Mount *Ætna* ceas'd to disgorge Hurricanes of Fire ; no longer did Men hear the terrible Hammers striking upon the Anvil, and echoing in Groans from the profound Caverns of the Earth,

(x) The Author here decides the great Question that has lately been moved, Whether the End of Poesy be to *instruct* or to *please*. The first Poets pretended to be inspired by the Gods, only because they believed it belonged to

their Art to make Men perfect ; they only made use of Harmony to engage the Ear the more to their Divine Lessons ; their *Sentiments* were calculated for Instruction, and their *Music* for Pleasure.

and the Depths of the Sea. The Iron and the Brass, being no longer polish'd by the *Cyclopes*, began to gather Rust. *Vulcan*, enrag'd, quits his Forge; lame as he was, he hastens to *Olympus*; sweating and cover'd o'er with grimy Dust, he comes into th' Assembly of the Gods, and makes a grievous Complaint. *Jupiter*, offended with *Apollo*, drives him from Heaven, and throws him down to Earth. His empty Chariot of itself perform'd its usual Course, giving to Mankind Night and Day, and a due Change of Seasons. *Apollo*, spoil'd of his radiant Beams, was constrain'd to turn Shepherd, and keep the Flocks of King *Admetus*: He play'd on his Flute, and all the other Shepherds resorted to the shady Elms and limpid Streams, to listen to his Songs: Till then they had liv'd a savage brutal Life, ignorant of every thing but how to lead their Sheep, to shear them, milk them, and make Cheeses: The whole Country was one dreadful Defart.

Soon did *Apollo* teach all the Shepherds the Arts which render a rural Life agreeable. He sung the Flow'rs with which the Spring is crown'd, its rich Perfumes, and all its beauteous Greens. He sung the sweet delicious Nights of Summer, when gentle *Zephyrs* cool the World, and pearly Dews refresh the thirsty Earth. He mingled in his Songs the Golden Fruit, with which the Autumn recompenses the toiling Husbandman. He forgot not the Winter's diverting Respite, when the buxom Youth dance before the glowing Fire. Sometimes he represented the gloomy Forests that cover the Mountains Steepness, and then the hollow Vales, where the Rivers, by a thousand Windings, seem to sport amidst the laughing Meadows.

He

Book II. TELEMACHUS.

37

He thus taught the Shepherds what are the Charms of a Country Life, when Men know how to relish the Bounties of pure untainted Nature. Soon did the Shepherds with their Flutes find themselves more blest'd than Kings, and each Man's Cottage was fill'd with innocent Delights, which fly the gilded Palace. The Sports, the Smiles, the Graces, accompany'd the innocent Shepherdesses wheresoever they went (y).

Every Day was a Festival ; nothing was heard but the Warbling of the Birds, or the soft Whispering of the *Zephyrs*, sporting amidst the trembling Boughs, or the Murmur of a transparent Stream descending from some Rock, or Songs which the Muses inspir'd into the Shepherds who follow'd *Apollo*. This God taught them also to win the Prize in Racing, and to transfix the Hinds and Stags with their unerring Shafts: The Gods themselves grew jealous of the Shepherds, whose Way of Living they thought more ravishing than all Their Glory ; so they recall'd *Apollo* back to Heaven.

My Son, this Story may serve you for a Lesson, since your Condition is the same as was *Apollo's*. Manure this stubborn Soil ; make, as he did, a Defart flourish, and teach the Shepherds what are the Charms of Harmony ; soften their savage Hearts, shew them the Amiability of Virtue, and make them feel how sweet it is to enjoy, in Retirement, the innocent Delights that nothing can deprive a Shepherd of.

(y) In order to divert Men from Luxury, you must put them in mind of the pure and easie Pleasures of Nature. The wise Man makes

a Comparison between the one and the other, but does not waver in the Choice of them.

A time will come, my Son, a time will come, when the Toils and anxious Cares that compass Kingly State, will make you think with Envy on the pastoral Life.

This said, *Termosiris* gave me a Flute, of such Sweetness, that the Echoes of the Hills, which carry'd the Sound on every Side, soon drew each neighbouring Shepherd round about me. My Voice was endued with a Divine Harmony: I found myself transported and moved, as by a superior Power, to sing the Favours which Nature has confer'd upon the Country. We employed the Days and Part of the Nights in singing together. All the Shepherds, forgetting the Cottages and the Flocks, stood attentive and fix'd in amazement round about me, whilst I was giving forth to each his Lesson. The Desarts seem'd no longer rude; all Things look'd gay and pleasant. This Politeness of the Inhabitants seem'd to have an Effect upon the Earth itself, and to soften its ruggedness.

We often met to sacrifice in *Apollo's* Temple, whereof *Termosiris* was Priest; the Shepherds us'd to go thither, crown'd with Laurel in Honour of the God; and the Shepherdesses followed likewise after them, dancing along with Garlands of Flowers and bearing in their Heads Baskets loaden with the sacred Gifts. After the Sacrifice, we made a Country Banquet; our greatest Delicacies were the Milk of our Goats and Sheep, with Fruits fresh gather'd by ourselves, such as Dates, Figs, and Grapes; our Seats were the verdant Turf; the spreading Trees afforded us a Shade more pleasant than the gilded Roofs of Royal Palaces. But that which rais'd my Reputation most among the Shepherds was, One Day an hungry Lion rush'd upon my
Flock;

Flock ; already he began a dreadful Havock ; I, tho' I had nothing in my Hand except my Crook, boldly advanc'd ; the Lion bristles up his Mane, grinds his Teeth, unsheaths his Claws, opens his Throat parch'd and inflam'd ; his Eyes seem'd full of Blood and Fire, and with his ample Tail he beats his Sides, and lashes up his Courage: I ran in upon him, threw him to the Ground. The little Coat of Mail that I wore, according to the Custom of the *Egyptian* Shepherds, prevented his tearing my Body. Three times I overturn'd him, and three times he reared himself again. He roar'd so loud he made the Forest ring. At length I got the better of him, and strangled him with my Hands. The Shepherds, who were Witnesses of the Victory, desir'd me to wear the Skin of that terrible Beast.

The Fame of this Action, together with the mighty Improvement made among the Shepherds, was spread throughout *Egypt*, and even reach'd the Ear of *Sesostris*. He was told that one of those two Captives that had been taken for *Phœnicians*, had restor'd the Golden Age to his almost uninhabitable Desarts. He resolv'd to see me, for he lov'd the Muses ; and whatever might derive any Benefit to Mankind, his mighty Heart was touch'd with. He saw me, he heard me with Pleasure, and found that *Metopbis* had thro' Avarice deceiv'd him : He condemn'd him to perpetual Imprisonment, seiz'd all the Treasures he unjustly had amass'd. Oh, said he, how unhappy is the Man who sits exalted above other Men ! rarely, (z) very rarely can

(z) The *Persians* used to call the Grandees of the Kingdom, and the Ministers of State, *the King's Eyes*. The very Expression shewed the Prince that one single Man's Application

can he see the Truth with his own Eyes ; none are about him but such as make it their Business to keep Truth from coming at him : it is their Interest to deceive him ; under the Cloak of Zeal each hides his own Ambition ; they make a Shew as if they lov'd the King, whereas, indeed, they only love the Riches he can give : Nay, they love him so little, that to obtain his Favours, they flatter and betray him.

Sesostris, after this, treated me with a tender Friendship, and resolv'd to send me back to *Ithaca*, with some Ships and Troops, to free *Penelope* from the Importunity of her Suitors. The Fleet was now ready, and we had nothing to do but to embark. I could not help admiring the Turns of Fortune, who on a sudden exalts those she had most depress'd ; and this Experience gave me hopes that *Ulysses* might at last return to his Kingdom, after all his Suff'rings ; nor did I think it impossible but I might see *Mentor* once again, tho' he had been carry'd into the remotest and most unknown Parts of *Ethiopia*. Whilst I delay'd my Departure, to enquire a little after him, *Sesostris*, who was very aged, dy'd suddenly, and his Death threw me back again into all my Misfortunes.

All *Egypt* was inconsolable for this Loss ; every Family look'd upon it that they had lost their best Friend, their Protector, their Father : The old Men, lifting their Hands to Heaven, cry'd out, lamenting, Never had *Egypt* so good a King ; never will she have one like him. O

Application and Inspection were too weak to spread over a vast Empire, and that a King is either blinded or en- lightened by such as are about	him. How many Princes have died, after a long reign, and never were acquainted with their Kingdom !
---	---

ye Gods! you should never have shewn him to Mankind, or never have taken him away. Why should we survive the great *Sesostris*? The young Men said, The Hope of *Egypt* is no more; our Fathers were happy to live under so good a King. But as for us, we only saw him to be sensible of the Loss of him. His Domesticks wept Night and Day. And when the King's Funeral-Rites were performed, for forty Days together came Multitudes of People from the remotest Parts. Every one was desirous once again to see the Body of *Sesostris*: every one was desirous to preserve an Idea of him; and many to be bury'd with him.

But what still aggravated their Grief was, that his Son *Bocchoris* neither had Humanity for Strangers, nor Curiosity for the Sciences, nor Esteem for virtuous Men, nor a Love for Glory. His Father's Greatness had contributed to render him unworthy to reign: He had been bred in an effeminate Softness and brutal Pride; he accounted Men as nothing, believing them to be only made for His Use, and that he was of a different Nature from them. He minded nothing but how to gratify his Passions, to squander away the immense Treasures his Father had with so much Care preserv'd, to vex the People and suck the Blood of the Unfortunate; and, in short, to give himself up entirely to the flatt'ring Counsels of young Fools that kept about him, whilst he contemptuously turn'd away all the antient Sages who had been in Confidence with his Father. To make short, he was a Monster instead of a King; all *Egypt* groan'd under him; and tho, out of Respect to the Memory of *Sesostris*, which was so dear to the *Egyptians*, they bore with Patience the ungenerous and cruel
Conduct

Conduct of his Son, yet he every Day hasten'd to his Ruin; and a Prince so unworthy of the Throne, could not possibly long continue on it.

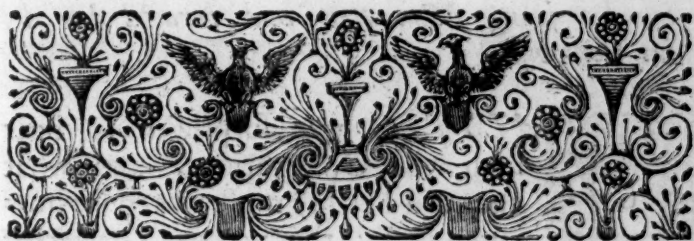
As for me, I lost all Hopes of returning to *Ithaca*; I remain'd in a Tower that stands by the Sea near *Pelufium*, from whence I was to have embark'd, had not *Sesoftris* dy'd: *Metophis* had the Cunning to obtain his Enlargement, and to be taken into Favour with the new King: 'Twas he that caus'd me to be confin'd in that Tower, to revenge the Disgrace I had brought upon him. I pass'd the Days and Nights in the profoundest Melancholy; all that *Termosiris* had foretold, and the Words that I had heard from the Cavern, I look'd upon now to be mere Dreams. I was bury'd in an Abyss of Grief. I saw the Billows beating at the Foot of the Tower where I was Prisoner. I often spent my Time in observing the Ships that were toss'd about by Storms, and in Danger of being split upon the Rocks on which the Tower was built. Instead of pitying I envy'd those Men who were threaten'd with Shipwreck; their Misfortunes, said I to myself, will soon have an End by Death, or they will arrive in their own Country; but I, alas! can hope for neither.

Whilst thus I was consuming myself in fruitless Lamentations, I perceiv'd as it were a Forest of Ship-masts; the Sea was cover'd with Sails, which were swol'n by the Winds. The Waters foam'd beneath the Strokes of innumerable Oars: I heard a confus'd Noise on all Sides: I saw on the Shore one Part of the *Egyptians* terrify'd and running to their Arms, whilst others seem'd going to welcome the Fleet that was making towards them. — I soon perceiv'd that these Ships
were

were partly *Phœnicians* and partly *Cyprians* ; for my Misfortunes had now giv'n me some little Insight into Matters of Navigation. The *Egyptians* appeared to me to be divided among themselves : I doubted not that the unthinking King *Bocchoris*, had by his Violences stirr'd up his Subjects to revolt and rais'd a Civil War : I was Spectator of a bloody Battle from the Top of my Tower.

The *Egyptians*, who had invited these Foreigners to their Assistance, after they had facilitated their Descent, fell upon other *Egyptians*, headed by their King. I saw this King animating his Men by his own Example : He appear'd like *Mars* the God of War. Streams of Blood flow'd round him. His Chariot-Wheels were stain'd with black, thick, foamy Gore, and could hardly pass for the Heaps of Dead that lay in the Way. This young King, robust of Body, of a fierce and insolent Mien, shew'd all the Marks of Rage and Despair in his Eyes. He was like a beautiful Horse, that will not obey the Bridle : His Courage push'd him on to Danger, nor had he Prudence to govern his Valour : He knew neither how to repair what was amiss, nor to issue out regular Orders, nor to foresee the Mischiefs that threaten'd him, nor to spare his Men tho he stood in the utmost need of them : Not that he wanted Genius ; for his Understanding was equal to his Courage ; but he had never been instructed by Adversity. His Tutors had poison'd his natural good Disposition by their Flattery. His Head was turn'd with his Power and Felicity. He thought ev'ry Thing must give Way to his violent and unbounded Desires ; the least Resistance put him in a Flame, and then he consulted his Reason no longer ; he was as it were

were beside himself; his furious Pride transform'd him into a wild Beast; his natural Goodness and Rectitude of Will forsook him in an Instant; his most faithful Servants were oblig'd to fly from him, and he no longer lov'd any but those who fed and fomented his Passions. And thus he continually ran into Extremes against his true Interest, and forc'd all worthy Men to detest his irrational Conduct. His Valour, for a considerable Time, supported him against the Multitude of his Enemies, but at length he was over-powered with Numbers. I saw him perish. A *Phœnician* Dart pierc'd his Breast; the Reins dropp'd out of his Hands through Inability to hold them, and he fell from his Chariot, and was trampled under the Horses Feet. A Soldier of *Cyprus* cut off his Head, and holding it up by the Hair, he shew'd it, as it were in Triumph, to the victorious Army. I shall never forget how I saw the Head smear'd with Blood, the Eyes clos'd and extinguish'd, the Face pale and disfigur'd, the Mouth half-open and seeming to offer at concluding some Words it had begun, and such a haughty threatening Air, that Death itself could not alter it. This Spectacle will, to the last Day of my Life, be fresh in my Memory, and if ever the Gods permit me to reign, I shall never forget after so dismal an Example, that a King is so far unworthy to command others, and unhappy in his own Power, as he departs from the Government of right Reason. Alas! how unhappy it is for a Man who is created for the publick Good, to be Master of so many Subjects for no other End but to make them miserable!



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS relates, that the Successor of Bocchoris restoring all the Tyrian Prisoners, he himself was carry'd with them to Tyre in Narbal's Ship, who commanded the Tyrian Fleet; that Narbal gave him the Character of Pygmalion their King, whose cruel Avarice he told him would be dangerous to him, and that he was afterwards instructed by Narbal in the Tyrian Maxims of Trade; that he was just going to embark in a Cyprian Ship, to go by the Way of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion found out that he was a Stranger, and order'd him to be seiz'd; that then he was upon the Brink of Destruction, but that Astarbe, the Tyrant's Mistress, preserv'd

preserv'd him, in order to put to Death in his Stead a young Man that had enrag'd her by his Contempt.



ALYPSO was surpriz'd to hear such wise Observations, and what charm'd her (a) most was to see how ingenuously the young *Telemachus* related the Oversights he had committed, either thro' Precipitation, or want of Tractableness towards the sage *Mentor*: She was astonish'd at the Grandeur and Generosity of his Mind, who accus'd himself, and made such Improvement of his own Faults, as to become wise, provident, and temperate. Go on, said she, my dear *Telemachus*; I am impatient to hear how you got out of *Egypt*, and where you recover'd the wise *Mentor*, whose Loss you had so much Reason to lament.

Telemachus thus continu'd his Discourse: Those of the *Egyptians* who were most virtuous, and loyal to the King, finding a great Majority against them, and seeing their King dead, were constrain'd to yield to the rest, and another King, call'd *Termutis*, was set up in his Room: The *Phœnicians*, as likewise the Forces which came from *Cyprus*, went home again, after they had enter'd into an Alliance with the new King, who restor'd all the *Phœnician* Prisoners, among whom I pass'd as such. I was released from the Tower and embark'd with the rest, and my Hopes began to revive within my Heart. And now a

(a) 'Tis for want of Eyes that a Man does not see his own Faults, and for want of Sense, if he is afraid to own them. All Men are liable to

commit Mistakes, but only great Men confess they are mistaken, says a certain Wit of this Age.

propitious

propitious Wind fill'd every Sail, our Oars cut thro' the foaming Waves, the vast Sea was cover'd with our Ships, the Mariners sent forth Shouts of Joy, the Shores of *Egypt* fled from us, the Hills and Mountains lessen'd to our Eyes: We began to have no Sight of any Thing but Heaven and Water, whilst the rising Sun seem'd to strike his sparkling Flames out of the Bosom of the Sea; his Beams gilded the Summit of the Mountains, which we could still discover in some Measure upon the Horizon, and the whole Face of Heaven, painted with a deep Azure, promis'd us a happy Voyage.

Tho I had been dismiss'd as one of the *Phœnicians*, yet none of the *Phœnicians* in the Ship knew me. *Narbal*, the Commander of the Ship that carry'd me, ask'd me my Name and Country: Of what City in *Phœnicia* are you, said he? I am no *Phœnician*, reply'd I; but the *Egyptians* took me at Sea on board a *Phœnician* Ship: I have been a long Time captive in *Egypt* as a *Phœnician*; under that Denomination I have suffer'd a long Imprisonment, and under that Denomination I am now deliver'd. Of what Country are you then, reply'd *Narbal*? I am, said I, *Telemachus*, Son to *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca* in *Greece*; my Father has acquir'd a mighty Name among those Kings who besieg'd the City of *Troy*; but the Gods have deny'd him the Favour of returning to his Country: I have sought him in many Climates, and I myself, like him, am toss'd about by adverse Fortune. You see before you an unfortunate Person who languishes only for the Happiness of returning to his Country, and to find his Father again.

Narbal look'd upon me with Astonishment, and thought he perceiv'd in me some particular
Tokens

Tokens of a future good Fortune, which are imparted to the Favourites of Heaven, and are not in the rest of Mankind. He was by Nature frank and generous: He was concern'd for my Misfortunes, and discours'd me with a certain Confidence which Heaven had inspir'd him with for my Preservation.

Telemachus, said he, to me, I neither do nor can doubt the Veracity of what you tell me: The Good-nature and Virtue so visible in your Looks will not permit me to distrust you; nay I even perceive that the Gods, whom I have always serv'd, do love you, and will have me too to love you, as if you were my Son: I will give you wholesome Advice, and, in Return, I ask nothing of you but to be secret. Fear not, said I to him; for I can, without Difficulty, keep secret whatever you shall intrust me with. As young as I am, I have been acquainted with Taciturnity (*b*), especially when it concerns another's Interest. How have you been able, said he, to accustom yourself, in such tender Years, to keep a Secret? I would fain know by what Means you have acquir'd this Quality, which is the Foundation of the wisest Conduct, and without which all other Talents are of no Use.

When *Ulysses*, said I, set out upon the Expedition for *Troy*, he took me in his Arms and set me upon his Knee (as I have been told) and after he had kiss'd me in the most passionate Manner, he said these Words to me, tho' I could not then understand them: O my Son, may the

(*b*) Some Men, tho they don't disclose a Secret, yet they let it, as it were, *perspire* through them. How difficult a thing is it to be impenetrable without seeming to be close, and to wrap up our Secrets under other Veils than those of Dissimulation and Hypocrisy!

Gods preserve me from ever seeing thee fail in thy Duty; rather let the fatal Sisters cut the Thread of thy early Life before it be well spun, as the Reaper with his Sickle cuts down the tender Flower that begins to blow; let my Enemies dash thee in Pieces, in mine and thy Mother's Presence, if ever the Day is to come that shall see thee turn to Evil and abandon Virtue. O my Friends, continued he, to you I leave this Son who is so dear to me; be watchful o'er his infant Years; if you love me, remove far from him all pernicious Flatterers, teach him to overcome himself, let him be like a green Plant that Men bend in order to make it strait. More particularly, apply yourselves to render him just, beneficent, sincere, and inviolably faithful in keeping a Secret. Whoever is capable of a Lye is unworthy to be number'd among Men, and he that knows not how to keep a Secret is unworthy to govern Men.

I am the more exact in the Repetition of these Words, because Care was taken to repeat them often to me (b); and they have taken deep Root in my Heart. I often repeat them to myself. My Father's Friends used great Diligence in exercising me early in keeping of Secrets; I was yet in my Infancy when they trusted me with all their Uneasinesses and Disturbances of Mind, to see my Mother expos'd to the vexatious Persecutions of those who made Love to her; even

(b) The Minds of Children of a generous Birth are susceptible of the noblest Sentiments. *Hamilcar*, being resolved to make his Son *Hannibal* an implacable Enemy to the *Romans*, made him even when a Child take

a solemn Oath at the Altar, that he would wage eternal War against the *Roman* People. And accordingly, that Hero never suffered that Resolution to be blotted out of his Mind.

then they carry'd themselves towards me as a reasonable and a secure Person; they discours'd with me privately concerning their most important Affairs, and inform'd me of every Step that was taken to remove those Pretenders.

I was transported with Joy at the Confidence they repos'd in me; for thereby, I even then looked upon myself as an adult Person, rather than a Child. I never abus'd the Trust they placed in me, nor did let a single Word escape that might discover the least Secret: The Pretenders often went about to make me speak, thinking that a Child who had heard or seen any Thing remarkable, could not have been able to have conceal'd it. But I knew how to answer them without Lying, and without letting them into any Thing that I ought not to mention.

Hereupon *Narbal* said to me; you see, *Telemachus* the Power of the *Phœnicians*; they are dreaded by all the Neighbouring Nations on account of their mighty Fleets: The Commerce which they carry on, as far as the Pillars of *Hercules*, procures them Riches greatly surpassing all those of the most flourishing Nations. The great King *Sesostris*, who could never have got the better of them by Sea, had no easy Task of it to conquer them by Land; but at length he did it by the Help of those Armies that had subdued all the East; after this he impos'd a Tribute upon us, which has not long continu'd to be paid by us.

The *Phœnicians* were too rich and too potent to wear the Yoke of Servitude with Patience. We recover'd our Liberty: *Sesostris* was prevented by Death from finishing the War against us. It is true, we had Reason to fear the Consequences of it, and that much more on account of his
Wisdom

Wisdom than his Power ; but when we saw his Power deriv'd into the Hands of his Son, who was unfurnish'd with his Father's Wisdom, we then concluded we had no farther Cause to fear any thing at all. And accordingly the *Egyptians*, instead of returning into our Country, to make a compleat Conquest of us, have been necessitated to call us to their Relief, to free them from that wicked and outrageous King. We have been their Deliverers, and have added an Increase of Glory to the Liberty and Opulence of the *Phœnicians*.

But whilst we deliver others, we ourselves are Slaves. O *Telemachus* ! take heed how you fall into the cruel Hands of *Pygmalion* our King ; he has already stained them with the Blood of *Sichæus*, his Sister *Dido's* Husband. She, full of Horror and Revenge, is fled from *Tyre* with many Ships. Most of those who are Lovers of Virtue and Liberty, followed her : She has founded on the Coast of *Africa* a stately City call'd *Carthage*. *Pygmalion*, urg'd with an insatiable Thirst after Riches, becomes more and more wretched and odious to his Subjects (c) : 'Tis a Crime at *Tyre* to have great Wealth ; his Avarice renders him distrustful, suspicious, cruel ; the Rich he persecutes, and the Poor he is afraid of. It is still a greater Crime at *Tyre*

(c) *Pygmalion* is the Picture of a bad Politician. A Prince that is tottering upon his Throne cannot have a stronger Support than those who have enrich'd themselves by lawful Methods. Every one knows the crafty Course which *Comines* so much boasts of in a King of *England*, who fearing lest the Parliament

should declare for his Competitor, borrowed secretly considerable Sums of Money from the chief Members of that Assembly, who, when they saw that they could not lose their King without losing part of their Fortunes, laid aside all farther Thoughts of changing their Master.

to have Virtue, than it is to have even Riches; for *Pygmalion* concludes that good Men cannot endure his Unjustness and Baseness: as Virtue condemns him, so he is incensed and exasperated against Virtue. Every Thing ruffles him, disquiets him, gnaws upon him: He starts at his own Shadow; he sleeps neither Night or Day; the Gods for his Punishment heap up Treasures upon him which he dares not enjoy. What he seeks in order to his Happiness, is the very Thing that hinders it. Whatever he bestows he repines at; he is continually in fear of losing what he possesses, and continually tormenting himself with lucrative Expectations; he is hardly ever to be seen; he shuts himself up in the remotest Corner of his Palace, solitary, sad, and dejected. Even his Friends are afraid to come near him for fear he should suspect them; a frightful Guard continually surrounds his Palace with naked Swords and Pikes erected; a Range of thirty Chambers, with each an Iron-Door, and six ponderous Bolts, is the Place where he hides himself; no Man knows in which of these Chambers he lies, but 'tis affirmed he never lies two Nights together in the same, for fear of being murder'd. He knows no gentle Joy, is a Stranger to the Pleasures of Friendship; if any one advises him to pursue Diversion, he is sensible it flies from him, and will have no Commerce in his Heart: His haggard Eyes are full of fierce and savage Fire, incessantly staring about on every Side; at every Thing that stirs he (*d*)

(*d*) This Description is not at all strained, but seems to be exactly copied from what the *Greek* Historians relate concerning *Dionysius* of *Syracuse*. As Guilt is always

accompanied with Terror of Mind, so is Innocence with a perfect Serenity and Security. No Tyrant ever sat easy on his Throne.

rouses

rouses his Ears, is all over in a Sweat, is pale and dejected, and his black and desperate Thoughts are legible on his ever-wrinkled Face. He sighs, says nothing, fetches deep Groans from the Bottom of his Heart, and is unable to conceal the Remorse that tears his Soul to Pieces. The most exquisite Dishes are to him tasteless; his Children, instead of being the Delight of his Eyes, are the Objects of his Fear; he looks on them as his most dangerous Enemies; he never had one quiet Moment during his whole Life, and thinks there's no other Way of preserving himself, but by destroying every one he has the least Apprehension of. Senseless Man, who sees not that the Cruelty which he thinks is his Security, will be the Cause of his Ruin! Some domestick Servant, as diffident as himself, will ere long purge the Earth of this Monster.

As for me, I fear the Gods, and will continue faithful to the King whom they have set over me, let the Consequence be what it will.

I would sooner suffer Death myself than touch his Life, or even omit to defend him. For your part, O *Telemachus*, let him not know that you are *Ulysses's* Son, for he would surely detain you in Prison, in expectation of a considerable Ransom, when *Ulysses* returns to *Ithaca*.

Being arriv'd at *Tyre*, I followed *Narbal's* Advice, and found every Thing he said was true. I thought it was impossible for a Man to make himself so miserable as *Pygmalion* appear'd to be.

Surpriz'd with a Thing so shocking and so new to me, I said to myself, Here is a Man who only sought how to make himself happy, which he thought could not be done but by Riches and absolute Power; and accordingly he exerts his Faculties to arrive at both. He possesses all he

can desire, and yet is made miserable by those very Riches and Power. If he had been a Shepherd, as I, not long since, was, he would be as happy as I have been; he would enjoy the innocent Pleasures of the Country, nay, enjoy them without Remorse; he would neither fear Steel nor Poison. He would love Men and be belov'd by them. He would not indeed be Master of those mighty Treasures, which are as insignificant to him as the Sand, since he dares not touch them; but he would freely enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, and not be in the least real Want.

This Man seems to do whatever he pleases, whereas it is not so: For he does whatever his violent Passions put him upon; he is continually forc'd away where-ever his Avarice, Fears, or Suspicions drag him: He seems to be Master of all other Men, but he is not Master of himself; for he has as many Masters and Tormentors as he has inordinate Desires.

Thus reflected I upon *Pygmalion's* Condition without seeing him, for that was impossible for human Eyes to do: Men might indeed behold those lofty Towers, incompass'd Night and Day by Guards, where he had confin'd himself, as in a Prison, with his belov'd Treasures. I could not forbear comparing together this invisible King and *Sesostris*, who was so good, so easy of Access, so affable, so desirous to see any Stranger, so careful to give Audience to every Body, and to come at the Truth, a Thing which is always hidden from Kings: *Sesostris*, said I, fear'd nothing and had nothing to fear: He was as visible to all his Subjects as to his own Children. This Man fears every thing and has every thing to fear. This wicked King is perpetually in danger of a
violent

violent Death, even amidst his own Guards in his inaccessible Palace: Whereas the good King *Sesostris* was always secure in the midst of the greatest Crowds of his People; like a gentle Father in his own House, surrounded by his own Family.

Pygmalion gave Orders for dismissing the Forces of *Cyprus*, which had join'd his by Virtue of an Alliance between the two Nations: *Narbal* took this Opportunity to set me at Liberty; he caus'd me to pass Muster among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was jealous even in the minutest Things. The common Fault of too easy indolent Princes, is blindly to surrender themselves up to the Guidance of crafty and corrupt Favourites; whereas, on the contrary, it was this Man's Failing, to distrust his best and honestest Subjects; he knew not how to distinguish Men of Probity and Simplicity, who act without Disguise; he never had seen a virtuous Man, for such will always avoid a vicious King.

He had, moreover, found, ever since his Accession to the Crown, in those whom he had made use of to serve him, so much Deceit, Treachery, and other abominable Vices, cloak'd under a virtuous Outside, that he look'd upon all Men, without Exception, as mere Dissemblers, and from thence suppos'd there was no such Thing as real Virtue in the World: And therefore he looked upon all Men to be much alike. When he found (e) a Servant false and corrupt, he wou'd not look out for another, taking

(e) A bad Prince can meet with no Ministers but what are worse than himself. A Man of Probity, cannot connive at, much less be an Ac-

complice in, Wickedness, and of all Wickedness the greatest is to be a Tool to the Wickedness of another.

it for granted, that another would be as bad. He had a worse Opinion of good Men, than of those who were openly wicked, because he thought the former full as bad as the latter, and much more deceitful.

But to return to my self, I was mingled with the *Cyprians*, and so escaped the sharp Distrustfulness of the King. *Narbal* trembled for fear I should be found out, for such a Discovery would have cost us both our Lives. He was under the greatest Uneasiness and Impatience to see me embark ; but contrary Winds still oblig'd me to stay at *Tyre*.

I made Use of this Opportunity to inform my self of the Customs and Manners of the *Phœnecians*, so celebrated throughout all the known Nations of the Earth. The happy Position of this mighty City, which is built upon an Island in the Sea, was not a little admir'd by me. The neighbouring Coast is fam'd for its Fertility, the exquisite Fruits it produces, its Towns and Villages, which are so numerous, they seem to be contiguous to each other ; and, lastly, the Mildness of its Climate, for the Mountains screen'd that Coast from the scorching Southern Winds ; it is refresh'd by the North Wind that blows from the Sea. The Country is at the Foot of Mount *Libanus*, whose Summit penetrates the Clouds and touches the Sky : Its Top is cover'd with an eternal Ice, and Rivers full of melting Snow descend like Torrents from the steep Rocks that surround its Head.

Beneath is seen a vast Forest of aged Cedars, which seem coæval with the Earth on which they grow, and shew their spreading Branches to the Clouds. At the Foot of this Forest are rich Pastures on the Declivity of the Mountain.

!

Here

Here one beholds the bellowing Bulls wand'ring up and down, and bleating Ewes with their Lambkins skipping upon the verdant Carpet: There a thousand Streams of purest Water run down amidst the Meadows: Next to these we see a Tract of Ground which seems a perfect Garden; the Spring and Autumn there reign both together, and join their Flowers and Fruits. Never did the pestilent Breath of the burning South, or the chilly North, dare to blot out the lively Colours which adorn this Garden.

Hard by this beautiful Coast an Island rises in the Sea, whereon is built the City of *Tyre*. This mighty City seems to swim above the Waves, and be the Mistress of the Sea. Merchants land there from every Corner of the Earth, and its own Inhabitants are the most famous Merchants of the Universe.

When one first enters into this City, one would not take it to be a Place belonging to any particular People, but rather to be a City common to all Nations, and the Center of their Commerce: It has two large Moles, which like two ample Arms advancing in the Sea, form a vast Port impervious to the Winds. In this Harbour you see a Forest of Masts, and the Ships are so numerous, that the Sea whereon they sail can hardly be descry'd, they stand so thick.

All the Citizens betake themselves to Trade, nor do their vast Possessions ever make them relax in the Pursuit of more. There, in all Quarters you may see the fine *Egyptian* Linnen, and the *Tyrian* Purple twice dy'd, and of a marvellous Lustre; this double Tincture is so strong, that Time it self can ne'er afface it: 'Tis used upon the finest Cloth, set off with Gold and Silver Embroidery. The *Phœnicians* drive a Trade
with

with all the World, as far as the Strait of *Gades*; nay, they have proceeded into the vast Ocean that surrounds the whole Earth; they have likewise made long Voyages on the Red Sea, and thither they go in quest of Gold, Perfumes, and various unknown Animals in Islands never seen by others.

I thought I could never enough admire this great City, where every thing was in Motion; I did not see there, as in the Towns of *Greece*, idle inquisitive Men, going about in publick Places in quest of News, and to gaze upon Strangers who land in their Port. The Men are continually employ'd in unlading their Vessels, in carrying Home or selling their Commodities, in ordering their Store-Houses, in keeping exact Accompts of what is due to them by foreign Traders: The Women are incessantly busy'd in spinning the Wool, or in forming various Patterns of Embroidery, or in folding up the richest Stuffs.

Whence comes it, said I to *Narbal*, that the *Phœnicians* have made themselves Masters of all the Trade in the World, and enrich'd themselves thus at the Expence of all other People? You see, said he to me, how conveniently the City lies for Commerce; our Country has the Honour of having invented Navigation. The *Tyrians* were the first (if we may give Credit to the Relations of the most obscure Antiquity) who curb'd the headstrong Waves, long before the Age of *Typhis* and the *Argonauts*, so boasted of in *Greece*. They were, I say, the first who in a feeble Ship adventur'd forth to Sea, founded the Depths thereof, and observ'd the Stars at Distance from the Land, according to the Knowledge they had borrow'd from the *Egyptians* and
Ba-

Babylonians, and in short conjoyn'd so many Nations whom the Sea had otherwise separated from each other. The *Tyrians* are ingenious, patient, industrious, laborious, cleanly, sober, frugal, exact in their civil Administration, and perfectly unanimous; never was Nation more constant, more undisguis'd, more faithful, and more indulgent to Strangers.

This, without seeking any other Cause, is what gives them the Dominion of the Sea, and makes so advantageous a Commerce to flourish in their Port. Should Division and Jealousy creep in among them, should they enervate themselves with Sloth and Pleasure, should the principal Citizens despise Labour and Oeconomy, should they cease to (f) honour Arts and Sciences, should they fail in their Faith to Strangers, should they, tho' ever so little, alter the Rules of a free Trade, should they neglect their Manufactures, and cease to give due Incouragement to their Artificers, to enable them to make their Goods perfect, each in its kind, you would soon see the Fall of that Power you now so much admire.

But pray, said I to him, instruct me in the Methods how I may hereafter establish the like Commerce at *Ithaca*. Do as we do here, said

(f) The Barbarous Nations despise Trade and the Arts, and it is, doubtless, owing to our being descended from those Nations, that *We* [*French Folks*] likewise think them incompatible with Gentility. Nothing degrades a Man less than Labour; but when the Mind is as much concerned therein as the Bo-

dy, and the Head has an equal share with the Hand, such Labour illustrates, and in some measure, ennobles a great Artist. The *Mirons*, the *Polycletes*, the *Phidias's*, will always be mention'd with Honour by the Historians from Generation to Generation.

he:

he : Give a kind Reception to all Strangers, let them find Safety, Commodiousness, and entire Liberty in your Ports ; let not Avarice or Pride predominate over you ; the true Way to gain a great deal is, not to aim at gaining too much, and to know the fit Seasons when and how to lose to Advantage ; make your selves belov'd by all Foreigners, and bear with them even tho' they do you some little Wrong ; be cautious how you occasion them to be jealous by your own proud Behaviour ; never depart from the settled Rules of Trade, which must be plain and easy ; accustom your Subjects to pursue them inviolably ; punish Fraud severely, nay, even Negligence or stately Pride in Merchants (g), which ruin Trade in ruining the Men that carry it on : Be sure you don't endeavour to cramp or constrain Commerce, by forcing it out of its ordinary Channel, according to your own private Fancy. The Prince should never meddle with Trade, for fear of spoiling it, and he ought to leave all the Profit of it to his Subjects, who take all the Pains, otherwise he will discourage them ; he will find sufficient Advantages by the vast Import of Riches into his Territories : Commerce is like certain Springs, which if you divert from their natural Course, you dry them up.

It is only Profit and Conveniency that attract Strangers to you. If you render Trade less easy and less beneficial to them, they will insensibly

(g) A great Trade always introduces Luxury, and Luxury, by spreading among the People, almost always destroys that great Trade. The Roman Policy thought to have

guarded against this Inconvenience by sumptuary Laws, but no Laws were ever worse executed, or worse observed. The Romans had not always Cato's for Censors.

withdraw

withdraw themselves and return no more ; because other Nations, taking Advantage of your Indiscretion, invite them thither, and accustom them to do without you. I must own that for some Time the Glory of *Tyre* has been much clouded : O my dear *Telemachus*, had you seen it before *Pygmalion's* Reign, your Surprise had been much greater than now it is. You now see nothing here, but the sad Remains of a Grandeur that is tending to its Ruin.

O unhappy *Tyre*, into what Hands art thou fall'n ! In Time past the Sea was used to bring thee Tribute of all the Nations of the Earth.

Pygmalion dreads both Strangers and Subjects : Instead of opening, according to our ancient Custom, his Ports with an entire Freedom to all Nations how remote soever, he will have an Account of what Number of Ships come in, and from what Country, the Names of the Men on Board, what Commodities they deal in, with the Valuation of them, and the Time they design to stay ; nay, he does worse, for he uses all manner of Artifice to circumvent the Merchants, and bring them under a Forfeiture of their Goods. Such of them as he thinks abound most in Wealth, he contrives to ensnare under various Pretences ; he loads Trade with new Imposts, will be a Merchant himself, while every Body is afraid to have Dealings with him.

Thus Commerce sickens ; Foreigners forget, by little and little, the Way to *Tyre*, which was once so well known to them, and if *Pygmalion* goes on thus, our Glory and our Power will soon be transferr'd to some other People, who are under a better Government.

I then ask'd *Narbal* by what Method the *Tyrians* came to make such a Figure at Sea ; for I
was

was unwilling to be ignorant of any Thing that might be serviceable in the Administration of a State. We have, said he, the Forests of *Libanus*, which furnish us with Timber for Shipping, and we carefully preserve them for that Purpose: We never fell the Trees but for the publick Occasions; and as for the building of Ships, we are provided with very able Shipwrights. Where did you meet with these Artists, said I? They were train'd up, said he, by Degrees in the Country: When those who excel in Arts are suitably rewarded, Men will never be wanting to carry them to the utmost Perfection; for Men of the best Talents and Understanding, never fail to apply themselves to those Arts which are attended with great Recompences.

(b) In this City we honour all those who are successful in the Arts and in the Sciences relating to Navigation. We value a Man that understands Geometry, we shew a very great Esteem for an able Astronomer, and we liberally gratify a Pilot who surpasses others in his Function: We do not despise a good Carpenter; on the contrary we pay him well, and use him handsomely: Even Men that are expert at Rowing are sure of a Recompence equal to their Service; they are well cloath'd and dieted (i); Care is taken of them

(b) *Cicero* says, That Glory is the Nurse of Arts; but we may venture to say, that in this Point Rewards go Hand in Hand with Glory, if they go not before it. Ordinary Men will never be so fond of Virtue, as to be contented with empty Praise alone, and with a Merit that brings them no Profit.

(i) At *Athens*, such as excelled in any Art, or who rendered any eminent Service to the Republick, and had deserved well of the Commonwealth, were maintain'd at the publick Charge in the *Prytanæum*; which was look'd upon as the most honourable Recompence they could make them.

in their Sickness, nor in their Absence are their Wives and Children neglected ; if they perish by Shipwreck, we make their Family amends for the Loss of them ; and 'tis our Custom to give our Mariners the Liberty of going Home, when they have serv'd a certain Number of Years. By these Means we have as many in our Service as we please ; Fathers rejoyce in bringing up their Children in so good a Profession, and therefore begin early to teach them to handle an Oar, to manage the Tackle, and despise a Storm.

And thus, by Means of these Rewards and good Order, we lead Men without compelling them : Authority alone never did any Good ; the Submission and outward behaviour of Inferiors is not enough ; their Hearts must be gain'd, and Men ought to find their own Account in serving the State.

After this Discourse, *Narbal* carry'd me to see the Store-houses, the Arsenals, and the several Trades that contribute to the building and fitting out of Ships. I was very inquisitive into all the most minute Particulars, and took down in Writing all that I had learnt, for fear of forgetting any useful Circumstance.

Mean while, *Narbal*, who knew *Pygmalion's* Temper, was impatient for my Departure, (tho' he loved me) fearing lest I should be discover'd by the King's Spies, who were upon the Watch Night and Day, for Matter of Information ; but the Winds did not as yet allow us to embark. While we were thus taken up in visiting the Port, and asking Merchants divers Questions, we saw an Officer of *Pygmalion's* coming to us. He accosting *Narbal*, said, the King is just now inform'd, by a Captain of one of those Ships
which

which return'd with you from *Egypt*, that you have brought a certain Stranger who passes for a *Cyprian*: 'Tis the King's Pleasure to have him seiz'd and examin'd, that he may know who he is, and for this you are to answer with your Head.

Whilst this was passing, I was at some small Distance from *Narbal*, in order to take a narrower Observation of the Proportions which the *Tyrians* kept in the Building of a Ship that was upon the Stocks, which was, by Reason of the Mathematical Exactness of its Parts, the best Sailer that ever went out of that Harbour. I was asking the Builder who it was that had drawn the Plan of that Ship.

But to return to *Narbal*: He, under the utmost Consternation and Surprise, answer'd the Messenger, that he would make it his Business to find out that *Cyprian* Stranger. But as soon as the Officer was gone clear away, he ran to me, and told me the Danger I was in. I too well foresaw what would happen (said he) my dear *Telemachus*, we are both undone: The King, whom Day and Night his Diffidence torments, suspects that you are not a *Cyprian*, but will have you seiz'd and put into his Hands, on Forfeiture of my Head. What Course shall we take? O Gods, inspire us with Wisdom to deliver ourselves from this Danger! You shall go with me, *Telemachus*, to the King's Palace; there you shall affirm that you are a *Cyprian*, of the City of *Amathus*, and Son to a Statuary of *Venus*: I will aver that I formerly was an Acquaintance of your Father's; and perhaps the King, without any farther Enquiry, may suffer you to depart: I see no other way to save your Life and mine. I answer'd him, O *Narbal*,
suffer

future a miserable Wretch to perish since Fate will have it so ! I know how to die, and am too much oblig'd to you to involve you in my Misfortune. I cannot resolve with myself to be guilty of a Lye ; I am no *Cyprian*, nor can I call myself such : The Gods are Witnesses to my Sincerity ; 'tis for them to preserve my Life, if they please, by their Power (*k*), but I will not go about to save it by an Untruth.

Such an Untruth, reply'd *Narbal*, has nothing criminal in it : The Gods themselves cannot disapprove of it ; it does no Man any Injury ; it saves the Lives of two innocent Persons, and deceives the King only to prevent him from committing a great Crime. Let me tell you, *Telemachus*, you carry the Love of Virtue too far, and are too scrupulous in your Fears of offending Religion.

But, said I, still it is Falshood, and consequently unworthy of a Man, who speaks in the Presence of the Gods, and who ought to prefer Truth before all other Considerations. He that offends the Truth, offends the Gods, and wrongs Himself, because he speaks against his Conscience. Forbear, O *Narbal*, to propose to me what is unworthy of us both. If the Gods have any Pity for us, they will know how to deliver us ; if 'tis their Pleasure we should perish, we shall fall the Victims of Truth, and leave an Example to Mankind to prefer spotless Virtue before long Life : My own is already too long, since it is thus unhappy ; 'tis for you alone, my dear *Narbal*, that my Heart is melt-

(*k*) Men of truly great Spirits will not find this piece of Morality beyond their Capacity. It is setting too great

a Value upon Life, says an ancient Author, to preserve it at the Expence of Virtue.

ed; why should your Kindness for an unhappy Stranger be attended with such fatal Consequences to yourself!

We continu'd for some Time in this kind of Conflict, but at last we saw a Man running to us till he was quite out of Breath; he was one of the King's Officers, and was sent to *Narbal* by *Astarbe*. This Woman was beauteous as a Goddess; to the Charms of her Body were added those of a refin'd Wit; she was gay, insinuating, and knew how to flatter. Under a smooth Appearance, she, like the *Syrens*, had a Heart fill'd with Cruelty and Malice, yet she could conceal her corrupt Designs with the deepest Dissimulation. She had made herself Mistress of *Pygmalion's* Heart by her Beauty, by her Wit, her enchanting Voice, and her exquisite playing on the Lute; and *Pygmalion*, blinded by the violent Passion he had for her, had abandon'd *Topha* his lawful Consort. He made it his sole Study to indulge the ambitious *Astarbe* in all her Desires. The Love of this Woman was well nigh as fatal to him as his sordid Avarice; but tho' he had so great a Fondness for her, she despis'd and loath'd him in her Heart, yet so artfully cover'd her true Sentiments, that she seem'd unable to live without him, at the same time that she cou'd not endure him.

There was at *Tyre* a young Man of *Lydia* named *Malachon*, of marvellous Beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and swallow'd up in Pleasure; his only Study was how to preserve the Delicacy of his Complexion, to comb his flaxen Locks, which wav'd upon his Shoulders, to perfume himself, to adjust his Robe in the nicest Manner, to sing amorous Songs to the Musick of his Lute. *Astarbe* saw him, and became enamour'd

enamour'd of him to Distraction ; he despis'd her, being in Love with another Woman ; besides, he was afraid of exposing himself to the cruel Jealousy of the King. *Astarbe*, finding herself scorn'd, loos'd the Reins to her Resentment ; in her Despair she fancy'd it possible to make *Malachon* pass for the Stranger that the King had requir'd of *Narbal* ; and accordingly she quickly perswaded the King as she desir'd, and brib'd all those who had it in their Power to undeceive him ; for he, having no Kindness for virtuous Men, and not knowing how to distinguish them, was always surrounded by such only as were mercenary, crafty, ready to execute his unjust and bloody Orders : These Men stood in fear of *Astarbe*'s Authority, and concurr'd with her to deceive the King for fear of displeasing this haughty Woman, who engross'd him entirely to herself.

Thus the young *Malachon*, tho' known by all the City to be a *Lydian*, pass'd for the young Stranger whom *Narbal* had brought from *Egypt*, and accordingly was hurry'd away to Prison. *Astarbe*, fearing lest *Narbal* should go to the King and discover her Imposture, had sent this Officer to him, with the following Message : *Astarbe* forbids you to discover your Stranger to the King ; she requires nothing of you but Silence, and will so manage the Affair, that the King shall be satisfy'd with your Conduct ; meanwhile, use all Expedition to embark, among the *Cyprians*, the young Stranger, whom you brought from *Egypt*, that he may no more be seen in the City. *Narbal*, overjoy'd to save his own Life and mine, promis'd to be silent : and the Officer, pleas'd that he had obtain'd what he was

F 2

dispatch'd

dispatch'd about, return'd forthwith to give *Astarbe* an Account of his Success.

Narbal and I admir'd the Goodness of the Gods, who had rewarded our Sincerity, and had taken such remarkable Care of those who had hazarded all for the sake of Virtue. We reflected with Horror upon a King so enslav'd to Avarice and Voluptuousness. He who so excessively fears to be deceiv'd, said we, deserves to be deceiv'd; and he is so almost always, and in the grossest Manner; for he is distrustful of Men of Honour, and is govern'd only by Villains: He is the only Person who is ignorant of the Truth of Things.

See how *Pygmalion* is made the Sport of a shameless Woman: Mean while the Gods make Use of the Deceit of the Wicked to save the Good, who chuse to part with Life, rather than to be guilty of Deceit.

In the midst of these Reflections, we perceiv'd the Wind begin to change, and to become favourable to the *Cyprian* Fleet. The Gods declare themselves, said *Narbal*; they resolve, my dear *Telemachus*, to watch o'er your Welfare, and provide for your Security. Fly from this cruel, this accursed Land. Happy he who could follow you to the remotest Parts of the World! Happy he who might live and die with you! But my hard Fate has chain'd me down to this unhappy Country: I must suffer with her, perhaps be bury'd in her Ruins; no matter, provided I may always speak the Truth, and my Heart cleave to what is just. As for you, O my dear *Telemachus*, I pray the Gods, who lead you as it were by the Hand, may grant you the most valuable Gift they have to bestow,
namely

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namely a Virtue pure and unblemish'd to the last Breath of Life ! Live, O *Telemachus* ! return to *Ithaca*, be a Comfort to *Penelope*, deliver her from the Torment of those who solicit her ; may your Eyes see, and your Arms embrace the wise *Ulysses*, and may he find in you a Son equal to him in Wisdom : But in the midst of your good Fortune, bestow a Thought on the unhappy *Narbal*, and never cease to love me.

When he had concluded these Words, Torrents of Tears ran down my Cheeks, nor could I answer him by reason of the Sighs I fetch'd from the Depth of my Heart. We embrac'd each other in Silence ; he brought me to the Ship, he tarried on the Shore ; and when the Ship put off, we continu'd looking towards each other till 'twas in vain by reason of the Distance.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus's Story, that he may take some Repose. Mentor blames him, when alone, for entering upon a Relation of his Adventures; but however advises him to finish it since he has begun. Telemachus relates, That in his Voyage from Tyre to the Isle of Cyprus, he had a Dream, wherein he saw Minerva protecting him against Venus and Cupid; that afterwards he also thought he saw Mentor exhorting him to fly the Isle of Cyprus; that when he awoke,

awoke, a Tempest must have cast away the Ship, if he himself had not taken the Rudder in Hand, the Cyprians being so overcome with Wine they could not work : That at his Arrival in the Island, he saw with Horror most contagious Examples of Debauchery, but that the Syrian, Hazael, whose Slave Mentor was now become, happening then to be in the same Place, once more brought together the two Greeks, and took them in his Ship to carry them to Crete ; and that in this Passage they saw the glorious Spectacle of Amphitrite drawn in her Carr by Sea-Horses.

CALYPSO, who till this Moment had continu'd motionless and suspended with Pleasure in hearing the Adventures of *Telemachus*, now interrupted him, that he might take some Repose. 'Tis Time for you, said she, after so many Labours, to taste the Balsamick Cordial, Sleep ; you have nothing here to fear ; every Thing smiles on you ; then give a Loose to Joy ; indulge to Peace, and all the other Blessings which Heaven is going to shower down upon you. To Morrow, when the rosy-finger'd *Aurora* has unbarr'd the golden Gates of the East, and the Horses of the Sun, mounting from the brackish Deep, spread abroad the Torches of the Day, and drive before them every Star of Heaven, we will resume, my dear *Telemachus*, the History of your Misfortunes (1). Never did your Father equal your Wisdom and Courage : Neither *Achilles*, who conquer'd

(1) There is no Praise more odious than that which is bestowed at the Expence of another. It is downright A-

dulation, or Sterility of Genius, to praise any one by the Way of Comparison,

Hector, nor *Ithys*, who return'd from Hell, nor even the great *Alcides*, who purg'd the Earth from numberless Monsters, did ever shew so much Fortitude and Virtue as you. May a profound Sleep make this Night seem short to you ; but alas ! how long will it be to me ! how impatient I am to see you again, to hear your Voice, to make you repeat the Things you have already told me, to ask of you all that is yet untold ! Go, my dear *Telemachus*, with the sage *Mentor*, whom the Gods have restor'd to you : Go into that private Grotto, where every Thing is prepar'd for your Repose. May the God of Sleep pour forth his gentlest Charms on your closing Eye-lids ; may he insfil an Ambrosian Vapour thro' every harass'd Limb, and send you tender Dreams, which lightly flutt'ring round you, may sooth your Senses with the most pleasing Images, and drive far from you whatever might abruptly discontinue your Rest !

The Goddess herself conducted *Telemachus* to this Grotto, which was separated from her own, but not inferior to it for an agreeable Rusticity : One Corner of it was wash'd with a Fountain, which with a grateful Murmuring invited calm Repose ; the Nymphs had prepar'd in it two Beds of the softest Greens, on which they had thrown two ample Skins ; of a Lyon for *Telemachus*, and of a Bear for *Mentor*.

Before they suffer'd Sleep to seal their Eye-lids, *Mentor* spoke thus to *Telemachus*: The Pleasure of relating your History, transported you beyond due Bounds ; you have charm'd the Goddess, by relating to her the Dangers which by your Courage and Dexterity you have surmounted. This has only serv'd to inflame her Heart the more, and to bring on yourself a yet

more dangerous Captivity. How can you expect that she will now suffer you to depart from her Island, you who have enchanted her with the Recital of your Adventures? (m) A vain-glorious Levity has caused you to speak without Prudence. She had promis'd to make you acquainted with the Fate of *Ulysses*; she found Means of speaking a great deal without saying any Thing, and got out of you every Thing that she wanted to know. Such is the Artifice of flattering and lustful Women. When will you, O *Telemachus*, be so wise as not to speak any thing out of Ostentation, and so modest as to conceal what is for your own Glory, when there's no Necessity to mention it? While others admire your Wisdom at an Age which may very pardonably want it, I can forgive you nothing; 'tis I alone who know you, and love you enough to observe to you all your Faults. How far, how very far does your Father-distance you in Point of Wisdom! But, said *Telemachus*, could I refuse to give *Calypso* an Account of my Disasters? No, said *Mentor*; there was no avoiding it; but then you ought to have managed it in such a manner as to have omitted every Thing that could have rais'd in her any Passion except that of Pity: You should have told her that you have been sometimes bewilder'd in Desarts, at another time a Prisoner in *Sicily*, and afterwards a Captive in *Egypt*; this had

(m) It is no difficult thing to deceive such as are fond of showing their Wit. *Budæus* was commissioned to transact an important Affair with *Leo* the Tenth. This Pope, to amuse him, or rather to be-

fool him, was continually proposing to him, in all his Audiences, some Point of Antiquity to clear up and unfold: *Budæus* displayed his Erudition, but forgot the Business of his Embassy.

been

been enough; all beyond has only serv'd to encrease the Poison that had already scorch'd her Heart. The Gods preserve you from the like Infection!

But what would you have me do now, said *Telemachus* in a modest and submissive Manner? 'Tis now too late, reply'd *Mentor*, to conceal from her the rest of your Adventures; she knows too much of them already to be deceiv'd in what's to come; any Reserve on your part would but provoke her: Conclude therefore your Relation to Morrow; let her know every Thing that the Gods have done for you, and learn another Time to speak more sparingly of Things that may tend to your own Commendation. *Telemachus* kindly receiv'd this good Advice, and so they betook themselves to Sleep.

Phæbus had no sooner spread his earliest Beams on the Earth, but *Mentor*, hearing the Goddess call to her Nymphs in the Wood, awaken'd *Telemachus*. It is Time, said he to him, to shake off Sleep; come, let us return to *Calypso*, but be cautious how you trust to her bewitching Tongue; keep your Heart fast shut against her, and dread the specious Poison of her Praises. Yesterday she set you above your wise Father, above the invincible *Achilles*, above the renown'd *Theseus*, nay, *Hercules* too, who is now crown'd with Immortality for his glorious Actions. Could you not see thro' these excessive Encomiums? Did you believe what she said? Know that she believes it not herself: She would not thus praise you, but that she takes you to be weak and vain enough to be impos'd upon in that manner with Elogiums disproportion'd to your Actions.

After

After this, they went to the Place where the Goddess waited for them : She smil'd when she saw them, and under an Appearance of Joy she cover'd the Fear and Inquietude that disturb'd her Heart ; for she foresaw that *Telemachus*, influenc'd by *Mentor*, would escape her Hands, as *Ulysses* had done. Go on said she, my dear *Telemachus*, and satisfy my Curiosity ; methought I saw you all the Night on your Voyage from *Phœnicia*, and seeking a new Destiny in the Island of *Cyprus* : Give me then some Account of this Voyage without a Moment's Delay. And immediately they sat down in a shady Grove, upon the green Turf, thick sown with Violets.

Calypso could not forbear looking incessantly upon *Telemachus* in the most tender and passionate Manner, nor see without Rage that *Mentor* took Notice of the least Glance of her Eye.

Mean while, the Nymphs in Silence lean'd forward to listen, and form'd a Semi-circle, that they might hear and see with the greater Advantage. The Eyes of the whole Assembly were immoveably nail'd on the young Man. *Telemachus*, looking down, and gracefully blushing, thus resum'd the Thread of his Discourse.

Scarce had the propitious Wind fill'd our Sails, when the Coast of *Phœnicia* was entirely vanish'd from our Eyes. And because I was in Company with the *Cyprians*, whose Manners I was a Stranger to, I resolv'd to be silent, and observe every Thing that pass'd, not in the least transgressing the Bounds of Prudence, that so I might win their Esteem. But, during my Silence, I fell into an agreeable and profound Sleep, my Senses were ty'd up and suspended, my Heart was environ'd with Serenity and Joy. On a sudden, methought I saw *Venus* descending
from

from the Clouds in her flying Chariot, drawn by a Pair of Doves. She had the same radiant Beauty, the same lively Youth, the same soft Graces that appear'd in her, when she sprung from the Foam of the Ocean, and dazled the Eyes of *Jupiter* himself.

She flew down with extreme Rapidity, and alighted just by me; and smilingly placed her Hand upon my Shoulder; then, calling me by my Name, Young *Greek*, said she, thou art going into my peculiar Empire; thou shalt soon arrive in that fortunate Island where Pleasures, Sports, and jocund Mirth abound; there thou shalt burn Perfumes upon my Altars, there will I overwhelm thee in a River of Delights; open thou thy Heart to the gayest Hopes, and beware thou resist not the most potent of all the Goddesses who is pleased to make thee Happy.

At the same Time I saw her Son *Cupid*, who with his little Wings kept flutt'ring round his Mother. Tho he had in his Visage the tender Grace and Prettiness of Infancy, yet there was something so piercing in his Eyes, it made me afraid: he smil'd when he look'd upon me, but his Smiles were malicious, sneering and cruel: he took from forth his Golden Quiver the sharpest pointed Arrow; he bent his Bow and aim'd at my Heart, when *Minerva* on a sudden appear'd and cover'd me with her immortal Shield.

The Face of this Goddess had not that childish Beauty, nor that affected Langour, which I had observ'd in the Face and Mien of *Venus*. On the contrary, her Beauty was simple, negligent, modest; all was grave, heroick, noble, full of Efficacy and Majesty. The Arrow, unable to pierce the Shield, fell down upon the Ground.

Cupid

Cupid with Indignation fetch'd a deep Sigh, a-
sham'd to see himself defeated; Away, cry'd
Minerva, away, rash Boy; be gone; thou
ne'er canst conquer any but unworthy Souls,
who love dishonourable Pleasures more than
Wisdom, Virtue, and Glory.

Cupid, incens'd at these Words, flew away,
and *Venus* ascended again towards *Olympus*; I
long beheld her Chariot with her two Doves,
dancing in a Cloud of Gold and Azure; at last
she disappear'd. When I turn'd my Eyes to-
wards the Earth, *Minerva* too was missing.

Methought I was carry'd into a delicious Gar-
den, such as the *Elysian* Fields are painted out.
There I met with *Mentor*, who said to me, Fly
from this cruel Land, this contagious Island,
whose Inmates breathe nothing but Pleasure;
where the most impregnable Virtue ought to
tremble, and cannot secure itself, but by flying.
As soon as I saw him, I offer'd to throw my
Arms about his Neck to embrace him, but I
found my Feet had lost their Motion, my Knees
fail'd me, and my Hands, attempting to lay
hold on *Mentor*, follow'd an empty Shadow,
that still mock'd my Grasp.

In this Pursuit I awaked, and found that this
mysterious Dream was a divine Admonition (n).
I felt myself strongly fortify'd against the Temp-

(n) Those who are inebri-
ated, as one may say, with
the Love of Glory, are supe-
rior to all the Charms of Sen-
suality. 'Tis well known
with what a noble Indifference
the Hero of Greece looked up-
on *Darius's* Wife and Daugh-
ters. *Scipio Africanus*, chaste

even in his Looks, would not
so much as see the greatest
Beauty of King *Indibilis's*
Court; but after he had
given her her Ransom for her
Dower, he restored her to
him to whom she was be-
trothed.

tations of Pleasure: I perceiv'd within me a Diffidence of my own Conduct, and a just Detestation of the luxurious Life of the *Cyprians*. But what pierc'd me to the Heart, was, that I saw *Mentor* dead, and having pass'd the *Stygian* Lake, he was become an Inhabitant of those happy Mansions of the Just.

This Thought made me shed a Torrent of Tears. The *Cyprians* ask'd me why I wept: These Tears, said I, do but too well besit the Condition of an unhappy Stranger, who despairs of ever seeing his Country again. Mean while, all the *Cyprians* that were in the Ship gave themselves up to the most wanton Joys; the Rowers, Enemies to Labour, fell asleep upon their Oars; the Pilot, with a Garland of Flowers upon his Head, left the Rudder, and held in his Hand a vast Goblet of Wine which he had almost empty'd. He and all the rest, possess'd with the Fury of *Bacchus*, sung such Verses in Honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as ought to strike a Horror into all who love Virtue.

Whilst they thus overlook'd the Dangers of the Sea, a sudden Storm began to discompose the Face of Heaven; the Winds, unchain'd, made a dreadful Ratling among the Shrouds; the Waves beat furiously against the Sides of the Ship, which groan'd again with Labouring: One while we rode upon the Back of the swol'n Billows; another while the Sea seem'd to slip from under the Vessel, and to throw us into a bottomless Pit; we saw the Rocks close by us, and the angry Surges dashing against them with a dreadful Noise. Then I experienc'd the Truth of what I had heard *Mentor* often say, that Men who lead disorderly Lives, and were Slaves to Pleasure, always want Courage in Time of Danger:

Danger : (o) All our *Cyprians* were frighted and wept like Women ; nothing was heard but piteous Cries, bitter Reflections upon the Pleasures of Life, idle Promises to the Gods to offer them numberless Sacrifices, if they arriv'd safe in Harbour ; no one had Presence of Mind enough either to know how to work the Ship himself, or to give Directions to others. In these Circumstances, I thought it my Duty to save the Lives of others as well as my own : I took the Rudder in Hand, because the Pilot, disordered with Wine, like a raving Bacchanal-Priestess was incapable of judging of the Danger the Ship was in. I cheer'd the astonish'd Mariners, I made them take down the Sails ; they ply'd their Oars vigorously ; we steer'd by the Side of Rocks and Quick-sands, and saw all the Horrors of Death staring us in the Face.

This Escape seem'd like a Dream to all those who were beholden to me for the Preservation of their Lives ; they look'd upon me with Amazement. We arriv'd at *Cyprus* in that Month of the Spring which is consecrated to *Venus*. This vernal Season, say the *Cyprians*, is the most suitable to that Goddess, because it seems to reanimate the whole Frame of Nature, and to give Birth to Pleasures and Flowers at the same Time.

From my first touching the Island, I perceiv'd an unusual Temperament in the Air, emasculat-

(o) The *Cyprians* were the most effeminate of all the *Greeks*, and whilst the other Nations gallantly defended their Liberty against the Emperor of *Persia*, they sordidly paid Tribute to that Prince. All the Politicians of Antiqui-

ty have looked upon a State wherein Pleasure is prefered to Glory, to be pretty near its Fall. There is not, perhaps, in History any one Maxim that is better vouched by frequency of Examples.

ing

ing the Body, and infusing a wanton toying Humour. I observ'd the Country tho naturally fertile and delightful, was in a Manner quite uncultivated, such a strong Aversion had the Inhabitants to Labour. Wherever I went I saw multitudes of Maids and young Women, finically dress'd out, vainly singing the Praises of *Venus*, and going to devote themselves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy and Pleasure, were equally conspicuous in their Aspects; but their Graces were too much affected, devoid of that noble Simplicity, that amiable Bashfulness, which makes the greatest Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Dissoluteness, a study'd Adjustment of the Muscles of their Faces, their Fantastick Ornaments, their mincing Gate, their Eyes which seem'd to lie in wait for those of the Men, their mutual Jealousy of each others Charms: In a Word, all that I saw in these Women appear'd vile and despicable to me; by too much endeavouring to please me they rais'd my Aversion.

I was conducted to a Temple of the Goddess; she has several in that Island; she is particularly ador'd at *Cythera*, *Idalia*, and *Paphos*; 'twas to that of *Cythera* I was carry'd; the Temple is all of Marble; 'tis a perfect *Perystilium*; the Pillars are so lofty and so large, that they give a majestic Air to the whole Building. At each Face of the Fabrick there are large Pediments, on which are represented the most agreeable Adventures of that Goddess, in *Basso-Relievo*: At the Gate there are perpetually vast Crouds of People, attending to make their Offerings. No Victim is ever slain within the Circuit of the sacred Place; the Fat of Bulls and Heifers is not burnt here as in other Countries. No Blood is
ever

ever shed there ; they only present before the Altar the Victims that are to be offer'd, and no Beast may be offer'd but what is young, white, without Spot or Blemish ; they are cover'd with purple Fillets edg'd with Gold ; their Horns are gilded and garnish'd with Nosegays of the most odoriferous Flowers : After they have been presented at the Altar, they are led to a private Place without the Precinct, where they are slain for the Repast of the Goddess's Priests.

Here also are offer'd up all Sorts of perfum'd Liquors, and Wines more sweet than Nectar. The Priests are cloath'd in long white Robes with Girdles of Gold, and Fringes of the same round the Bottom of their Garment : They burn Night and Day upon the Altars the most exquisite Perfumes of the Orient, ascending to Heaven in curling Clouds of Smoke. Every Pillar is adorn'd with Garlands of Flowers ; all the Vases that are used for the Sacrifice are of Gold ; a sacred Grove of Myrtle encompasses the Edifice : None but Boys and Girls of a superlative Beauty may present the Victims to the Priests, or kindle the Fire upon the Altars : But yet this magnificent Temple is dishonour'd by Impudence and Dissolution (p). At first I was strangely shock'd at what I saw, but it insensibly began to grow familiar to me : I was no longer afraid of Vice ; all Companies inspir'd me with I know not what Inclination for Intemperance ; they ridicul'd my Innocence ; my Reservedness and my Modesty became the Sport of this shameless People.

♥ (p) All these Descriptions are copied after antient Historians. *Strabo* relates, that there were upwards of twelve hundred Courtezans in one Temple of *Venus*.

They omitted nothing to excite all my Passions, to lay Snares for me, and to awaken in me a Taste for Pleasure : I found myself warping every Day : The good Education I had receiv'd cou'd scarce support me any longer : all my virtuous Resolutions vanish'd away : I no more found in myself an Ability to resist the Temptations which assaulted me on all Sides ; I even began to be ashamed of Virtue (q). I was like a Man swimming in a deep and rapid River ; at first he dashes the Waves aside and rises vigorously against the Torrent, but if the Banks are so steep that he can find no Place to rest himself, he tires by Degrees, and at length his Strength forsakes him ; his Limbs quite spent grow stiff, and the Stream carries him away : So my Eyes began to be clouded, my Heart fail'd me, I could no longer recal either my Reason or the Remembrance of my Father's Virtues. The Dream which I had of the sage *Mentor's* Descent into the *Elysian* Fields utterly discourag'd me. A secret Luke-warmness seiz'd upon me ; I already began to be in Love with the gilded Poison that insinuated itself into all my Veins, and penetrated even to the Marrow of my Bones. Yet, for all this, I would sometimes fetch deep Sighs, shed scalding Tears, and roar like a Lion in his Rage. O unhappy State of Youth, said I ! O Gods, who make Mankind your cruel Sport ! why cause you them to pass thro' that Age which is a Time of Folly, or rather a burning Fever ? O why am

(q) This is a lively Image of a virtuous Mind struggling against Voluptuousness. Of all the Labours of *Hercules* This is that which the An-

tients have the most extolled, thereby to teach us, that the most glorious Victory a Hero can obtain, is the Conquest over himself.

I not cover'd with grey Hairs, depress'd with Years, and bending towards my Grave, like my Grandfather *Laertes*. Death would be more pleasing to me than the opprobrious Weakness I now feel.

Scarce had I thus spoke when my Grief began to grow less; and my Heart, intoxicated with a foolish Passion, shook off almost all Shame. After this, I found myself plung'd into an Abyss of Remorse: During this Trouble I ran up and down in the sacred Wood, like a Fawn that is wounded by the Huntsman: She flies thro' vast Forests to appease her Pain; but still the Arrow that pierc'd her sticks in her Side and follows her throughout: Wherever she goes she carries with her the murd'rous Shaft: Thus I endeavour'd to forget my Troubles, by running away as 'twere from myself; but nothing allay'd the Wound of my Heart.

In that Moment I saw at some Distance from me, in the thick Shade of the Wood, the Figure of the sage *Mentor*. But his Visage seem'd so pale, so sad, and so austere, that I felt not the least Joy in seeing him. Is it you then, O my dear Friend? My only Hope, is it you? Is it you yourself, or is a deceitful Image come to abuse my Eyes? Is it you, O *Mentor*, or is it your Ghost, still sensible of my Misfortunes? Are you not among those blessed Spirits who enjoy the Reward of their Virtue, on whom the Gods bestow a calm and undisturbed Peace, and Pleasures unallay'd, in the *Elysian* Fields? Speak, *Mentor*, do you yet live? Am I so happy as to possess you; or is it not rather the Shadow of my Friend? Saying these Words, I ran to him with so much Transport that I was quite out of Breath: He stood still, unmov'd, with-

out stepping in the least towards me. O Gods, you are Witnesses with what Joy I felt him in my Arms! No, 'tis not an empty Shadow, I hold him fast, I embrace him, my dear *Mentor*! thus I cry'd out. I bedew'd his Face with a Flood of Tears; I was lock'd fast to his Neck, without being able to speak. He look'd sorrowfully at me with Eyes full of tender Compassion.

At last I said to him, Alas! where have you been? To what Dangers have you expos'd me by your Absence? And what shou'd I now do without you? But he, interrupting me, said with a frightful Voice, Fly, fly without Delay: This Soil is productive of nothing but Poison; the very Air is pestilent: The Men are contagious, and only converse together to communicate to each other the fatal Venom. A base and infamous Voluptuousness, the most terrible of all those Evils that issu'd from *Pandora's* Box, enervates all the Inhabitants, and suffers no such Thing as Virtue in this Island. Away, why tarry you? Look not once behind you, and as you haste away cast from you the Remembrance of this execrable Island.

He spoke, and I instantly perceiv'd as it were a thick Cloud breaking from about my Eyes, and admitting a pure and beautiful Light; a sweet Serenity, accompany'd with a noble Resolution, sprang up within my Heart. This Joy was very different from that loose and dissolute one which had poison'd my Senses: The first is a Joy of Drunkenness and Disorder, intermixt with furious Passions and tormenting Remorse: The second is a Joy of Reason, attended with a kind of celestial Happiness: It is always pure and equal; nothing can hurt or exhaust it: The deeper we drink of it, the more agreeable is the Taste;

Taste; it ravishes the Soul without discomposing it. Then I began to pour forth Tears of Joy, and found that nothing was more sweet than to weep in this manner. Happy, (said I, are those Men to whom Virtue displays herself in all her Beauty! Can any one see her and not love her? and can we love her without being happy? Here *Mentor*, breaking in, said, I must leave you; I must depart this Moment, I am not allow'd to stay any longer. Where, said I, are you going? into what uninhabitable Desert will I not follow you? Don't think you can get from me; I will rather die in the Pursuit of you. Saying these Words, I grasp'd him with all my Strength. 'Tis in vain, said he, for you to hope to detain me. The cruel *Metopis* fold me to certain *Æthiopians* or *Arabs*, who going to *Damascus* in *Syria* upon account of Trade, resolv'd to part with me, for a Sum of Money, to one *Hazael*, who wanted a *Greek* Slave to inform him of the Customs of *Greece*, and instruct him in our Arts and Sciences. In fine, *Hazael* purchased me at a great Price. What he has learnt of me concerning our Manners has given him a Curiosity to go into the Island of *Crete* to study the wholesome Laws of *Minos*. During our Voyage, the Weather has forc'd us in here at *Cyprus*; and in Expectation of a favourable Wind, he is come to make his Offerings in the Temple; see there, that's he that's coming from it: The Winds call us, our Sails are hoisted: Adieu, dear *Telemachus*: A Slave that fears the Gods ought faithfully to serve his Master: The Gods no longer leave me at my own Disposal; if they did, They know it, I would be entirely yours. Farewel. Remember the Sufferings of *Ulysses* and the Tears of *Penelope*. Let the just Gods

be ever in your Mind. O Heaven, that protectest Innocence, in what a Country am I forced to leave *Telemachus* !

No, no, said I to him, my dear *Mentor*, it shall not be in your Power to leave me here; I'll rather dye than see you depart without me. Is this *Syrian* Master so void of Pity? Did he in his Infancy suck the Milk of a Tygres? Will he tear you from my Arms? He must either kill me or suffer me to follow you: You bid me fly, and yet will not suffer me to fly after you: I'll go to *Hazael*; perhaps he may compassionate my Youth and Tears. Since he is a Lover of (s) Wisdom, and goes so far in Search of it, he cannot have a savage and obdurate Heart. I will cast myself at his Feet, embrace his Knees, nor let him go till he has given me Leave to follow you. My dear *Mentor*, I can be a Slave with you; I will offer myself to him for such: If he refuses me, my Doom is decreed, and I'll tug no more at the Oar of Life.

In this Instant *Hazael* call'd *Mentor*: I went and threw myself at his Feet; he was surpriz'd to see an unknown Person in that prostrate Posture. What is it you desire of me, said he? Life, reply'd I; for I cannot live if you do not suffer me to follow *Mentor* who belongs to you. I am Son to the great *Ulysses*, the wisest of all the Kings of *Greece*, who subverted the haughty Town of *Troy*, so renown'd throughout all *Asia*. 'Tis not out of Ostentation that I repeat this Particular of my Birth, but only to create in you some Pity of my Misfortunes. I have sought

(s) The first Fruit of Wisdom is *Humanity*. There is nothing in the Universe more valuable than *Man*, and it is in that point of View that the Sage considers him.





Telemachus begs Mentor's Liberty of Hazaël.

my Father in all the Seas, having with me this Man, who was to me a second Father: Fortune, to fill up the Measure of my Unhappiness, has depriv'd me of him, and made him your Slave, and I beg you'd let me be so too. If it be true, that you are a Lover of Justice, and are going to *Crete*, to learn the Laws of the good King *Minos*, harden not your Heart against my Sighs and Tears. You see before you the Son of a King, who is reduc'd to beg to be made a Slave of, as his only Refuge. Heretofore I would have chosen Death in *Sicily*, in Exchange for Servitude; but my first Disasters were but the feeble Essays of Fortune's Outrages: And now I tremble for Fear I should not be receiv'd into Servitude. O Gods, behold my Calamity! O *Hazael*, remember *Minos*, whose Wisdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the Kingdom of *Pluto*.

Hazael, looking upon me with Mildness and Humanity, put forth his Hand and rais'd me up. I am no Stranger, said he, to the Wisdom and Virtue of *Ulysses*. *Mentor* has often told me what Glory he acquir'd among the *Greeks*; nor has swift-wing'd Fame omitted to sound forth his Name among all the Nations of the East. Follow me, thou Son of *Ulysses*; I will be your Father, till you meet again with him that gave you Life. Nay, tho' I were not touch'd with the Glory of your Father, nor mov'd at his and your Misfortunes, yet the Kindness I have for *Mentor* would engage me to take Care of you. 'Tis true, I bought him as a Slave; but I keep him as a faithful Friend: (t) The Money he cost
has

(t) The noblest Use that | Treasures, is to engage emi-
Princes can make of their | nent Men in their Interest.

has acquir'd me the dearest and most valuable Friend I have in the World. In him I have found a Treasure of Wisdom; and all the Love I have for Virtue I am beholden to his Instructions for. From this Instant he is free, and you shall be so too; all I ask of either of you is your Heart.

In a Moment I pass'd from the severest Grief to the most sprightly Joy that Man can feel. I saw myself deliver'd from a dreadful Precipice, I was drawing near to my own Country, I met with one to assist me in my Return, I had the Comfort of being with a Man who already lov'd me for the sake of Virtue alone. In a Word, I found every Thing in finding *Mentor* again, whom I trusted I never more should lose.

Hazael advances to the Sea-shore; we follow him; we embark with him. Our Oars cleave the peaceful Waves; a gentle Zephyr wantons in our Sails; it animates the whole Ship, and gives an easy Motion to it. The Island of *Cyprus* soon disappears. *Hazael*, impatient to know my Mind, ask'd me what I thought of the Manners of that Island. I told him ingenuously to what Dangers my unripe Years had been expos'd, and the Conflict I had suffer'd within me.

He was pleas'd with my Abhorrence of Vice, and said these Words: O *Venus*, I acknowledge your's and your Son's Power. I have burnt Incense on your Altars, but be not displeas'd at me if I detest the dishonourable Luxury of the Inhabitants of your Island, and the brutal Impudence with which they celebrate your Festivals.

This was the brightest part | *der, Augustus, and Lewis the*
of the Character of *Alexan- | Great.*

After

After this he discours'd *Mentor* concerning that supreme Being which form'd the Heav'ns and the Earth; that pure, infinite, unchangeable Light, which communicates itself to all, without being divided or impoverish'd; that sov'reign, universal Verity which enlightens all Spirits, as the Sun does Bodies. He who has never seen that pure Light, adds he, is as dark as one that is born blind; he passes his Life in a dismal Obscurity, like that of those Regions where the Sun never appears for many Months of the Year; he thinks himself wise and is a Fool, fancies he sees every thing and sees nothing, and dies without having ever seen any Thing; at most, he perceives only obscure Glimmerings or false Glarings, empty Shadows and Phantoms that have no Reality. Thus are all Men borne away by sensual Pleasures, and the Witchcraft of Fancy. There are no right Men upon the Earth, but those who consult, who love, and adhere to this eternal Reason. When we think well and justly, 'tis she that inspires us; when we think otherwise 'tis she that reprehends us. The Understanding of Man, as well as his Life, is owing to her, and is her Gift. She is, as it were, a boundless Ocean of Light; the Minds of Men are like little Rivulets which flow from her, and which return and lose themselves in her again.

(u) Tho' I did not as yet perfectly comprehend the Wisdom of this Discourse, I nevertheless tasted in it something that was pure and sublime;

(u) We ought not to be fearful of bringing up Children in Sentiments and Notions above their Age. The first Play of *Heraules*, in his

Cradle, was strangling of Serpents. The Children of Heroes are Men before their time.

my

my Heart grew warm with it, and Truth seem'd to shine out in every Word he utter'd. They went on and spoke of the Origin of the Gods, of the Heroes, of the Poets, of the Golden Age, of the Deluge, of the first Accounts of Mankind, of the River of Forgetfulness wherein the Souls of the Dead are plung'd, of the eternal Pains that are stor'd up for the Wicked in the black-mouth'd Gulph of *Tartarus*, and of that blessed Tranquility enjoy'd by the Just in the *Elysian* Fields without any Apprehensions of ever losing it.

Whilst *Hazael* and *Mentor* were conversing together, we observ'd Numbers of Dolphins, whose Scales seem'd Gold and Azure. With their wanton playing in the Sea they work'd the Waves into a Foam. After them came the *Tritons*, sounding their wrythed Trumpets made of Shells; they encompass'd *Amphitrite's* Carr, drawn by Sea-Horses whiter than Snow; they cleft the briny Flood, and left far behind them vast Ridges in the Sea. Their Eyes flash'd Fire; and Smoke issued from their Mouths and Nostrils. The Chariot of the Goddess was a Shell of a wonderful Figure, it had a Whiteness exceeding the finest Ivory, and the Wheels were all of Gold. This Chariot seem'd to fly upon the Surface of the gentle Waves. A Shoal of Sea-nymphs, crown'd with Garlands, came swimming behind the Chariot; their lovely Locks hung loose upon their Shoulders, and played in the Wind. In one Hand the Goddess held a Golden Scepter to command the Waves; with the other she held upon her Knees the little God *Palæmon* her Son, who was sucking at her Breast: Her Face was so serene, so sweetly awful, it drove away seditious Winds and all tempestuous Blasts.

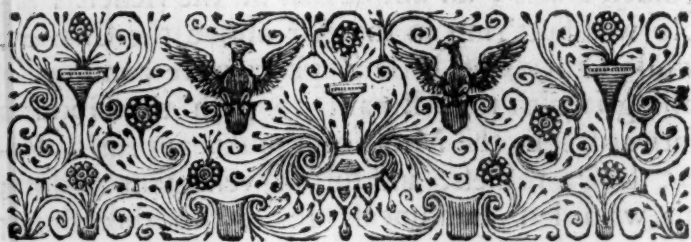
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The *Tritons* conducted the Horses, and held the golden Reins ; an ample Sail of the richest Purple was flutt'ring in the Air above the Chariot, while Crowds of little Zephyrs were continually filling it with their Breath to push the Goddess forward. In the Midst of the Air appear'd *Æolus*, busy, restless, and full of vehement Ardor ; his wrinkled and uneasy Face, his threat'ning Voice, his thick down-hanging Eyebrows, his Eyes full of a dusky and angry Fire, repel the Clouds, and kept the fierce and boisterous Winds in Silence. The Whales immense, and all the Monsters of the Sea, issued in Haste from their profound Recesses to gaze upon the Goddess, spouting such Stores of Water from their Nostrils, as made the Sea to ebb and flow alternate.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, That at his arrival in Crete, he heard that Idomeneus, the King of that Island, had sacrific'd his only Son to fulfil an indiscrete Vow; that the Cretans, in Revenge of the Son's Blood, had forc'd the Father to leave their Island; that after long Uncertainties what to do, they were now actually met together to elect another King. Telemachus adds, That he was admitted into this Assembly, that he bore away the Prize in several Games, and explain'd the Questions left by Minos in the Book of his Laws; that the Old Men, who were
Judges

Judges of the Island, and all the People, seeing his Wisdom, wou'd have made him their King.

AFTER we had for some Time been wond'ring at this Spectacle, we began to descry the Mountains of *Crete*, tho' we could as yet hardly distinguish them from the Clouds of Heaven and the Billows of the Sea. We soon saw the Top of *Ida's* Mount, which rises above the other Heights of the Island, as an old Stag in the Forest bears his branching Head above the young Fawns that follow after him. (x) By degrees we saw more distinctly the Coasts of the Island, which seem'd to represent an Amphitheatre. As the Land of *Cyprus* lay entirely neglected and uncultivated, so that of *Crete* was the reverse, being every where fertile and adorned with all manner of Fruits, through the Labour of the Inhabitants.

On all Sides we observ'd numerous well-built stately Cities, Towns, and Villages that look'd like Cities. We perceived no Place, either in Hill or Dale, where the Hand of the diligent Husbandman was not visible. The Plow had left deep Furrows in every Part : Thorns, Briars, Brambles, and all such Shrubs as are only a fruitless cumberance to the Earth, are here unknown entirely. We contemplated with Pleasure the hollow Vallies, where Troops of Oxen go lowing in the rich Pastures along the Banks of murm'ring Rivu-

(x) 'Twas from the *Cre-
tans* that *Greece* took the two
fundamental Sciences of a
State, namely that of *Laws*
and that of *Arms*. The

Author has all the ancient
Historians to bear him out in
all the wonderful Things that
he relates of this Island.

lets ;

lets ; the Sheep feeding upon the Sides of the Hills ; the vast Fields cover'd with golden Grain, the precious Gifts of bounteous *Ceres*. In a Word, the Mountains deck'd with Vines and Grapes already stain'd with a rich Purple, and promising to the Vintagers the sweet delightful Presents of *Bacchus*, which charm away and beguile the anxious Cares of Man.

Mentor told us he had formerly been in *Crete* ; and then went on imparting to us all he knew of it. This Isle, said he, admir'd by all Strangers, and renown'd for her hundred Cities, is more than sufficient to nourish all its Inhabitants, tho' they are innumerable. For the Earth never ceases to answer the Labourer's Care by a most plentiful Return ; her teeming Womb can never be exhausted. The more numerous the Inhabitants are in any Country, the greater Plenty do they find, provided on their Part they be industrious. They have no Occasion to look with jealous Eyes on each other. The Earth like a kind Mother multiplies her Gifts according to the Number of her Children, if they merit her Favours by their Diligence. Ambition and Avarice are the only Sources of humane Misery. Men covet All, and make themselves miserable by desiring more than enough. (y) Would they live in a plain simple Manner, and content themselves with what is necessary, we should see Plenty, Joy, Unanimity, and Peace, flourish throughout the World.

(y) This is the principal Lesson given us by the ancient Poets, and we may justly affirm that *Homer's* whole Moral turns upon this Hinge ; *Horace* likewise, who

had thoroughly sifted this Article of Ethicks, does not scruple to set it above that of *Chrysippus*, *Crantor*, and the severe School of *Zeno*.

This

This was well understood by *Minos*, the wisest and best of Kings. All the wonderful Things you shall see in this Island, are the Product of his Laws and Institutions. The Education which he prescrib'd for Children, renders their Bodies healthy and vigorous. They are betimes accustom'd to a plain, frugal, and laborious Life: 'Tis a receiv'd Maxim among them, that all Pleasure enervates both the Body and Mind; (z) they therefore never propose to their Children any other Pleasure, but that of being invincible by their Virtue, and acquiring all the Glory they possibly can. This People do not place Courage only in despising Death amidst the Dangers of War, but also in contemning superfluous Riches and ignoble Pleasures. Three Vices are punish'd here, which go over-look'd among all other Nations, Ingratitude, Dissimulation, and Avarice.

As for sumptuary Laws for suppressing Luxury and Extravagancy, they have no Need thereof, the *Cretans* being utter Strangers to those Vices. Every Man there takes Pains, yet none set their Hearts upon growing rich. They think their Labour sufficiently repaid with an easy and orderly Life, in which they peacefully and plentifully enjoy every thing that is truly necessary for the Sustenance of Man. They allow of no costly Furniture, gorgeous Apparel, delicious Banquetings, nor gilded Palaces. Their Habits are of fine well-colour'd Wool, but all plain, and

(z) It is feeding the Passions of Children to give them that for a Reward which they should be taught to despise. What the *Lacedæmonians* bestow'd on such of their young

Men as distinguished themselves in the *Gymnasium*, was only the Privilege of Precedence before those they had got the better of.

without

without Embroidery. Their Meals are temperate; they drink but little Wine; good Bread is the principal Part of their Meals, together with the Fruits which the Trees almost spontaneously offer to them, and the Milk of their Cattle (y). At the most their Meat is plain dress'd, without Sauce or Ragoust, and they always take Care to set apart the ablest of their Oxen for the Advancement of Agriculture. Their Houses are neat, convenient, pleasant, but without Embellishments; not that they are Strangers to the most magnificent Architecture, but then they reserve it for the Temples of the Gods, nor dare they live in Houses like those of the immortal Powers.

The great Blessings and Possessions of the *Cretans*, are Health, Strength, Fortitude, Peace and Union in Families, personal Liberty of all the Citizens, Plenty of Things necessary, and a Contempt of such as are superfluous, a Habit of Industry, and a Detestation of Sloth, an Emulation in virtuous Actions, a Submission to the Laws, and a Reverence to the just Gods.

I ask'd him wherein consisted the King's Authority, and he answer'd me thus: The King is superior to the People, but the Laws are superior to Him; He can do any thing with Them, but the Laws can do any thing with Him. He has an unlimited Power to do Good, but his Hands are ty'd up from doing Ill: The Laws commit the Care of the People to him, as the most valuable of all Trusts, with this Condition, that he shall be the Father of his Subjects. The Intention of these Laws is precisely this, that

(y) 'Tis thus we see in the *Iliad*, that *Agamemnon's*, *Achilles's*, and other Heroes

| Tables were furnished. 'Tis easy to see from whence the Author fetch'd his Notions.

one Man by his Wisdom and Moderation shall be the Instrument of Felicity to a whole Nation, and not that a whole Nation shall by their Misery and abject Slavery serve to pamper the Pride and Luxury of one Man. The King's Revenue ought not to be more than is necessary either for his Support in his painful Office, or to infuse into the People that Respect which is due to Him who is to enforce the Execution of the Laws. Besides this, the King ought to be more Sober, more an Enemy to Idleness, more free from Pride and Ostentation than any other Man. He is not to exceed others in Wealth and Pleasure, but in Wisdom, Virtue, and Glory. Abroad he is to defend his Country at the Head of its Armies; and at Home he is to dispense Justice to his People, to make them good, wise, and happy. 'Tis not for his own Sake that the Gods have appointed him King, but for his People's. 'Tis to Them he owes all his Time, all his Cares, all his Watchings, all his Affection; and he is no otherwise worthy of his Royalty, but in Proportion as he foregoes his own personal Interests to sacrifice himself to the publick Good. *Minos* ordain'd that his Children should not reign after him, unless they conform'd to these Maxims; so much more did he love his Subjects than his own Family. By such wise Conduct has he render'd *Crete* so powerful and so flourishing. This Moderation of his has effac'd the Glory of all those Conquerors who make their People the Tools of their Greatness, that is, their Vanity: In a Word, 'tis his Justice that has made him worthy of the Office of Sovereign Judge of the Dead in the Regions below.

Whilst *Mentor* was thus discoursing, we arriv'd in the Island; we view'd the famous Labyrinth,

the Work of the ingenious *Dædalus*, and which was an Imitation of the great Labyrinth we had seen in *Egypt*. As we were considering this curious Contrivance, we beheld the Shore cover'd with People, and Multitudes pressing towards a Place that was near the Sea. We ask'd the Meaning of their Hurry, and receiv'd this Account from one *Nausicrates*, a Native of *Crete*.

Idomeneus, said he, the Son of *Deucalion*, and Grandson to *Minos*, went, with the rest of the *Grecian* Kings, to the Siege of *Troy*. After the Destruction of that City, he put to Sea, in order to return to *Crete*, but was overtaken by so violent a Tempest, that the Pilot and the others who were most experienc'd in Sea Affairs, thought they should be inevitably cast away. Every one had Death before his Eyes; every one saw the watry Gulf opening to swallow him up; every one deplor'd his Misfortune, not having so much as the dismal Hope of that imperfect Rest which the Souls enjoy that cross the River *Styx*, after their Bodies have receiv'd Burial. *Idomeneus*, raising his Eyes and Hands to Heav'n, invok'd *Neptune*; O mighty God, (cry'd he) thou who sway'st the Empire of the Sea, deign to attend a wretched Mortal's Pray'r; if thou permittest me to see again the Island of *Crete*, and rescuest me from the Fury of this Tempest, I will sacrifice to thee the first Head that shall offer itself to my Sight.

Mean while his Son, impatient to see his Father again, made haste to meet and embrace him at his Landing: Unhappy Youth, who knew not that he was hurrying to his Destruction! The Father, who had escap'd the Storm, arrives in the desir'd Port. He return'd Thanks to *Neptune* for hearing his Prayers, but soon found how

how fatal they had been to him. A black Pre-
 sage of his Misfortune gave him a bitter Regret
 for his indiscreet Vow ; he began to dread com-
 ing amongst his own People ; he turn'd his Eyes
 to the Ground ; he trembled for fear of seeing
 what was most dear to him in the whole World.
 But the cruel *Nemesis*, inexorable Goddess, who
 watches for the Punishment of Mankind, and
 never fails to inflict it, especially upon haughty
 Kings, push'd on *Idomeneus* with a fatal and in-
 visible Hand. He arrives, hardly daring to lift
 up his Eyes ; he sees his Son ; he starts back
 with Horror ; he looks about but in vain for
 some other Head less dear to him to serve as a
 Victim.

Mean while his Son approaches and throws
 his Arms about his Father's Neck, and is Thun-
 der-struck to see his Father make so ill a Return
 to his Tenderneſs ; for he observ'd him melting
 into Tears. O my Father, said he, what occa-
 sions this Sadneſs ? After ſo tedious an Abſence,
 are you uneaſy at ſeeing your Kingdom again,
 and in being the Joy of your Son ? What have
 I done ? You turn away your Eyes for fear of
 ſeeing me !

The Father, oppreſs'd with Grief, made no
 Reply. At laſt, after many deep-fetch'd Sighs,
 he ſaid (b) : Ah *Neptune* ! what have I promis'd
 thee ? At how dear a Rate haſt thou ſaved me
 from Shipwreck ? Reſtore me to the Waves
 and to the Rocks, which ought to have finiſh'd
 my wretched Life, by daſhing me to pieces.
 Let my Son live, O cruel God. Here, take

(b) One of the greateſt Abuſes that can be made of Religion is to make a Bargain with Heaven, and to put a	Price on the Benefits we beg for ; 'tis driving a ſordid Trade, and a moſt unworthy Traffick in Religion.
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my Blood in lieu of his ! With this he drew his Sword to pierce his own Heart, but was withheld from doing it by those about him. The aged *Sophronymus*, the Interpreter of the Pleasure of the Gods, assur'd him that he might satisfy *Neptune* without the Death of his Son. Your Promise, said he, was rash and indiscreet ; the Gods desire not to be honour'd by Cruelty : Beware of adding to the Crime of your Promise, that of performing it against the Laws of Nature : Let an hundred Bulls, whiter than Snow, be offer'd to *Neptune* ; let their Blood stream round his Altar crown'd with Chaplets ; let the sweetest Incense in Honour of that God ascend in Rings of rolling Smoke.

Idomeneus, with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, gave Attention to this Discourse, but made no Reply : Fury glar'd ghastly in his Eyes ; his pale disfigur'd Face chang'd Colour every Moment, and every Limb trembled with very Horror. Mean while his Son said to him, Father, behold here I am ; your Son is ready to die to appease the God of the Sea : Incur not his Displeasure. I die contented, since my Death will have prevented yours : Strike, O my Father, and be not apprehensive that you find in me a Son unworthy of you, or afraid to meet Death.

In that Moment *Idomeneus*, grown mad, and as it were push'd on by the infernal Furies, acted a Thing that astonish'd all about him ; he plung'd his Sword into the Heart of the Boy ; then drew it out again, reeking with the Blood, and attempted to do the like to himself ; but his Hand was once more stay'd by those that were about him. The Child sinks down in his own Blood, his Eyes are clouded with the Shades of Death, he half opens them to the Light, which he had
no

no sooner gain'd a Glimpse of, than being unable to support it he closes them for ever. As a fair Lilly, 'midst the flow'ry Field, cut up from the Root by the sharp-edg'd Plough-share, it bows down its sick'ning Head to the Ground, no farther Nourishment it can receive from the Earth, its Life is gone, and yet the Lustre of its snowy White in Part remains: So the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a young tender Flower, is cruelly mow'd down in his Morn of Life. The Father, thro' Excess of Grief, grows stupid and insensible; he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do, but towards the City bends his tott'ring Steps, and all the Way enquires for his Son.

Mean while the People, melting with Pity for the Son, and mov'd with Horror at the Father's barbarous Action, cry out, that the just Gods had given him over to the Furies. Their Resentment furnishes them with Arms; they lay hold on Sticks and Stones, and what comes next to Hand: Discord breathes into every Heart a deadly Venom: The *Cretans*, even the wise *Cretans*, forget the Wisdom they used to be so fond of; they will no longer acknowledge the Grandson of the sage *Minos*. *Idomeneus's* Friends are now at a Loss how to provide for his Safety otherwise than by running him on board his Ship. They embark with him, and commit their Flight to the Mercy of the Waves. *Idomeneus* coming to his Senses, returns them Thanks for snatching him from a Land he had stain'd with his Son's Blood, and where he could no longer dwell. The Winds carry them towards *Hesperia*, where they are now laying the Foundations of a new Kingdom in the Country of the *Salentines*.

And now the *Cretans* being without a King to govern them, have taken a Resolution to chuse such a one as shall preserve the establish'd Laws in their full Force and Purity. The Measures they have taken for this Purpose are these; All the prime Citizens of an hundred Cities, are assembled at this Place; they have already begun with offering Sacrifices; they have call'd together the most renown'd Sages of the neighbouring Countries, to examine the Wisdom of those who shall be thought worthy of the supreme Command; they have prepar'd publick Games, where all the Candidates are to contend, and they resolve to give the Crown as a Prize to him who shall be found to excel both as to Strength of Body and Qualifications of Mind; they will have a King whose Body shall be strong and active, and whose Soul shall be adorn'd with Wisdom and Virtue; they invite all Strangers to come to this Assembly.

Nausierates, after having recounted to us this surprising Story, cries out, Haste therefore, O ye Strangers, to come to our Assembly; you shall enter the Lists with the rest, and whichever of you the Gods decree the Victory to, he shall reign in this Country. We follow'd him, without any Desire of being victorious, but only through a natural Curiosity to be present at so extraordinary a Spectacle.

(c) We arriv'd at a Place not unlike a vast *Circus*, furrounded with a thick Wood: The

(c) The great Events of an Epic Poem are apt to ingross the Reader's Attention too much; *Homer* and *Virgil* had therefore the Art to divert him by the Description of

Games. Our Author by bringing them in here heightens them and renders them worthy of the Majesty of the *Epopœa*.

Middle of this *Circus* was an *Arena*, or Pit, prepar'd for the Combatants, border'd round with a large Amphitheatre of fresh Turf, whereon sat an infinite Number of People in orderly Rows. When we were arriv'd there, we were receiv'd with much Respect; for the *Cretans* excell all Nations of the World in a noble Hospitality, which they are religious Observers of. They desir'd us to take our Places, and invited us to engage in the Combats. *Mentor* excus'd himself on account of his Age, and *Hazael* on the Score of his ill State of Health. My Youth and Vigour left Me without Excuse; however, I turn'd myself towards *Mentor*, as if I was first of all willing to know his Sentiments, and I perceiv'd he was for my Engaging; so I accepted the Offer they made me: I threw off my Cloaths, they bath'd my Limbs with Streams of purest Oil, and I join'd Company with the other Combatants. 'Twas nois'd on all Sides that the Son of *Ulysses* was come to put in for the Prize; and several *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca*, during my Infancy, knew me again.

The first Exercise was Wrestling. A certain *Rhodian*, about five and thirty Years of Age, had got the better of all those who durst encounter him: He was now in his full Strength and Vigour; his Arms were nervous and brawny; at his least Motion ev'ry Muscle swell'd apparent; he was equally active and robust; he did not think me a Match becoming him: So after looking with Pity on my unripe Age, he was going off, when I challeng'd him: Hereupon we laid Hold on each other; we almost squeez'd the Breath out of one another's Bodies; we stood Shoulder to Shoulder, Foot to Foot; every Nerve was distended, and our Arms were

interwoven like twining Serpents, each of us straining to heave his Antagonist from the Ground; sometimes he endeavour'd artfully to throw me by pushing me on the right Side, at other times he strove to bend me on the Left; but whilst he was plying me in this Manner, I gave him such a violent Shove, that his Back bent again, and so he tumbled on the Earth; he pull'd me after him, but his Endeavours to get me under him were to no Purpose, I still maintain'd myself immoveable upon him. All the People cry'd out, Victory to the Son of *Ulysses*, and then I help'd the confus'd *Rhodian* to get up again.

The Exercise of the *Cæstus* was more difficult. The Son of a rich Citizen of *Samos*, having acquir'd a high Reputation in this Sort of Combat, every Body yielded to him, and none but I offer'd to dispute the Victory with him. At first he dealt such Blows around my Head and Breast, as made me cast up Blood, and spread a thick Cloud over my Eyes; I stagger'd; he follow'd his Blows, and I grew almost out of Breath, but was re-animated by hearing *Mentor* cry out to me, O Son of *Ulysses*, What! will you be beat? Anger gave me new Strength, and I avoided several Blows which would have crush'd me to the Earth. The *Samian* having made a false Aim at me, whilst his Arm was stretch'd out in vain, I took the Advantage of that stooping Posture of his; he was now stepping back, and I was lifting up my *Cæstus* to fall upon him with greater Force, he endeavour'd to shun me, and whilst he was in this Equilibrium, he gave me an Opportunity to throw him flat on his back. He scarce had measur'd the Ground with his Length, when I reach'd him my Hand to raise him up,
but

but he got up of himself, all over Dust and Blood; he was under the greatest Disorder and Shame, but he durst not renew the Fight.

Then came on the Racings; the Chariots were dispos'd of by Lot: That which fell to my Share happen'd to be under some Disadvantages, both as to the Lightness of the Wheels and Ability of the Horses. We start: A Cloud of Dust flies round and darkens the Face of Heaven. In the Beginning I suffer'd all the others to go before me: A young *Lacædemonian*, named *Crantor*, did, at setting out, distance all the rest; a *Cretan*, named *Polycletus*, follow'd him close; *Hippomachus*, a Kinsman of *Idomeneus*, and who aspir'd to be his Successor, giving a Loose to the Reins of his reeking Horses, was now leaning forward on their flowing Mains, and the Motion of his Chariot-Wheels was so rapid that they seem'd to have no Motion at all, like the Wings of an Eagle cleaving the Air. My Horses being warm'd, and having gather'd Breath by degrees, I out-stripp'd most of those who had set out with so much Eagerness. *Hippomachus*, *Idomeneus's* Kinsman, driving his Horses too furiously, the briskest of them fell down, and by his Fall depriv'd the Master of his Hopes to the Crown.

Polycletus, hanging too forward over his Horses, and having no firm Seat, tumbled down as the Chariot gave a Leap, dropt the Reins, and narrowly escap'd with Life. *Crantor* seeing, with Eyes full of Indignation, that I was up with him, redoubled his Earnestness; sometimes he invoc'd the Gods, and promis'd them rich Offerings; then he cheer'd his Horses with reviving Language: He was afraid I should get between him and the Goal; for my Horses,
which

which I had favour'd at first, were now able to out-do his ; so that the only Remedy he had left, was to block up my Passage. In order to this, he resolv'd to venture the breaking his Wheel against the Post, and accordingly he did break it. All I had to do was presently to make a turn to avoid his broken Chariot ; and a Moment afterwards he saw me at the End of the Course. Again the People shouted, Victory to the Son of *Ulysses* ; 'tis he the Gods have destin'd for our King.

Then the most illustrious and sagest of the *Cretans*, conducted us into an old sacred Wood, remote from the Sight of prophane Men, where the Elders, whom *Minos* had establish'd to be Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Laws, conven'd us who had contended at the Exercises, no other being admitted : These Sages open'd the Books containing the Laws of *Minos*. As I drew near to these old Men, (whom Age had render'd venerable, without lessening the Strength of their Minds) I felt myself seiz'd with a respectful Shamefac'dness. They were rang'd decently in order, and sat steady in their Places ; their Hairs were hoary, many of them had hardly any Hair at all. A compos'd and serene Wisdom was impress'd on their grave Countenances : They did not strive who should speak first, they spoke deliberately, they said not a Word, but what they had weigh'd before : When they happen'd to be of different Opinions, they were so cool and sedate in maintaining their Sentiments, that one would have thought they had been all of one and the same Mind. Their long Experience of Men and Manners, and their unweari'd Application to Study, and Labour, furnish'd them with vast extensive Views
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in all Things; but what most contributed to maturate their Reason, was the Tranquillity of their Minds: Freed from the wild Caprices and Ebullitions of Youth, they were actuated by Wisdom alone; and the Result of their long try'd Virtue was so perfect a Mastery over their Humours, that without any Uneasiness they enjoy'd the charming and noble Delight of being ruled by Reason. As I was admiring them, I wish'd my Life could be contracted, that it might as it were at a Leap arrive at so valuable an old Age: I counted Youthfulness unhappy for being so impetuous, and at so great a Distance from so calm and so enlighten'd a Virtue.

The chief among these Antients open'd the Volume of *Minos's* Laws: It was a large Book, usually lock'd up in a perfum'd Casket of Gold. Each of them kiss'd it with great Respect, for they said, that next the Gods, from whom good Laws proceed, nothing ought to be so sacred among Men, as those Laws which tend to make them good, wise, and happy. Those who have in their Hands the Execution of the Laws for governing the People, ought likewise to suffer themselves to be govern'd by those very Laws; 'tis the Law, and not the Man, that ought to reign: Such was the Discourse of the Sages. Afterwards, he who presid'd, mov'd three Questions, which were to be expounded by the Maxims of *Minos*.

The first Question was, Who is the freest of Men? Some answer'd; that it was a King who had an absolute Power over his People, and had subdu'd all his Enemies. Others would have it, that 'twas a Man so rich, as to be able to gratify all his Wishes. Others maintain'd, that 'twas a Man, who being never marry'd, kept travelling all his Life-time thro' divers Countries without
I being

being ever subject to the Laws of any Nation. Others conceiv'd that it was a *Barbarian*, who living upon hunting in the midst of the Woods, was independent upon any Government, and subject to no manner of Want. Others fancy'd it was a Man newly set at Liberty, because coming out of the Hardships of Servitude, he had a livelier taste than others of the Sweets of Freedom : Others, at last, advanc'd that it was a dying Man, because Death freed him from all Trouble, and because the whole Bulk of Mankind, put together, had no longer any Power over him.

When it came to my Turn, I made no Hesitation in my Answer, because I had not forgot what I had often heard from *Mentor* (d). The most free of all Men, reply'd I, is he who can be free even in Slavery it self. In what Condition or Country soever a Man is, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the Gods, and none but them : In a Word, the Man that's truly free is he, who being disengag'd from all Dread and every solicitous Desire, is subject to none but the Gods and his own Reason. The Antients look'd on each other smiling, and were surpriz'd to see that my Answer was exactly the same with that of *Minos*.

They then propos'd the second Question in these Words : Who is the most unhappy of all Men? Every one answer'd as his Mind suggest-ed. One said, 'tis a Man who has neither Estate, Health, nor Honour ; another said, 'tis a Man who has no Friend ; others maintain'd, 'tis a Man who has ungrateful degenerate Children.

(d) The most free of all Men is he whose Freedom comes nearest to that of the supreme Being, and, of consequence, he who obeys no-
 thing but Reason. Upon this Principle therefore, the Slave *Epictetus* cannot but be allowed to be freer than his Master *Epaphroditus*.

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There came a Sage of the Isle of *Lesbos*, who said, the most unhappy of all Men is he who thinks himself so; for Unhappiness does not so much depend upon the Things we suffer, as upon our own Impatience, which heightens our Misfortunes. Here the whole Assembly shouted by way of Applause, and every Body thought that that sage *Lesbian* would carry the Prize by this Solution. But when I was ask'd my Opinion (e), I answer'd, according to *Mentor's* Maxims, the most unhappy of all Men is a King, who thinks himself happy when he makes others miserable. His Blindness doubles his Unhappiness; for not knowing his Unhappiness he cannot apply Remedies to it; nay, he is afraid to know it: Truth cannot pierce thro' the Crowd of his Flatterers to reach him; his Passions tyrannize over him; he is unacquainted with his Duty; he never tasted the Pleasure of doing Good, nor felt the Charms of untainted Virtue. He is unhappy and deserves to be so: His Unhappiness is every Day augmenting; he hastens to his own Destruction, and the Gods are preparing an eternal Punishment for him. All the Assembly acknowledg'd I had outdone the sage *Lesbian*, and the old Men declar'd I had hit upon the true Sense of *Minos*.

The third Question they ask'd was: Which of the two is to be prefer'd (f); a King victorious and invincible in War, or a King unexperienc'd in

(e) Our Author never departs from the Principles of his exalted Philosophy. The most unhappy Man is according to him, he who is most culpable, because his System knows no other Felicity but

Virtue, nor other Misery but Vice. Pain and Pleasure he takes to be at most but subordinately Good and Evil.

(f) *Homer* unites these two Qualities in *Agamemnon*. The Scepter, says that Poet, was

in War, but able to rule his People wisely in Peace? The Majority answer'd, that a King invincible in War was preferable to the other. What signifies it, said they, to have a King that knows how to govern well in Peace, and knows not how to defend his Country when a War breaks out? His Enemies will then overcome him and reduce his Subjects to Slavery. Others, on the contrary, maintain'd, that the pacifick King was better; because he would be afraid of War, and consequently be careful to avoid it. Others said, that a victorious King would procure and advance the Glory of his People as well as his own, and render his Subjects Masters of other Nations; whereas a peaceful King would keep them immerg'd in an ignominious Effeminacy. They desir'd to know my Opinion, and I answer'd thus:

A King who knows not how to govern as well in Peace as in War, and is incapable of managing his People in both those Circumstances, is but half a King; but if you compare a King who is only skill'd in War, to a wise King, who without being skill'd in War, is capable of carrying it on, if Occasion requires, by his Generals; I think he is to be prefer'd to the Other. A King whose Mind is entirely turn'd to War, will always be making War; so he extends his

was transmitted from the Hands of *Jupiter* (into those of that King; as much as to say, he governed his People with that Goodness as became the Father of Gods and Men) whose Arms are more to be dreaded than those of the God *Mars*. We have seen *Lewis* the Great, at the

same Time that he was extending the Frontiers of his Kingdom, raise the Arts to a point of Perfection which will be a Pattern to all Posterity, and cause the most valuable Fruits of Peace to be enjoyed in the Height, and as it were in the very Bosom, of War.

Dominion

Dominion and his own Glory, 'tis indifferent to him how it fares with his Subjects. What are the People the better for the Conquests their King makes over other Nations, if themselves are miserable under his Reign? Besides, long Wars always occasion great Disorders; the Conquerors themselves grow licentious during those Times of Confusion. Consider what it has cost *Greece* for having triumph'd over *Troy*; she was depriv'd of her Kings for above ten Years. Whilst every thing is inflam'd by War, the Laws, Agriculture, and Arts, decay and languish; even the best Princes, while they are engag'd in a War, are forc'd to commit the greatest of Evils, namely, to tolerate Licentiousness, and make Use of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains, who would be punish'd during a Peace, must yet not only be conniv'd at, but their Audaciousness must be recompens'd during a War? Never had any Nation a conquering Sov'reign, without being expos'd to great Hardships on account of his Ambition. A Conqueror, grown giddy with his Glory, is almost as ruinous to his own victorious People, as to the Nations he subdues. A Prince who wants the necessary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects relish the Fruits of a successful War when ended: He is like a Man who can defend his own Field against his Neighbour, and perhaps usurp that of his Neighbour too, but can neither plough nor sow his Grounds, in order to reap the Harvest. Such a Man seems born to destroy, lay waste, turn the World up-side down, and not to render a People happy by a wise Government.

Now let us come to the pacifick King: 'tis true, he is not cut out for great Conquests, that
is

is to say, his Head is not turn'd to disturb the Tranquillity of his People, by endeavouring to subjugate other Nations, who owe him no legal Obedience; but if he is truly fit to govern in Peace, he has all the Qualifications that are necessary to secure his Subjects against their Enemies. And the Reason is plain: He is just, moderate, and easy, with respect to his Neighbours; he never attempts to do any Thing against them that may disturb the publick Peace; he is faithful in his Alliances; his Allies love him; they are not indeed in fear of him, because they place an entire Confidence in him. If he chances to have some restless, haughty, and ambitious Neighbour, all the other Kings, who fear that troublesome and turbulent Neighbour, and in no wise distrust the peaceful King, join themselves in Confederacy with that good King, and keep him from being oppress'd: His Uprightness, his Probity, his Moderation, make him the Arbiter of all States that border upon His. Whilst the ambitious, enterprizing King is odious to all the neighbouring Kings, and incessantly in Danger of having Leagues formed against him, the peaceful Prince has the Honour of being as it were the Father and Guardian of all the other Kings. These are the Advantages he has Abroad. Those he enjoys at Home are still more substantial. Since he is adapted to govern in Peace, he will certainly govern according to the wisest Laws. He discountenances Extravagance, Idleness, Luxury, and all those Arts which serve for nothing but to propagate Vice: but those that are useful and subservient to the real Occasions of Life he promotes; more particularly, he causes his Subjects to apply themselves to Agriculture, and thereby
procures

procures them Plenty of all Things necessary. This laborious People, plain in their Manners, accustom'd to a moderate Way of living, and gaining an easy Livelihood by the Culture of their Lands, are every Day multiplying without End. You behold in this Kingdom an infinite Number of People, and those sound of Body, vigorous and strong: Not unmann'd by Pleasure, but exercis'd and train'd up in Virtue; not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate lascivious Life: A People that can despise Death; that had rather chuse to die than lose the Liberty they enjoy under a wise King, who only reigns that he may make Reason reign. Let now a neighbouring Conqueror attack this People, perhaps he may find them not so expert in pitching a Camp, or drawing up an Army for Battle, or besieging a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their unweary'd Patience, their Familiarity with hard Living, their Vigour in Battle, and their unshaken Virtue, which cannot be abated even by ill Success. Moreover, if this King has not Experience enough to command his Armies himself, he may command them by his Lieutenants, whom he may make Use of without impairing his own Authority. Mean while he will receive Succour from his Allies; his Subjects will chuse Death rather than the Yoke of another King who is violent and despotick, nay, the Gods themselves will fight for him: These are the Helps and Advantages he will find amidst his greatest Dangers. I conclude therefore, that the pacifick King, who is unvers'd in War, is a very imperfect King, since he cannot acquit himself of one of his most important Functions, namely that of overcoming his Enemies; but

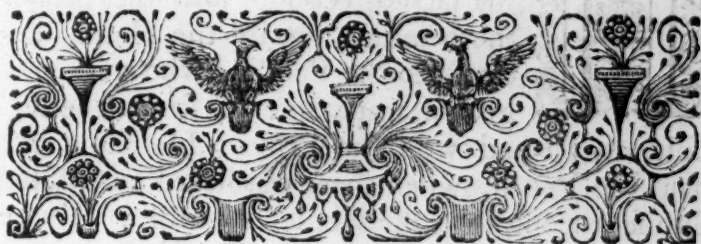
The Adventures of Book v.

at the same Time, I add, he is infinitely superior to a conqu'ring King, who is wanting in the Qualifications necessary for governing in Peace, and is only fit for War.

I perceiv'd many in the Assembly could not relish this Opinion (g): For the greatest Part of Mankind, dazzled by glaring Objects, such as Victories and Conquests, prefer them to that which is simple, quiet, and solid, such as the Peace and well-governing of a Kingdom. But the Antients all declar'd that I had spoken the Sentiments of *Minos*. The first of those old Men cry'd out, Now do I see one of *Apollo's* well known Oracles fully accomplish'd: for *Minos* had consulted the God to know how long his Progeny would reign according to the Laws he had newly establish'd. The God answer'd, thy Offspring will cease to reign, when a Stranger shall come into thy Island, and cause thy Laws to reign therein. We fear'd lest some Stranger should come and make a Conquest of the Isle of *Crete*; but *Idomeneus's* Misfortune, and the Wisdom of the Son of *Ulysses*, who of all Mortals best understands the Laws of *Minos*, do plainly point out to us the Meaning of the Oracle. Why then do we delay to crown Him whom the Destinies appoint to be our King?

(g) The People, says *Guicciardine*, accused *Ferdinand* of Avarice, because they were so stupid and blind, as to prefer the Pomp and Prodigality of

a King who oppresses them, before the wise OEconomy of him who husbands their Substance.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates how he refus'd the Kingdom of Crete to return into Ithaca; how he propos'd to the People to elect Mentor, who also refus'd the Diadem; that then the Assembly pressing Mentor to chuse for the whole Nation, he related to them the Account he had had of the Virtues of Aristodemus, who thereupon was proclaim'd King that very Moment; that after this, Mentor and he embark'd for Ithaca; but that Neptune, to pleasure Venus, rais'd the late Storm, and shipwreck'd their Vessel, after which the Goddess Calypso receiv'd them into her Island.

HEreupon the old Men went out of the sacred Wood, and the first of them taking me by the Hand, declar'd to the People, who were now grown impatient to know the Result, that I had won the Prize. He had scarce said the Word, when there was heard a confused Noise throughout the whole Assembly. Every one gives a Shout for Joy. The Shoar and all the neighbouring Hills rung again with a general Acclamation, *Let the Son of Ulysses, who is a second Minos, reign over the Cretans.*

I waited a while, and then making a Sign with my Hand, I desir'd to be heard: In the mean time *Mentor* whisper'd me, What! will you renounce your Country? Will your Lust of reigning make you forget *Penelope*, who now expects you as her last and only Hope; and the great *Ulysses*, whom the Gods have resolv'd to restore to you? These Words cut me to the Heart, and oppugn'd my Desire of a Crown; but now the profound Silence of the tumultuous Assembly gave me Occasion thus to proceed: O illustrious *Cretans*! I am not worthy to command over you: The Oracle you mention'd shews indeed that the Race of *Minos* shall cease to reign when a Stranger shall come into the Island, and cause the Laws of that wise King to reign therein; but it is not said that that Stranger shall reign. I will suppose I am the Stranger pointed at by the Oracle, I have fulfill'd the Prediction, I am come into this Island, I have discover'd the true Sense of the Laws, and I wish my Explanation may contribute to make them flourish with the Man whom you shall chuse: As for me, I prefer my own Country, the little Island of *Ithaca*, before the hundred Cities

Cities of *Crete*, with all their Wealth and Glory. Suffer me to follow where the Fates direct. That I enter'd your Lists here, was not in Hopes of a Crown, but only to merit your Esteem and Compassion, and that I might be furnish'd by you with Necessaries for my speedy Return into my native Country (*b*): I much rather chuse to obey my Father *Ulysses*, and comfort my Mother *Penelope*, than command over all the Nations of the Universe. O *Cretans*, you see my real Sentiments: I must leave you, but nothing shall ever put an End to my Gratitude but Death alone: Yes, *Telemachus* will love the *Cretans* to his last Gasps of Life, and be no less concern'd for their Honour than his own.

I had scarce done speaking, when there arose throughout the whole Assembly a murmuring Noise, like the Billows of the Sea dashing against each other in a Storm: Some ask'd, (*i*) Is it not some God in human Shape? Others said they had seen me in their respective Countries and knew me again: Others cry'd, Let us force him to accept of the Crown. At last, I resum'd my Discourse, and every one was present-

(*b*) A Sentiment very opposite to that which *Cesar* drew from *Euripides*: (*How glorious a Thing is it to depart from Equity, and forsake Virtue for a Crown!*) But what can a People expect from a Prince who ascends a Throne by Methods that ought to exclude him from it?

(*i*) This was the common Opinion of those who beheld any extraordinary Person, because, as *Homer* says, when

the Gods are pleased to show themselves visibly, they cannot chuse a Shape more suitable to their Majesty than that of Man. We read in *Herodotus*, that *Pisistratus* found means to get into the Citadel of *Athens* by help of a Woman of more than ordinary Beauty, who passed for the Goddess *Minerva*, and by that Means procured the Gates to be opened to him.

ly silent, as not knowing but I was going to accept what I had at first refus'd. I spoke to them thus.

Suffer me, O you *Cretans*, to tell you my true Thoughts: You are the wisest of all Nations: but methinks Wisdom requires a Precaution which you seem to have forgot; you ought to fix your Choice (*k*), not on that Man who best argues about the Laws, but him who is most steddy and constant in the Practice of them. For my Part, I am young, and consequently un-experienc'd, obnoxious to the Hurry of Passions, and more fit to learn, by Obeying, how to command hereafter, than to command at present. Therefore seek not a Man that has overcome others in those Trials both of Body and Mind, but one that has overcome himself: Look out for a Man who has your Laws written upon the Table of his Heart, and whose whole Life is a continued Comment on those Laws: Let his Actions, rather than his Words, influence your Election.

All the old Men, charm'd with this Discourse, and seeing the Applauses of the Assembly still increase, said to me: Since the Gods leave us without Hope to see you reign among us, at least be so kind as to assist us in finding out a King that will cause our Laws to reign. Do you know any Person that can command with that Moderation you speak of? I know a Man, answer'd I, to whom I am beholden for

(*k*) There is a vast Difference between a great Philosopher and a great King. *James* the First, King of *England*, had studied the Art of Reigning from the wisest Politicks of Antiquity: and

yet History has rank'd him among the ordinary Princes. *Plato*, with all his fine Notions of Government, met with but very poor Success at the Court of *Dionysius* of *Syracuse*.

all you have valued in Me: 'Tis His Wisdom, and not mine, that has been speaking to you; 'tis His Suggestions that have inspir'd me with all the Answers you heard just now.

And now the whole Assembly cast their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I shew'd to them, holding him by the Hand: I recounted to them the Care he had taken of me from my Infancy, the Dangers he had deliver'd me from, the Misfortunes which came pouring in upon me whenever I began to swerve from his Counsels. At first the People did not take much Notice of *Mentor*, because of his negligent Dress, his unconcern'd Countenance, his being so very backward to speak, and his cold and reserved Carriage. But when they view'd him more attentively, they discover'd in his Countenance something that was unspeakably great, firm and elevated; they took Notice of the Vivacity of his Eyes, and the Briskness with which he perform'd the least Action; they ask'd him several Questions, and were struck with Admiration at the Answers he gave; they resolv'd to make him their King; but he excus'd himself, without the least Discomposure: He told them that he prefer'd the Sweets of a private Life before the Pomp of Royalty; that even the best Kings were unhappy, in that they hardly ever did the Good they were inclin'd to do, and often did the Mischief they never intended, through the Influence and Insinuation of Flatterers. He added, that if Servitude is miserable, Royalty is no less so, since 'tis but a disguis'd Servitude (*l*). Be a Man

(*l*) The most imperious Princes must bear with a great deal from those who are necessary to them; they are obli-
 ged very often to keep fair even with the most obscure People. *Lewis* the XI. was exposed very much to the

Man (said he) ever so much a King, he is still dependant upon all those whom he stands in need of to support his own Authority. Happy he who is not oblig'd to command over others! 'Tis only to one's own Country, when she invests us with the Authority, that we ought to sacrifice our Liberty for the sake of the publick Good.

The *Cretans* upon this not being able to recover from their Surprise, ask'd him what Man they ought to chuse? A Man, reply'd he, that knows every one of you well, since he must govern you, and at the same time is shy of governing you. The Man that desires Sovereignty, knows not what it is; and how then will he discharge the Duties of it, if he does not know them? He courts a Crown for himself, whereas you ought to desire such a one as only accepts it for Your sake, and not his own.

The *Cretans* were strangely surpriz'd to see these two Foreigners refuse a Crown, of which so many others are so fond: They enquir'd in what Company they came thither? *Nausicrates*, who had conducted them from the Port to the *Circus* where the Games were celebrated, shew'd them *Hazael*, with whom *Mentor* and my self were come from the Isle of *Cyprus*; but their Wonder was still greater, when they heard that *Mentor* had been *Hazael's* Slave; that *Hazael*, mov'd with a deep Sense of his Slave's Wisdom and Virtue, had made him his Counsellor and chief Friend; that that Slave, who was now set free, was the same who refus'd to be their King, and that *Hazael* was come from *Damascus* in *Syria*, to instruct himself in the Laws of *Minos*, so fond was his Heart to attain Wisdom.

Ill-humour and odd Fancies | whom he did not dare to part
of *Coquetier* his Physician, | with.

The

The Antients said to *Hazael*, We dare not desire you to rule over us, for we suppose your Thoughts are the same with *Mentor's*; Men are two despicable in your Eye, for you to take the Trouble of conducting them: Besides, you sit so loose to the Love of Riches, and the Lustre of Sov'reignty, that you would not purchase them at the Expence of your Liberty, and with the Fatigues and Painfulness that is inseparable from Rule and Government. *Hazael* answer'd, Do not think, O *Cretans*, that I despise Mankind; no, I very well understand how great and noble a Thing it is to make them good and happy; but that Employment is full of Trouble and Danger; the Lustre that attends it is but a false Glaring, and can dazle the Eyes of none but the vain and the shallow. Life is short; Greatness and Exaltation do more provoke the Passions than gratify them: My Design in coming so far was not to purchase those false Goods, but only to learn to be easy without them. Adieu; I have no other Thought than to return to a peaceful and sequester'd Life, where Wisdom shall nourish and entertain my Soul, and where the Hopes that result from Virtue, in respect to another Life after Death, shall comfort me under the Chagrins and Uneasinesses of Old Age. If I were to wish for any thing, it should not be to ~~be~~ a King; it should be, Never to be parted from those two Men that stand before you.

At last the *Cretans* cry'd out, (directing themselves to *Mentor*) You, the wisest and greatest of all Mortals, tell us whom we shall chuse to be our King; for we will not suffer you to depart, till you have directed us where to fix our Choice. To which he answer'd: whilst I was
among

among the Crowd of the Spectators, I observ'd a certain hail Old Man, who shew'd no manner of Solicitude or Concern : I ask'd who he was? They told me his Name was *Aristodemus*. Afterwards I heard somebody telling him that his two Sons were among the Combatants, which did not seem to give him any manner of Joy ; but he said, that as for the one, he did not wish him the Dangers that attend a Crown ; and as for the other, he lov'd his Country too well ever to give his Vote that he should reign. By this I came to understand that the Father had a rational Love for one of his Sons, who is good and virtuous, and that he did not indulge the other in his Irregularities. My Curiosity still encreasing, I enquir'd into this old Man's Life and Character : One of your Citizens answer'd me, He has borne Arms a long Time, and his Body is full of Scars ; but his Sincerity and Plain-dealing had render'd him troublesome to *Idomeneus*, which was the Reason that King did not employ him in the Siege of *Troy* : He fear'd a Man, who would give those wise Counsels which he could not find in his Heart to follow ; he was even jealous of the Glory which that Man in a little Time would infallibly have acquir'd ; he overlookt all his former Services ; and has left him here, indigent and obnoxious to the Scorn of those fordid Souls who value nothing but Riches ; but, contented with his Poverty, he lives a cheerful Life in a retir'd Part of the Island, where he tills his Grounds with his own Hands. One of his Sons works with him ; they have a reciprocal Love for each other, and they are happy by their Frugality ; and by their Labour they supply themselves with Plenty of every thing that is necessary to a plain Way of living ;

living; they are under no Want, but rather abound: This wise old Man bestows on the sick Poor of his Neighbourhood, all that he can spare from his own Exigencies and his Son's. He sets all young People to work, is their Adviser, their Instructor; he determines all the Controversies amongst his Neighbours; and is as it were the Father of all Families; the Misfortune of his own is, that he has a second Son who would never follow any Advice he gave him: The Father having borne with him a long while, in Hopes he would reform, has at last turn'd him out; and he, upon this, has given free Reins to Pride, and Ambition, and all Sorts of dissolute Pleasures.

This, O ye *Cretans*, is what I have been inform'd; you can best tell how true it is. But if that Man is such as they describ'd him to me, what need you celebrate any Games? Why do you assemble so many unknown Persons? You have among you a Man who knows you, and whom you know; one who understands War, who has shewn his Courage not only against Darts and Arrows, but against formidable Poverty; one who has despis'd Riches, when purchas'd by Flattery: One who loves Labour, and knows how useful Agriculture is to a Nation; who abhors Pomp and State, who suffers not himself to be soften'd by an implicit Fondness for his Children, but loves the Virtue of the one, and condemns the Vices of the other: In a Word, a Man who is already the Father of the People. This, this is your King, if you truly desire to have the Laws of the wise *Minos* reign among you.

All

All the People cry'd out ; 'Tis true, *Aristodemus* is such as you describe him ; 'tis he that deserves to reign. Upon this the old Men order'd he should be call'd ; they fetcht him from among the Crowd, where he was mingled with the meaner Sort : He seem'd calm and unconcern'd. They declared that they had made him King : He answer'd, I cannot consent to it, but upon these three Conditions ; (*m*) first, that I shall resign my Dignity in two Years Time, in case I cannot make you reform your Lives, and you remain incorrigible and refractory to the Laws ; secondly, that I shall be free to continue in a plain and simple Way of living ; and, thirdly, that my Children shall have no Rank or Precedence, and that after my Death they shall be treated with no other Distinction than what their Merit entitles them to, like the rest of the Citizens.

At these Words, a thousand Acclamations of Joy were sent to Heaven and rent the very Air. The Diadem was put upon *Aristodemus's* Head by the Chief of the Antients, who were the Guardians of the Laws. And afterwards they offer'd Sacrifices to *Jupiter* and the other great Gods. *Aristodemus* made us Presents, not with that Magnificence which is usual to Kings, but with a noble Simplicity. He gave to *Hazael* the Laws of *Minos*, written with *Minos's* own Hand ; he likewise gave him a Collection of the whole History of *Crete*, from *Saturn* and the Golden Age ; he sent on board his Ship all kinds

(<i>m</i>) The Qualities of Princes are never barren ; they cannot fail of producing Imitators even in their very Virtues. Most of our Kings	have been true-hearted, humane and generous ; Qualities which have always been oftener found in <i>France</i> than elsewhere !
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of

of the choicest Fruits that grow in *Crete*, but are unknown in *Syria*, and offer'd him all the Assistance he had Occasion for.

Seeing us pressing to depart, he caus'd a Vessel to be got ready, well mann'd and arm'd; he gave us also Variety of Cloaths and all manner of Provisions. At that very Instant, the Wind came fair for *Ithaca*, but being contrary for *Hazael*, oblig'd him to wait longer; he saw us to the Ship, and embrac'd us as dear Friends whom he was never more to see. However, said he, the Gods are just; they know that Virtue is the only Cement of our Friendship; they will one Day bring us together again in those fortunate Fields, where the Good and the Just are said to enjoy an eternal Tranquillity after Death. There shall our Souls rejoin, never to be parted more. O that my Ashes might be gather'd up with yours! In pronouncing these last Words, he pour'd forth plenteous Tears, and his Voice was stifled with interrupting Sighs; we wept no less than he, and in this Condition we pass'd on to our Ship. As for *Aristodemus*, he said to us, 'tis you that have been the Occasion of making me King; remember what Dangers you have expos'd me to, and therefore beg the Gods to inspire me with true Wisdom, and to make me as far surpass other Men in Moderation, as I am above 'em in Authority. For my Part, I beseech them to conduct you safe to your own Country, there to put a Stop to the Insolence of your Enemies, and bless you with the Sight of *Ulysses* reigning with his dear *Penelope* in Peace. *Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship, full of able Mariners and Soldiers; they may be of Service to you against those unjust Men who persecute your Mother. O *Mentor*!

Your (n) Wisdom, which stands in need of nothing, leaves me no Room to wish you any thing! Go Both in Peace, and live together happy. Remember *Aristodemus*; and if ever the *Ithacians* have Occasion for the *Cretans*, rely upon me as long as I breathe vital Air. He embrac'd us, and we could not retain our Tears as we return'd him our Thanks.

Mean while the Wind, which fill'd our bellying Sails, seem'd to promise us a pleasant Voyage: Already Mount *Ida* was no more in our Sight than as a small Hill; the Shore disappear'd; the Coast of *Peloponnesus* seem'd to advance into the Sea, to meet us in our Way. But of a sudden, a low'ring Tempest wrapt up the Face of Heav'n, and call'd forth every Billow of the Sea. The Day was chang'd into Night, and Death stood threat'ning before us. O *Neptune*! 'tis you who excited all the watry Empire against us with your stately Trident. *Venus*, in Revenge for our having despis'd her, even in her Temple of *Citbera*, had been with that God, and spoke to him with Grief; her beauteous Eyes were dissolv'd in Tears; she spoke with all the insinuating Charms she was Mistress of, (at least, this is what *Mentor*, who is acquainted with celestial Things, has assur'd me.) O *Neptune*, said she, will you suffer those impious Wretches with Impunity to mock my Power? The Gods themselves are subject to it; and these rash Mortals have dared to censure the Transactions of my Island; they pride themselves

(n) Such is the Advantage and Pre-eminence of Wisdom. She is all-sufficient of herself, nor do the Coffers of the richest Kings afford	any thing which she cannot do without. <i>The Gods stand in need of nothing, and the wise Man of a very few things, said Socrates.</i>
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in

in a Wisdom Proof against all Attacks, and look upon Love as Folly and Madness. Have you forgot that I was born in your Dominion? Why hasten you not to bury in your deep Abysses those two Wretches, who are grown intolerable to me?

While these Words were in her Mouth, *Nep-tune* uplifted the boist'rous Waves to Heav'n, and *Venus* smil'd, believing our Wreck inevitable. Our Pilot, being at his Wits-end, cry'd out, he could no longer withstand the Violence of the Winds, which drove us upon the Rocks: A dreadful Gust broke our Mast, and a Moment after we felt the sharp-pointed Rocks splitting the Bottom of the Ship. The Water enters at several Places; the Ship begins to sink; all the Crew send forth lamentable Cries up to Heaven: I embrac'd *Mentor* and said to him, Behold Death now presents itself before us, we must receive it with Courage; the Gods have deliver'd us from so many Perils only to destroy us this Day: Let us die, O *Mentor*, let us die! 'tis a Comfort to me that I die with You: 'Tis in vain to contend against the Tempest.

Mentor answer'd, True Courage is never without some Resource; it is not enough to be ready to give Death a calm and unconcern'd Reception, we ought, without fearing it, to do our utmost to keep it off. Let you and I take one of these Rowers Seats. Whilst that Multitude of timorous and disorder'd Men lament the Loss of Life without using the Means to preserve it, let us not lose a Moment to save ourselves (o). Upon this he takes a Hatchet, and cuts

(o) By a Stratagem much | Shipwreck, and get a-shore
like this, did *Ulysses* escape | on the Island of the *Phæaci-*
ans.

cuts off the Mast that was already broken, which hanging into Sea, had made the Ship lean on one Side: The Mast being thus sever'd from the Stump, he shoves it out of the Ship, and throws himself upon it amidst the furious Waves, then, calling me by my Name, encourag'd me to follow. As a large Tree, which all the conspiring Winds at once attack, and yet remains unmoveable at the deep Root, so that the Storm can only shake its Leaves; thus *Mentor*, not only resolute and courageous, but also serene and unmov'd, seem'd to command the Winds and Sea. I follow'd him; for who could have forbore it, being encourag'd by him? And now we steer ourselves upon the floating Mast: It prov'd a mighty Help to us; for we could sit astride on it; whereas if we had been forc'd to swim, our Strength had soon been spent. But the Storm did oft o'erfet that mighty Piece of Timber, and we were sunk into the briny Waves; we drank-in large Draughts of the brackish Element, and return'd it thro' our Mouths, our Nostrils, and our Ears, and were constrain'd to make our Way thro' the Waves, once more to get upon the Mast; sometimes a Billow, mounting-high, came whelming o'er our Heads; then we held fast, for fear that violent Shock should deprive us of our only Hope, the massy Beam.

Whilst we were in this dreadful Condition, *Mentor*, as undisturb'd as now he sits upon this verdant Turf, said to me, Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that your Life is at the Mercy of the Winds and Waves? Do you believe they can destroy us unless the Gods have appointed it?

ans. Homer thereby makes good his grand Maxim which has framed so many Heroes: | *The surest Way to escape Danger, is not to fear it.*

No,

No, no: The Gods determine and over-rule all Things. 'Tis therefore the Gods, and not the Sea, you ought to fear. Were you at the Bottom of these Abyſſes, the Hand of *Jupiter* could draw you forth; and were you on *Olympus* Top, treading the Stars beneath your Feet, *Jupiter* could ſink you to the loweſt Abyſs, or caſt you down headlong into the Flames of dreadful *Tartarus*. I liſten'd to and admir'd his Speech, which gave me ſome Conſolation, but I was not ſufficiently Maſter of myſelf to answer him. At length he ceas'd to ſee me, and I him. We paſs'd a whole Night, ſhaking with Cold, and half-dead, without knowing whither the Storm would drive us. And now the Winds began to be appeas'd, and the roaring Sea reſembled one who having been long angry, has almoſt ſpent his Spirits, and felt only the Remains of a ruffled Motion. Thus the Sea, growing weary of its own Fury, made but an hollow rumbling Noiſe, and the Waves were hardly higher than the Ridges of the Land betwixt two Furrows in a Field that's plough'd.

Mean while *Aurora* opens to the Sun the Gates of Heaven, and gave us Hopes of a fair pleaſant Day. The whole Orient was on Fire; and the Stars, which had been ſo long conceal'd, began to ſhew themſelves once more, but fled away when *Phæbus* firſt began to unfold his glorious Beams and gild the Verge of Day. At Diſtance we deſcry'd Land, and the Wind waſted us towards it. I felt Hope reviving in my Heart, but we ſaw not any of our Companions: In all Likelihood their Courage fail'd them, and the Tempeſt ſunk them with the Ship. Being come pretty near the Shore, the Sea drove us againſt the craggy Rocks, which were like to have beat

us to Pieces; but we were diligent to fend them off from us with the End of our Mast, and *Mentor* made the same Use of it as a wise Steersman does of the best Rudder. Thus we escap'd those dreadful Rocks, and found at last a clear and level Coast, where swimming without any Hindrance, we at last touch'd the sandy Shore. There it was that you saw us, O mighty Goddess, who inhabit the Island. There it was that you vouchsafed to receive us into your Protection.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso admires Telemachus in his Adventures, and omits nothing that she thinks will keep him in her Island, and engage him in a Passion for her. Mentor supports Telemachus by his Remonstrances against the Artifices of that Goddess, and against Cupid, whom Venus had brought to her Assistance; nevertheless Telemachus and the Nymph Eucharis soon feel a mutual Passion, which at first stirs up the Jealousy of Calypso, and afterwards her Rage against the two Lovers. She swears by the Stygian Lake that Telemachus

shall be gone from her Island ; Cupid goes and comforts her, and puts her Nymphs upon burning a Ship built by Mentor, just as the latter was dragging Telemachus to embark in it. Telemachus feels a secret Joy at seeing the Ship in Flames ; which Mentor perceiving, pushes him into the Sea, and throws himself in after him, in order to swim to another Ship which they saw near that Coast.



WHEN Telemachus had ended his Speech, all the Nymphs, whose Eyes had been immoveably fix'd upon him during the Relation, now turning to one another, ask'd among themselves, astonish'd, Who are these Men so cherish'd by the Gods ? Who Ever heard such wonderful Adventures ? *Ulysses's* Son already outstrips his Father in Eloquence, in Wisdom, and in Valour ! What a Look ! What Beauty ! What Sweetness ! What Modesty ! But withal, what Nobleness and Grandeur ! If we did not know that he's the Son of a Mortal, we might easily take him either for *Bacchus*, *Mercury*, or even the mighty *Apollo*. But who is this *Mentor*, who looks like a plain, obscure, and ordinary Man ? When one views him narrowly, we see in him something more than human.

Calypso listen'd to this Discourse with a Concern which she could not possibly conceal (p) ;
her

(p) Most of our Poets have painted out Love, with such Colours as are fitter to recommend it than render it odious ; and, to speak their own Language, they have forged the Shafts of that God. Tra-

gedy, which according to the wise Rules laid down by *Aristotle*, ought to be the Reformer of Manners and the School of Virtue, is, by the Abuse they have made of it, become the Bait and Incentive

Book VII. TELEMACHUS.

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her Eyes incessantly travell'd from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from *Telemachus* to *Mentor*. Sometimes she was for having *Telemachus* repeat again that long Story of his Adventures; then, on a sudden, she check'd herself: At last, rising abruptly from her Seat, she took *Telemachus* aside into a Grove of Myrtles, where she endeavour'd by all manner of Arts to know from him if *Mentor* was not a Deity conceal'd beneath the Form of a Man? *Telemachus* could not inform her; for *Minerva*, who accompany'd him under the Shape of *Mentor*, had not reveal'd herself to him, because of his green Years: She did not as yet sufficiently confide in his Secrecy, to intrust him with the Knowledge of her Design; besides, she was willing to make a Trial of him in the greatest Dangers; and had he known that *Minerva* was with him, such a Support had made him too presuming, and he would, without any Difficulty, have despis'd the most terrifying Accidents. Thus he took *Minerva* for *Mentor*; and all the Artifices of *Calypso* could not discover what she desir'd to know.

In the mean time, all the Nymphs gathering round *Mentor*, were very eager in asking him Questions: One of them enquir'd concerning the Particulars of his Travels into *Æthiopia*; another wanted to know what he had observ'd at *Damascus*; another question'd him whether he was formerly acquainted with *Ulysses* before the Siege of *Troy*. He answer'd all of them in a complaisant Manner, and tho his Words were plain, yet they were very obliging. *Calypso* did

tive of the most dangerous Passion. Our Author, indeed, represents Love with all its Charms; but then it is

accompanied with all its Dangers too, so that he makes the One serve for a Preservative against the Other.

not leave them long in this Conversation, but broke it off by coming up to them; and whilst her Nymphs betook themselves to gather Flowers, singing all the while, for *Telemachus's* Amusement, she took *Mentor* aside to sound him, and make him discover who he was. The soft balsamick Dew of Sleep glides not more gently into the heavy Eyes and weary'd Limbs of one that is fatigu'd, than did the flatt'ring Words of the Goddess, in order to bewitch the Heart of *Mentor*; but still she met with something that repell'd her Efforts and mock'd her Charms: Just like a steep Rock which buries its aspiring Brow in the Clouds, and defies the Rage of the buffeting Winds, *Mentor*, unshaken in his wise Resolves, suffer'd the pressing Importunities of *Calypso*; nay, sometimes he gave her Hopes she should ensnare him in her Questions, and draw forth the Truth from the Depth of his Heart; but in the Instant when she thought she should certainly satisfy her Curiosity, her Hopes were dispers'd and vanish'd quite away; what she fancy'd she held fast, did on a sudden slip from her, and one short Answer from *Mentor* threw her back into her former Uncertainty.

Thus she spent whole Days, now flatt'ring *Telemachus*, and then seeking Means to remove him from *Mentor*, from whom she despair'd of ever getting the Secret: She made Use of her fairest Nymphs to kindle the Flame of Love in young *Telemachus's* Heart; and a Deity more powerful than herself vouchsaf'd her Assistance.

Venus, still full of Resentment for the Contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* had shewn of the Worship that was paid her in the Isle of *Cyprus*, could never be pacify'd so long as she saw

saw these two rash Mortals safe from the Storm excited by *Neptune*. She prefer'd her Complaints to *Jupiter*: And the Father of the Gods, smiling, but not discovering to her that *Minerva* under *Mentor*'s Shape had preserv'd *Ulysses*'s Son, gave her free Leave to revenge herself upon those two Men. She quits *Olympus*, neglects the sweet Perfumes that are burning on her Altars at *Paphos*, *Cythera*, and *Idalia*, flies in her Chariot drawn by Doves, calls her Son *Cupid*, and, adorn'd with new Charms, not in the least lessen'd by the Grief she was under, she thus bespeaks him: Dost thou not, my Son, behold those two Men who scorn thy Power and mine? Who for the future will pay Adoration to us? Go, and with thy surest Arrows pierce their insensible Hearts; descend with me into that Island; there I will talk with *Calypso*. She spoke, and cleaving the Air in a Golden Cloud, presented herself to *Calypso*, who, at that Moment, was alone, seated on the Edge of a Fountain, at some Distance from her Grotto.

Unhappy Goddess, said she to her, the ungrateful *Ulysses* has contemptuously forsaken you; the Son, yet more obdurate than his Father, is preparing the same Treatment for you; But *Love* himself is come to avenge your Cause: I'll leave him with you; he shall remain among your Nymphs, as did young *Bacchus* heretofore, when bred amongst the Nymphs of *Naxos* Isle. *Telemachus* will look upon him as an innocent Child, will conceive no Distrust of him, but will soon feel the Effects of his Power. She spoke, and, re-ascending into the gilded Cloud, she left behind her an ambrosial Odour, perfuming all *Calypso*'s Woods and Thickets round.

Cupid remain'd in *Calypso's* Arms: She (*q*), tho a Goddess, felt a secret Flame already creeping in her Bosom. To relieve herself she presently gave him to a Nymph who was near at Hand, call'd *Eucharis*; but alas! how often afterwards did she repent the doing it? At first nothing appear'd more innocent, more gentle, more amiable, more ingenuous, more benign, than this Child. To see him always spritely, gay, and jocund, one would have thought he could have inspir'd nothing but Pleasure; but as soon as one begins to trust his fond Caresses, a strange unaccountable Poison is presently felt. The malicious, deceitful Boy, never caress'd any but with Design to betray them, and never laugh'd but at the Mischiefs he had done or meant to do. He durst not approach near *Mentor*, whose Severity frighten'd him away; besides, he was sensible that that unknown Person was invulnerable to any of his Arrows. As for the Nymphs, they soon felt the Fires this artful Boy had kindled, but they carefully conceal'd the deep Wounds which rankl'd in their Breasts.

Mean while *Telemachus*, seeing the Boy thus toying with the Nymphs, was surpriz'd with his innocent Prettiness; he embraces him, takes him sometimes on his Knee and sometimes in his Arms; he perceives within himself an Inquietude, the Cause whereof he can't discover; the more he indulges to his Play, the more is he disorder'd. See you these Nymphs, said he to

(*q*) Eminence of Degree is no Security against the Arrows of Love. *Homer* numbers up a Multitude of Goddesses, who felt some Weakness for ordinary Mortals;

but, he adds in the same Place, that these ill-matched Amours are disapproved of by the Gods. He is fearful lest a wrong Use should be made of his Fiction.

Mentor?

Mentor ? How different are they from those *Cyprian* Women, whose very Beauty was offensive because of their Lasciviousness ! But these immortal Beauties shew an Innocence, a Modesty, a Simplicity, that is all over charming. He blush'd in saying this, but knew not why ; he could not with all his Power forbear to speak of them, but scarce could he proceed when once he had begun : His Words were broken, dark, and sometimes without Sense or Meaning.

Mentor says to him, O *Telemachus* ! the Dangers of the Isle of *Cyprus* were nothing compar'd with those which now you don't mistrust. Barefac'd Lewdness strikes Horror, and brutish Impudence creates an Indignation in us ; but modest Beauty is yet much more dangerous. In loving It we think we love nought but Virtue, and insensibly give Way to the fallacious Enticements of a Passion which we scarce perceive till 'tis almost too late to extinguish it. Fly, O my dear *Telemachus* ; fly those Nymphs, who are only discreet that they may the more effectually decoy you ; O shun the Dangers incident to Youth ! But, above all, fly from that Boy whom you know nothing of ; 'tis *Cupid* himself, brought hither by his Mother *Venus*, to revenge the Contempt you express'd for the Worship which was paid her at *Cythera* : He has smitten the Heart of the Goddess *Calypso*, and she is passionately in Love with you. He has fir'd all those Nymphs that are round about him, nor have even You escap'd. Ill-fated (r) Youth, you burn and hardly know it.

Telemachus

(r) When a Prince is prepossessed with this Passion, he hears nothing else but It. *Francis* the I. is said to have

taken upon himself the Command of his Army, in his second Expedition against the *Milanese*, purely for an Opportunity

Telemachus often interrupted *Mentor*, saying, to him, but why shall we not stay in this Island? *Ulysses* no longer lives: and must certainly have been bury'd a long Time beneath the Waves. And *Penelope*, seeing neither of us return, can never have been able to withstand so many Pretenders. And without Doubt her Father *Icarus* has constrain'd her to accept some new Partner of her Bed. Shall I return to *Ithaca*, to see her engag'd in other Bonds, in Breach of the Vows she had made my Father? The *Ithacians* have quite forgot *Ulysses*; nor can we return thither without running upon certain Death, since *Penelope's* Lovers have seiz'd all the Avenues to the Port, to make sure of our Destruction at our Return.

Mentor reply'd to him, This is the Effect of a blind Passion; with Subtlety we hunt for all the Reasons that favour it, and turn our Eyes away from seeing those that make against it: We employ all our Wit and Ingenuity only to hoodwink ourselves, and blunt the sharp Stings of Conscience. Have you forgot all that the Gods have done for you, in order to restore you to your Country? Which Way got you out of *Sicily*? The Misfortunes you met with in *Egypt*, did they not of a sudden turn to your Advantage? What unseen Hand snatcht you from the Dangers that hung o'er your Head in the City of *Tyre*? After so many Miracles, can you have no Notion of what the Destinies have in Store for you? But what do I say? You are unworthy of their Favour. As for me, I'll leave

portunity to visit one of his
Mistresses there. King *John*,
of *France*, 'tis said, was prompt-
ed by the same Motive, when

he took a Turn into *England*,
after he had been a Prisoner
there.

you,

you, and will soon get out of this Island: But you, O degenerate Son of so sage and so noble a Father, you may stay here and lead a lascivious and ungenerous Life amidst the Women, and in spite of Heaven do what your Father thought unworthy of him.

This indignant Language pierc'd thro' and thro' *Telemachus's* Heart: He felt himself dissolve away at *Mentor's* Discourse with a tender Relenting; his Grief was mix'd with Shame; he fear'd both the Indignation and Absence of so wise a Man, to whom he was under such great Obligations; but a certain Passion that was growing within him, and which he himself was unacquainted with, quite alter'd him, so that he was no longer the same Man. What! said he to *Mentor*, with his Eyes swimming in Tears, do you count as nothing the Immortality the Gods offers me? *Mentor* reply'd, I count as nothing whatever is contrary to Virtue and against the supreme Directions of Heaven. Virtue calls you Home into your own Country, that you may cheer *Ulysses* and *Penelope* with the Sight of you: Virtue forbids you to make yourself a Slave to an extravagant Passion. The Gods, who have deliver'd you from so many Dangers, thereby preparing for you a Glory equal to that of your Father, those Gods, I say, command you to leave this Island. Love alone, that base Tyrant Love, can he detain you here? But what will you do with Immortality without Liberty, without Virtue, without Glory? Immortality would be so much the more wretched in that it is endless.

All *Telemachus's* Answers were Sighs. Sometimes he wish'd that *Mentor* had forc'd him away from the Island in his own Despight, and some-

times he wish'd that *Mentor's* Departure had rid him of a troublesome, severe Friend, who was still reproaching him with his Weakness. Thus was his Heart torn to Pieces with these Thoughts, nor did he continue long in any one of them. His Bosom was like the Sea, which is toss'd by adverse Winds that sport with its inconstant Waves. He would often lye at full Length and motionless upon the Sea-shore; sometimes retiring far into a gloomy Wood, he shed a Flood of bitter Tears, and cry'd like a roaring Lyon: He was grown perfectly lean; his Eyes were full of a consuming Fire; so pale, dejected, and disfigur'd was his Face, one could never have thought he had been *Telemachus*; his Beauty, his Gayety, his noble high Deportment, were fled from him; he was like a Flower, which being blown in a Morning, diffuses its Fragrancy around the Field, but decays insensibly towards the Evening; its fine Colours fade away, it languishes, it withers, its beauteous Top drops downward, the feeble Stalk being no longer able to support it. (s) Thus was the Son of *Ulysses* at the Gates of Death.

Mentor, seeing *Telemachus* was not able to resist the Violence of his Passion, bethought himself of a Stratagem to rescue him from so great a Danger. He had observ'd that *Calypso* was desperately in Love with *Telemachus*, and that *Telemachus* was no less an Admirer of the young Nymph *Eucharis*. For cruel *Cupid*, the more to

(s) *Antiochus* the I. was reduced to Extremity by the like Distemper, which his Physician discovered by the quick Motion of that Prince's Pulse, whenever his Mother-

in-Law *Stratonice* came near him. His Fever was cured by that which caused it: *Nicanor*, his Father, bestowed the Queen *Stratonice* upon him.

torment

torment Mortals, makes them seldom love the Persons by whom they are belov'd. *Mentor* took a Resolution to raise a Jealousy in *Calypso*: *Eucharis* was one Day to take out *Telemachus* a Hunting; upon this *Mentor* says to *Calypso*, I have taken Notice that *Telemachus* has a mighty Passion for Hunting, which I never observ'd in him before: This Sort of Recreation begins to supersede all others; he no longer delights in any thing but Forests and wild Mountains. Is it you, O Goddess, who inspire him with this prevailing Ardor?

Calypso was cut to the quick at these Words, and could no longer contain herself. This *Telemachus*, answer'd she, who despis'd all the Pleasures of the Isle of *Cyprus*, cannot withstand the ordinary Beauty of one of my Nymphs. How dares he boast of so many marvellous Actions, whose Heart so basely is enslav'd by shameful and effeminate Pleasures, and who seems to be born only to pass an obscure Life among Women? *Mentor*, o'erjoy'd that Jealousy disturb'd the Heart of *Calypso*, said no more of it at that Time for fear she should distrust him; only he express'd his Concern by a sad dejected Look. The Goddess discover'd to him her Uneasiness at what she saw, and was incessantly lamenting. This Hunting-Match, which *Mentor* intimated to her, made her beyond Measure furious. She was told that *Telemachus* had no other Design in his Sports, than to withdraw from the other Nymphs, in order to converse with *Eucharis* by himself. There was also a Talk of a second Hunting-Match, which she saw would be attended with the same Consequences as the first. To break *Telemachus's* Measures, she declar'd she would make one
among

among them ; and then of a sudden, being no longer able to moderate her Resentment, she spoke to him in these Words.

Is it for this, rash Boy, that thou art come into my Island, escaping the Vengeance of the Gods, and the just Fate which *Neptune* had prepar'd for thee ? Didst thou come into this Place, which is forbidden to all Mortals, only to despise my Power, and the Love I have express'd for thee ? O all ye Deities of *Olympus* and *Styx*, attend to the Complaints of an unfortunate Goddess ! Hasten to confound this perfidious, this ungrateful and impious Man ! Since thou art more obdurate and unjust than thy Father, may thy Sufferings be more severe and more numerous than his ! May'st thou never see thy Country *Ithaca* again, that poor, that despicable *Ithaca*, which thou, without a Blush, didst prefer to Immortality ! Or, rather, may'st thou perish in Sight of it, ere thou touch the Shore, and may thy Body become the Sport of the Waves, and be thrown on the Sand without Hope of Burial ; may my Eyes see it devour'd by Vultures ! She likewise whom thou lovest shall see it ; yes, she shall see it ; the Sight shall tear her Heart-strings, and her Despair shall be my Happiness.

Whilst *Calypso* was thus speaking, her Eyes darted forth flashes of Fire, her unsteady Looks were thrown at Random round her, they had something gloomy and savage in them ; black livid Spots distain'd her trembling Cheeks, her Colour chang'd ev'ry Moment ; a deadly Paleness did oft o'erspread her Face ; her Tears did not flow so plentiful as before, Rage and Despair having as it were dry'd up the Source of them, so that scarce any were seen gliding down
her

her Cheeks. Her Voice was hoarse, broken, and trembling. *Mentor* observ'd all these Motions, and spoke no longer to *Telemachus*. He treated him as we do a sick Man that's given over, and only look'd upon him with Eyes of Compassion.

Telemachus was sensible how much he was to blame, and how unworthy of *Mentor's* friendship. He durst not lift up his Eyes for fear he should meet those of his Friend, whose very Silence condemn'd him. Sometimes he had a Mind to throw himself about his Neck, and let him see how concern'd he was for his Fault; but still he was with-held, sometimes by a wrong Shame-fac'dness, other times by a Fear of going farther than he was willing; for the Danger now seem'd pleasing to him, and he could not as yet resolve with himself to conquer his foolish Passion. (t) The Gods and Goddesses of *Olympus* were now assembled, and in a profound Silence kept their Eyes fasten'd on *Calypso's* Island, to see which would be victorious, *Minerva* or *Cupid*. *Cupid*, by his sporting and playing with the Nymphs, had set all the Island on Fire; and *Minerva*, under the Shape of *Mentor*, made Use of Jealousy, so inseparable from Love, and play'd it against Love himself. *Jupiter* resolv'd to be a Spectator of this Contest, and to remain Neuter.

In the mean while *Eucharis*, fearing she should lose *Telemachus*, put in Practice a thousand Artifices to retain him her Captive. And now she was just ready to go a second Time a Hunting

(t) All Eyes are upon a young Prince that is in Danger of being drawn away by Pleasure: He therefore cannot begin the great Work of his Reputation by a more glorious Victory.

with him ; her Dress was exactly like that of *Diana* ; *Venus* and *Cupid* had pour'd new Charms all o'er her, so that on that Day her Beauty eclipsed even that of *Calypso's* self. *Calypso* seeing her at a Distance, she presently turn'd her Eyes down, to view herself in one of her most transparent Fountains ; she was ashamed of her own Face, she run and hid herself in the remotest Part of her Grotto, where being alone, she utter'd these Words.

Shall it then be in vain for me to endeavour to disturb these two Lovers, by declaring that I would accompany them in their Hunting ? Shall I go with them ? Shall I be the Occasion of her Triumph, and shall my Beauty serve only for a Foil to hers ? And must *Telemachus* at Sight of me grow still more fond of *Eucharis* ? Wretch that I am, What have I done ? No, I'll not go, neither shall they ; I well know how to hinder them : I'll go to *Mentor* ; I'll beg him to carry off *Telemachus*, and convey him to *Ithaca*. What said I ? Alas ! What will become of Me when *Telemachus* is gone ? Where am I ? O cruel *Venus*, what Course shall I take ? O *Venus*, you have deceiv'd me ! O what a treach'rous Gift you gave me ? Pernicious Boy ! Contagious *Cupid* ! When I set open my Heart to thee, 'twas in Hopes to live happy with *Telemachus*, and thou hast brought into that Heart nothing but Trouble and Despair. My Nymphs revolt against me, and my Divinity serves only to make my Miseries eternal. O ! that I could die, to put an end to my Sorrows ! But since I cannot destroy myself, *Telemachus*, thou must dye ; I'll take Vengeance for thy Ingratitude ; thy Nymph shall be Eyewitness
of

of it ; I will strike thee to the Heart while she stands by. But I rave ! Unhappy *Calypso*, what mean'st thou ? Wilt thou destroy an innocent Youth, whom thou thy self hast plung'd into this Abyss of Misfortunes ? 'Twas I my self that apply'd the fatal Torch to the Bosom of the chaste *Telemachus*. How innocent was he before ! how virtuous ! how averse to Vice ! how resolute against dishonourable Pleasures ! What made me poison his Heart ? He would have abandon'd me ? Well ! shall he not leave me now, or shall he stay to despise me, and make my Rival happy ? No, no, I suffer nothing but what I have justly deserv'd. Go, *Telemachus*, go, cross the Seas ; leave *Calypso* without Consolation, since she can neither support Life, nor meet Death. Leave her disconsolate, cover'd with Shame, and full of Despair, with thy haughty *Eucharis*.

Thus she spoke to herself in her Grotto. Then impetuously rushing out of a sudden, Where are you, O *Mentor*, said she ? Is it thus you support *Telemachus* against the Attacks of Vice to which he is now yielding ? You sleep, whilst Love is broad awake against you for his Undoing. I cannot any longer endure that shameful Indifference you shew. Will you still calmly look on, and see the Son of *Ulysses* dishonour his Father, and neglect the great Things Fate has decreed for him ? Is it you or me that his Parents have entrusted with his Conduct ? I am endeavouring to find Remedies to cure him, and will You do nothing ? There are in the remotest Parts of this Forest many tall well-grown Poplars, fit for the building of a Ship : there did *Ulysses* build that which convey'd him from this Island. In the same Place you will find a deep

VOL. I. L. Cavern,

Cavern, wherein are all the Tools necessary to cut out and join together the different Parts of a Ship.

She had scarce said these Words but she repented of them. *Mentor* lost not a Moment; he went to the Cavern, found the Tools, fell'd the Poplars, and in one Day fitted out a Ship with all its Equipments. For *Minerva's* Pow'r and Ingenuity can dispatch the greatest Works in a very short Space of Time.

Calypso mean while was under the most violent Agitation of Mind. On the one Side she was willing to see whether *Mentor's* Work advanc'd; on the other, she could not persuade herself to leave the Hunting-Match, where *Eucharis* would have enjoy'd *Telemachus's* Conversation in full Liberty. Her Jealousy never suffer'd her to lose Sight of those two Lovers; but then she made it her Business to turn the Game towards the Place where she knew *Mentor* was building the Ship. She heard the Strokes of the Hatchet and the Hammer, and every Blow roused her hearkening Ears, and made her shake with Horror; but then, in the same Moment, she was afraid lest thus busying her Mind on *Mentor*, should make her miss some Wink or Look from *Telemachus* to the young Nymph.

And now *Eucharis* said to *Telemachus*, as it were jocularly, (u) Are you not afraid *Mentor* will chide you for going a Hunting without him? O how are you to be pity'd that live under so harsh a Master! Nothing can make him less au-

(u) The blindest Princes are those who sacrifice their most faithful Servants to the capricious Humour of their Mistresses. Several great Men

were rendered useless by the Artifices of the Countess d'Estampes, and the Dutchesse de Valentinois.

stere; he declares himself an Enemy to all manner of Pleasure, nor can he endure that you should enjoy any; the most innocent Action is a Crime in his Eye. You might indeed be led by him when you was unable to govern yourself; but after you have express'd so much Wisdom, you should no longer suffer yourself to be used as a Child.

These crafty Words sunk deep with *Telemachus*, and fill'd him with Indignation and Distaste against *Mentor*, whose Yoke he would no longer bear. He fear'd to see him again, and made no Answer to *Eucharis*, he was under such Disorder. At length, towards the Evening, the Game being pass'd from one Side to t'other in a perpetual Hurry, they return'd Home thro' a Corner of the Forest, which was near to the Place where *Mentor* had been working all Day. *Calypso* saw afar off the Ship completely built, and at the Sight her Eyes were suffus'd with a thick Darkness, like that of Death: Her tott'ring Knees gave Way and sunk beneath her Body; a cold damp Sweat invaded ev'ry Limb; she was forc'd to lean upon the Nymphs that were about her, and as *Eucharis* was stretching forth her Hand to help her, she dash'd it aside, and cast a dreadful Frown at her.

Telemachus, who saw the Ship, but did not see *Mentor*, because he was now gone Home, having finish'd his Work, ask'd the Goddess who it was that own'd that Ship, and for what Use it was design'd. She was at first puzzled for an Answer, but after a while she said: I caus'd it to be built to send away *Mentor*; you'll be no longer troubled with that severe Friend, who crosses your Happiness, and would grow jealous

of you if you should become immortal. *Mentor* forfake me! I am undone, ruin'd! cry'd *Telemachus*. O *Eucharis*, if *Mentor* forsakes me, I have no Friend left but you. These Words having broke from him in the height of his Passion, he saw presently how much he was to blame for saying them; but he was not at first sufficiently Master of himself to know what he did: The whole Company were wrapt up in Silence and Amazement; *Eucharis* blush'd, and, with her Eyes nail'd to the Ground, she stay'd behind the rest, perfectly Thunder-struck, not daring to shew herself; but whilst her Face was overspread with Marks of Confusion, her Heart was dilated with Joy; as for *Telemachus*, his Presence of Mind had quite forsaken him, nor could he easily believe himself guilty of such an Indiscretion; what he had done seem'd to him as a Dream, but such a Dream as left him full of Inquietude and Perplexity.

Calypso, more furious than a Lioness that is robb'd of her Young-ones, ran up and down the Forest, without knowing whither she was going. At last she found herself at the Door of the Grotto, where *Mentor* was expecting her. Go out of my Island, said she, you Strangers, who are come to destroy my Repose: Away with that young Fool, and you, old Dotard, shall feel the Pow'r of an enraged Goddess, unless you carry him away hence this Moment. I'll see him no more, nor shall any of my Nymphs either speak to him, or look upon him: I swear it by the *Stygian* Lake, an Oath which makes the very Gods to tremble. But know, O *Telemachus*, that thy Misfortunes are not at an End: No, ungrateful Wretch! thou shalt depart from this Land,

Land, only to become a Prey to new Disasters: Then shall my Revenge be sated; thou shalt lament the Loss of *Calypso*, but in vain: *Nep-tune*, still incens'd against thy Father, 'who offended him in *Sicily*, and solicited by *Venus*, whom thou despis'dst in the Isle of *Cyprus*, is preparing new Storms for thee: Thou shalt see thy Father, he is not dead, but thou shalt see him without knowing him. Thou shalt not meet him at *Ithaca*, till after thou hast been the Sport of the most cruel Fortune. Away! I conjure the Heav'nly Pow'rs to revenge me. May'st thou, far off at Sea, hang on some Rock's sharp Point, Thunder-struck, invoking in vain *Calypso*, who will exult with Joy at thy Punishment.

She had scarce said these Words, but her distracted Mind was ready to enter upon contrary Resolutions, and recal the former: Love reviv'd in her Heart a fond Desire of keeping back *Telemachus*: Let him live, said she to herself, let him stay here; perhaps at last he may be sensible how much I have done for him: *Eucharis* cannot confer Immortality upon him as I can: O! too too blind *Calypso*! thou hast betray'd thyself by thy Oath; 'tis now past, and thou standest engag'd, and the *Stygian* Waves, by which thou hast sworn, leave thee no Room for Hope. No body heard these Words; but on her Face were seen the Furies painted, and all the baneful Venom of black *Cocytus* seem'd to ascend from her Heart in Pestilent Exhalations.

Telemachus was seiz'd with Horror: She instantly perceiv'd it; for what is there that jealous Love cannot divine? *Telemachus's* Disorder redoubled the Transports of the Goddess: Like

to a furious *Bacchanal*, that fills the Air with Howlings, and makes the *Thracian* Mountains resound with her Shrieks ; so *Calypso* ranges thro' the Woods with a Dart in her Hand, calling all her Nymphs about her, and threat'ning to transfix any one that should refuse to follow her. Intimidated by these Threats, they crowd after her. Even *Eucharis* advances with Tears in her Eyes, and looking at a Distance upon *Telemachus*, but did not dare to speak to him any more. The Goddess shiver'd when she saw her near her ; and far from being appeas'd by that Nymph's Submission, her Rage is heighten'd, and she feels a new Accession of Fury, when she perceiv'd that *Eucharis's* Beauty was encreas'd by Affliction.

Mean while *Telemachus* continu'd alone with *Mentor* : He grasps his Knees, for he durst not embrace him in any other manner, or look upon him : He pours forth a Flood of Tears ; he offers to speak, but his Voice fails him ; Words fail him yet more. He knows neither what he ought to do, nor what he is doing, nor what he would do. After a while he cries out ; O my true Father ! O *Mentor*, deliver me from my Miseries ! I cannot leave you, nor can I follow you ; O ease me of this Load of Woe, rid me of myself, and give me present Death !

Mentor embraces him, cheers him, encourages him, teaches him how to be Master of himself, without indulging his Passion, and says to him : O Son of the wise *Ulysses*, whom the Gods have so much lov'd, and whom they still love ; 'tis that very Love makes them expose you to such terrible Evils. He that has not been made sensible of his Weakness and the Violence of his Passions, can never be called wise ;

for he is still unacquainted with his own Heart, and knows not how to be diffident of himself. The Gods have led you as it were by the Hand to the very Brink of a Precipice, to shew you the Downfal of it, without letting you drop into it. Now therefore conceive what you could never have conceiv'd, if you had not made a Trial of it yourself. You would in vain have been told of the Treacheries of Love, who carresses in order (x) to destroy, and who under an Appearance of Sweetness conceals the bitterest Evils. That charming Boy came hither attended with the Graces and the laughing Joys. You saw him; he has robb'd you of your Heart, and you yourself was pleas'd with this Robbery. You labour'd for Pretences not to be sensible of the Wounds your Heart receiv'd: You studied to deceive me and yourself too: You fear'd nothing, and now behold the Fruit of your Temerity: You now call upon Death, and it is the only Hope that's left you. The distemper'd Goddess is like one of the infernal Furies: *Eucharis* feels a more devouring Fire, and sharper Pangs than those of Death itself. All the Nymphs are jealous and ready to tear one another to Pieces, and this is all owing to that Traytor Love, who appears so inoffensive. Call up all your Courage to your Aid. O how much do the Gods love you since they open you so fair a Path to fly from Love and see again your native Country! *Calypso* herself is forc'd to send you away, and the Ship is fully ready.

(x) There needs no more than a Captive Maid to set *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* at variance, and to make all the Strength of *Greece* miscarry.

By this, *Homer* teaches us, that the greatest Events are as often the May-game of Love as those of Fortune.

Why stay we in an Island where Virtue cannot dwell?

Speaking these last Words, *Mentor* took him by the Hand and pull'd him towards the Shore. *Tel machus* follow'd with Reluctance, still looking behind him. He kept his Eyes fixt upon *Eucharis*, as she was going still farther from him; and when he was no longer able to see her Face, he survey'd her fine Hair ty'd negligently behind, her Garments wantoning in the Wind, and her noble portly Gate: He would gladly have kiss'd her Footsteps, and even when he lost Sight of her, he would still be list'ning, fancying he heard her Voice. Tho' absent he saw her. Her Picture was still before his Eyes; nay, he fancy'd he spoke to her, not knowing what he did, nor where he was, nor minding what *Mentor* said to him.

At last coming to himself, as out of a profound Sleep, he said to *Mentor*, I am resolv'd to follow you, but I have not yet taken my Leave of *Eucharis*; I had rather dye than thus ungratefully forsake her; stay, I conjure you 'till I have seen her once more, and taken an eternal Farewel: At least suffer me to say to her, O Nymph! the cruel Gods, the Gods, jealous of my Happiness, force me away; but they may sooner put a Period to my Life, than ever blot you out of my Memory: O my Father! either grant me this last, this reasonable Consolation, or tear away my Life from me this Moment! No, I do not desire either to stay in this Island, or give myself up to Love: Love is not in my Heart; I only feel the Effects of Friendship and Gratitude towards *Eucharis*. All I desire is to bid her once again Adieu, and then I'll follow you without Delay.

How

How much I pity you, answer'd *Mentor* !
Your Passion is so violent that you are not sensible of it. You think you are well, and yet you call upon Death. You affirm that you are not conquer'd by *Cupid*, and yet are unable to leave the Nymph you love. You see nothing but her, you hear nothing but her, you are blind and deaf to every thing else. Thus, says a Man grown delirious by a raging Fever, I am not Sick. O blind *Telemachus* : You are ready to renounce *Penelope* who is expecting you, *Ulysses*, whom you shall certainly see again, and *Ithaca*, where you are to fill a Throne ; and, in short, you are ready to relinquish and throw up those great Honours and that high Fortune which the Gods have given you a firm Promise of, by those many wonderful Things they have done in your Favour. You renounce all these Advantages to pass an ignoble Life with *Eucharis* ! Will you still say that 'tis not Love that binds you to her ? What is it then that discomposes you ? Why wish you to dye ? Wherefore spoke you with so much Transport before the Goddesses ? I do not charge you with Dissimulation and Treachery ; but I lament your Blindness. Fly, O *Telemachus*, fly. Love is an Enemy that cannot be conquer'd but by Flight. Against such an Enemy, true Courage consists in Fearing and in Flying ; but in Flying without deliberating or once looking behind. You have not forgot the Cares you have cost me since your Infancy, and the Dangers you have escap'd by my Counsels. Either be govern'd by me, or let me leave you. O ! if you knew what Grief it gives me to see you rush thus on your own Ruin ; if you knew how much I have suffer'd during the Time that I durst

durst not speak to you ; the Pangs your Mother felt when she brought you forth were nothing in Comparison of mine. I held my Tongue, I brooded o'er my own Grievs ; I suppress'd my Sighs, to see whether you would return to me again. O my Son, my dear Son, ease my burden'd Heart, restore what is dearer to me than my own Bowels (y). Restore to me my lost *Telemachus*, restore yourself to yourself. If Wisdom gets the Ascendant of Love in your Breast, I shall then live, nay, I shall live happy ; but if Love drags you away in Despight of Wisdom, *Mentor* can no longer live.

Whilst *Mentor* was thus speaking, he went on his way towards the Sea ; and *Telemachus* who was not yet so much Master of himself as to follow him resolutely, was yet willing to suffer himself to be led away without Resistance. *Minerva*, still conceal'd under the Shape of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her invisible Shield, and diffusing divine Rays around him, inspir'd him with a secret Courageousness, the like of which he had not felt all the Time he was in the Island. At last they arriv'd at a very steep Rock on the Seashore, a Place that was continually buffeted by the foaming Waves : From this Height they look'd to see whether the Ship *Mentor* had prepar'd was still in the same Place : But behold a dismal Spectacle !

Cupid was stung with Rage, not only at the old Stranger's being invulnerable by his Shafts, but likewise because he had robb'd him of *Telemachus* ;

(y) Great Men have no other Friends but those who are afflicted to see them do amiss, and who freely condemn their Passions. We may	see this Maxim well proved, in <i>Plutarch's</i> excellent Treatise upon the Art of distinguishing a Flatterer from a Friend.
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chus ;

ckus. He wept for very Spight, and went to *Calypso*, who was traversing the dusky Forests. She could not look upon him without Groaning, and felt ev'ry Wound of her Heart bleeding afresh. *Cupid* accosts her: You are a Goddess, and will you suffer yourself to be vanquish'd by a feeble Mortal who is a Prisoner in your Island! Why do you let him go? O unlucky Boy, reply'd she, I will no more give Ear to thy destructive Counsels; 'tis you who drew me forth from my soft Haven of Tranquillity, to cast me into a bottomless Abyss of Misery. 'Tis too far gone to be recall'd: I have sworn by the River *Styx* to let *Telemachus* go. Even *Jove* himself, the Father of the Gods, with all his Power, dares not act counter to that dreadful Oath. But as *Telemachus* is going out of my Island, so do Thou too, thou mischievous Disturber of my Peace: Thou hast done me more Hurt than he.

Cupid wip'd away his Tears, then with a fleering malicious Smile, Truly, says he, a mighty Matter this! Let me alone; keep your Oath, and do not oppose *Telemachus's* Departure: But neither your Nymphs nor I have sworn by the *Stygian* Lake to let him go. I will inspire them with a Design of burning that Ship which *Mentor* built so expeditiously: His Diligence, which surpriz'd you, will be of no Advantage; he shall be himself surpriz'd in his Turn, nor shall there be any Means left him to take away *Telemachus* from you.

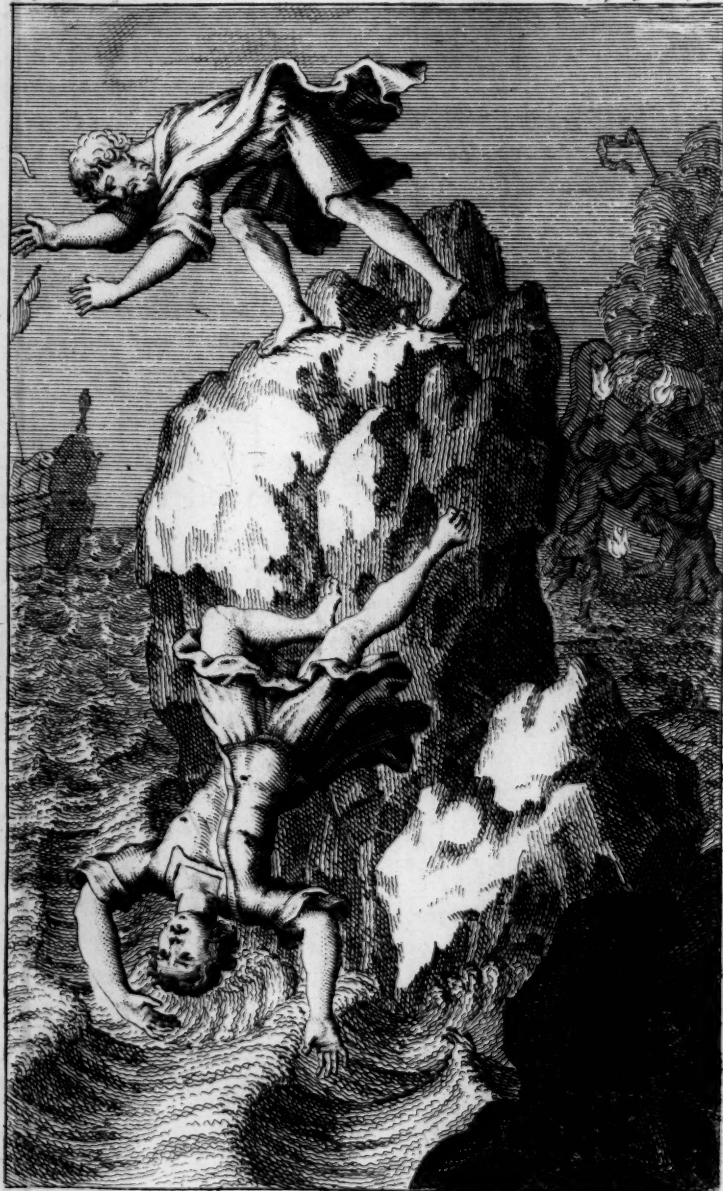
This flattering Speech infus'd fresh Hope and Joy to the very Centre of *Calypso's* Heart. As a refreshing Gale, curling the Surface of a Crystal Brook, revives a Flock of Sheep fainting with the Summer's sultry Heat; so this Discourse

Discourse allay'd the Desperation of the Goddess. Her Face resum'd its wonted Serenity ; the Fierceness of her Eyes gave Way to a gentle Tenderneſs ; thoſe cloudy Cares that gnaw'd her Heart departed for a Moment from her ; ſhe ſtop'd her wild Career, ſhe ſmiled, ſhe ſtrook the wanton *Cupid*, and in caressing Him ſhe hatch'd new Torments for Herſelf.

Cupid, well-pleas'd with having perſuaded Her, went preſently to perſuade the Nymphs, who wander'd here and there among the Mountains like Sheep diſpers'd by famiſh'd Wolves at Diſtance from their Shepherd. *Cupid* aſſembles them together and tells them, *Telemachus* is ſtill in your Hands, haſte then and burn the Ship which the raſh *Mentor* built for their Eſcape. And now each lights a Torch, they run to the Shore, they foam with Rage, they make loud Howlings, they ſpread abroad their diſſhevel'd Hair like the *Bacchanalian* Prietteſſes. Already flies the Flame ; it conſumes the Ship, made of dry Wood and daub'd all o'er with Roſin ; aſpiring Clouds of Smoke and Flame involve the very Skies.

Telemachus and *Mentor*, from the Top of the Rock, behold the Ship on Fire, and hear the Shoutings of the Nymphs. *Telemachus* was tempted almoſt to rejoyce at it, his Heart not being as yet entirely cur'd. *Mentor* obſerv'd that his Paſſion was like a Fire not well extinguish'd, which from beneath the Embers breaks out by Fits, and caſts forth living Sparks. Now, ſaid *Telemachus*, I am re-ingag'd in my former Chains. We have no Hopes left to quit this Iſland. *Mentor* ſaw well that *Telemachus* was going to relapſe into his Follies, and that he had not one Moment to loſe. He ſpy'd aſar off,
in





*Mentor pushes Telemachus from the Top of a Rock
into the Sea, and casts himself after him.*

in the open Sea, a Ship that lay by, not daring to approach the Island; for it was well known to all Pilots, that *Calypso's* Island was inaccessible to Mortals. Upon this the wise *Mentor*, presently pushing *Telemachus*, who was sitting at the Edge of the Rock, cast him down into the Sea, and himself with him. *Telemachus*, dizzy with the Fall, drank deep of the brackish Waves, and was for some Time tofs'd about by them. But after a while recovering his Senses, and seeing *Mentor*, who put forth his Hand to help him to swim, he banish'd all Thoughts but that of flying from the fatal Island.

The Nymphs, who reckon'd they should have kept them Prisoners, burst forth into outrageous Cries, seeing their Expectation frustrated, in not being able to prevent their Flight. The disconsolate *Calypso* return'd into her Grotto, which she fill'd with hideous Shrieks. *Cupid*, seeing his Triumph chang'd into a shameful Defeat, rais'd himself on the Wing, and flew away to the *Idalian* Grove, where his cruel Mother was expecting him. The Son, still more cruel, comforted himself with laughing, together with her, at all the Mischiefs he had done.

(z) The farther *Telemachus* went from the Island, the more he felt his Courage and Love of Virtue springing within him, and cheering his Heart with a secret Pleasure. I now experience, cry'd he to *Mentor*, the Truth of what you told

(z) Some Climates are contagious to Virtue: *Achilles* was no Hero till he got away from the Island of *Scyros*, where the Pleasures of the Court of King *Lycomedes*, and the Charms of the Prin-

cess *Deidamia* (of whom he got *Pyrrhus*) had softened him. Most of our Crusaders (those who went to the Holy-war) became voluptuous in *Asia*.

me,

me, and which I could not believe without I had try'd it. Vice can no otherways be conquer'd, but by flying from it. O my Father, how bounteous were the Gods in giving me your Assistance ! I deserv'd to be depriv'd of you, and to be left alone to myself. I now no longer fear either Sea, or Winds, or Storms ; I now no longer fear any Thing but my Passions. Love alone is more to be dreaded than the most dreadful Shipwreck that can happen.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Adoam, Brother of Narbal, happens to command the Tyrian Ship ; into which Telemachus and Mentor are favourably receiv'd, That Captain knowing Telemachus again, gives him an Account of the tragical Death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and the Accession of Baleazar, whom the Tyrant his Father had disgrac'd at that Woman's Perswasion. During a Repast which he gives to Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas, by the Sweetness of his Voice and Harp, draws round

round the Ship the Tritons, the Nereids, and the other Deities of the Sea. Mentor taking a Lute, plays on it incomparably better than Achitoas. Adoam then relates the Wonders of Betica; he describes the mild Temperature of the Air, and the other Beauties of that Country, where the Inhabitants lead a peaceable Life with great Simplicity of Manners.



THE Ship they saw lying off at Sea, and towards which they swam, was a Phœnician Ship going to Epirus. These (a) Phœnicians, on board her, had seen *Telemachus* in his Voyage to Egypt; but could not, as it is reasonable to believe, know him again in the midst of the Waves. As soon as *Mentor* was come so near the Ship as to be heard by them, he cry'd with a loud Voice, raising his Head above the Water: O you Phœnicians, who never turn away your Face from any who desire your Succour, do not refuse to give Life to two Men, who expect it from your Humanity. If you are touch'd with the least Respect for the Gods, take us into your Ship: We will go with you wherever you go. We will take you in most gladly, answer'd the Commander, for we are not ignorant how we ought to behave to Strangers that are in your unfortunate Circumstances. Upon this they were instantly receiv'd into the Ship.

(a) The great Art of Epic Poetry is to connect the different Parts of it, so as to make up but one Body. Our Author never loses Sight of this main Rule: We see in his Poem no Episode foreign to

it, no Event that has not an essential Relation to the principal Action. The third Book prepares us for this, without at all diminishing the Pleasure of a Surprise.

Scarce were they enter'd but for want of Breath they sunk down motionless, for they had swam a long Time, and strove hard to resist the Waves. By little and little they recover'd their Strength. They had other Clothes given them, their own being soak'd thro' by the Water which ran down from all Parts. As soon as they were able to speak, all the *Phœnicians* crowded eagerly round them, in order to know what Accident had befall'n them. The Commander of the Ship said to them, How did you gain Admittance into that Island from whence you came? For it is said to be possess'd by a cruel Goddess, who never suffers any Mortal to land there. It is likewise hemm'd in on every Side by frightful Rocks vainly insulted by the Sea, nor can it be approach'd without splitting against those Rocks and suffering Shipwreck.

'Tis true, reply'd *Mentor*, for we were wreck'd upon that Coast; we are *Greeks*. Our Country is *Ithaca*, not far from *Epirus*, whither you are bound. If you are unwilling to put in at *Ithaca*, which is in your Way, it will be Satisfaction enough for us to be carry'd into *Epirus*, where we shall find Friends who will take care to furnish us with Conveniencies for the short Passage between that and *Ithaca*, and we shall be everlastingly oblig'd to you for the Happiness of seeing again what we hold most dear in the World.

'Twas *Mentor* that spoke all this, and *Telemachus* kept silent; for the Oversights he had been guilty of in *Calypso's* Island, had made no small Addition to his Wisdom: He was distrustful of himself. He was sensible how much he continually wanted the prudent Counsels of *Mentor*: And when he could not speak to him to ask his Advice, he consulted his

Eyes, and endeavour'd to guess at his Thoughts.

The *Phœnician* Commander, with his Eyes still fix'd upon *Telemachus*, fancy'd he had seen him before, but could not well recollect where. Give me Leave, said he to *Telemachus*, to ask you whether you remember you ever saw me before; for if I mistake not, my Memory suggests to me that I have seen you elsewhere. Your Face is not unknown to me; It made an Impression on me at first Sight; but where I have seen you I cannot recollect; your Memory perhaps will help out mine.

Telemachus answer'd him with an Amazement mix'd with Joy; The Sight of you has the same Effect upon me, as mine has upon you: I have seen you, I know you again, but cannot call to mind whether in *Egypt* or at *Tyre*. Thereupon the *Phœnician*, like a Man who wakes in the Morning, and by little and little calls back the fugitive Dream that had vanished away at his waking, cry'd out on a sudden, You are *Telemachus*, whom *Narbal* took into his Friendship when we return'd from *Egypt*: I am his Brother, of whom no doubt he has often spoke to you; I left you with him after the Expedition into *Egypt*; I was under a Necessity to go to the farthest Seas into the famous *Betica*, near the Pillars of *Hercules*, so that I did but barely see you, and therefore it is not to be wonder'd I was at so great a Loss to know you again at first Sight.

I perceive, answer'd *Telemachus*, that you are *Adoam*; I had as it were but a Glimpse of you at that Time, but I was inform'd by *Narbal* concerning you; O how rejoyc'd am I to hear News of a Man who shall ever be so dear to me! Is he still at *Tyre*? Is he still expos'd to the
the

the cruel Treatment of the suspicious and barbarous *Pygmalion*: *Adoam* interrupting him, said, Know, O *Telemachus*, that Fortune commits you to a Man who will take all imaginable Care of you: I will carry you to *Ithaca* before I go to *Epirus*, and in *Narbal's* Brother you will find another *Narbal* to you; in this Moment he observ'd that the Wind which he waited for began to blow; he caused the Anchors to be weigh'd, the Sails to be unfurl'd, and their Oars to cut the passive Flood.

After that he took *Telemachus* and *Mentor* aside; I am going, said he, looking upon *Telemachus*, to satisfy your Curiosity. (*b*) *Pygmalion* is no more; the righteous Gods have disburthen'd the Earth of him. As he trusted no Man, so no Man could trust him: Good Men did only groan in secret and fly his Cruelties, without finding in their Hearts to do him any Hurt. The Wicked thought they could not otherwise secure their own Lives, than by putting an End to his. There was not a *Tyrian* but was every Day expos'd to fall a Sacrifice to his Distrust. His very Guards were more in Danger than any Body else; for his Life being in their Hands he fear'd them more than all the rest of Mankind, and upon the least Surmise he sacrific'd them to his Safety. Thus by over endeavouring to be safe, he became the less so. Those who were the Trustees of his Life being in continual Danger from his Distrustfulness, could not deliver themselves from so uneasy a Condition, but by pre-

(*b*) *Pygmalion* unites in his Character the three Vices which render Princes odious; Cruelty, Avarice and Lust. It was necessary to shew the

dangerous Precipices * into which those Passions are sure to lead those who give way to them.

venting, by the Tyrant's Death, the Effects of his curſed Jealouſy.

The impious *Aſtarbe* you have ſo often heard of, was the firſt who came into the Reſolution of deſtroying the King; ſhe was paſſionately in Love with a young *Tyrian*, whoſe Name was *Joazar*, a Man of very large Poſſeſſions; him ſhe hop'd to place upon the Throne. In order to this, ſhe perſuaded the King, that the eldeſt of his two Sons named *Phadael*, thro' Impatience to ſucceed him, had conſpir'd againſt his Life; ſhe ſuborn'd Witneſſes to prove the Plot, and ſo the unhappy King put to Death his innocent Son. The ſecond Son, *Baleazar* by Name, was ſent to *Samos*, under Pretence of learning the Manners and Sciences of the *Greeks*, but the Truth was, *Aſtarbe* had given the King to underſtand, that there was a Neceſſity to remove him from Court, for fear he ſhould enter into an Aſſociation with the Malecontents. Scarce had they put off to Sea, but thoſe who commanded the Ship, being corrupted by that cruel Woman, contriv'd it ſo as to be Shipwreck'd in the Night-time. They ſav'd themſelves by ſwimming to other Ships which waited for them, but threw the young Prince into the Sea.

In the mean while *Aſtarbe's* Amours were well known to all but *Pygmalion*, who fancy'd ſhe would never love any but himſelf alone. This diſtruſtful Prince was ſo hoodwink'd by his Paſſion for that wicked Woman, that he repos'd an entire Confidence in her. At the ſame time his Avarice put him upon hunting for Pretences to make away with *Joazar*, whom *Aſtarbe* was ſo fond of. His ſole Thoughts were bent how to come at the vaſt Wealth of that young Man.

But

But whilst *Pygmalion* was thus a Prey (*b*) to his Distrust, Love, and Avarice, *Astarbe* thought it convenient not to be dilatory in dispatching him out of the World; she fear'd lest he might discover something of her infamous Amours with this young Man; and, besides, she knew that the King's covetous Disposition, without any thing else, was a sufficient Motive to put him upon exercising any Cruelty upon *Joazar*; she concluded therefore that she ought to destroy him first, by Way of Prevention: She found the chief Officers of the Household ready to engage in the Murder of the King; she ev'ry Day heard of some new Conspiracy carrying on; but she was afraid of trusting any Body lest she shou'd be betray'd. At length, she thought the safest Way would be to poison *Pygmalion*.

He us'd most commonly to eat in private with her, and dress'd all his Victuals himself, not daring to trust any other Hands (*c*); he lock'd himself up in the remotest Apartment of his Palace, the better to cover his Distrust, and to avoid observing Eyes when he was preparing his Victuals. He deny'd himself all the Delica-

(*b*) Princes have every thing to fear from such Women as dishonour their Beds; they cannot have a more dangerous Enemy than a Mistress that is false to them. There is scarce any Plot wherein an intriguing Woman is not concerned.

(*c*) A Prince who shews so much Distrust of his Subjects, gives to understand, that as he does not love his People, so neither is he beloved by

them. *Cæsar* answered those who advis'd him to take Guards, that he would have none to defend him against the *Roman* People. 'Tis notorious that our (*French*) Kings would never have had Guards at first, had it not been to secure themselves against the Attempts of Foreigners: as for their retaining them afterwards, it was rather done for State than for the Security of the Throne.

cys of the Table, being afraid to taste of any thing that he could not tell how to dress himself. Thus not only all the Meats that were dress'd by his Servants, but also Wine, Bread, Salt, Oyl, Milk, and other common Provisions, were no longer of any Use to him. He would eat nothing but Fruits which he himself had gather'd from his Garden, or Pulse and Roots which he had sow'd and boil'd with his own Hands. To conclude, he drank nothing but Water, and that he drew himself out of a Fountain, which was enclos'd within his Palace, and of which he always kept the Key himself. Altho' to outward Appearance he plac'd so entire a Confidence in *Astarbe*, yet he fail'd not to take all manner of Precaution against her; he always made her be his Taster of every Thing, that so he might not be poyson'd without her, and to deprive her of all Hopes of surviving him: but to disappoint his Precaution, she procur'd an Antidote from an old Woman yet more wicked than herself, and who was the Confident of her Amours: And now she began to shake off all Fear, and resolv'd, without any more ado, to poyson him; which she effected in this Manner: Just as they were going to sit down to Table, this old Woman comes on a sudden and makes a mighty Bustle at the Door. The King, who was perpetually afraid of being assassinated, starts up, and runs to the Door to see if it was shut; the old Woman makes off; the King remains full of dreadful Apprehensions, not knowing what to think of the Noise he had heard; yet he durst not open the Door to inform himself. *Astarbe* cheers him up, and with fond Caressings persuades him to eat: She had, whilst the King was gone to the Door, put Poison into his Golden Cup.

Cup. *Pygmalion*, according to his Custom, made her drink first: She did so without any Fear, trusting to the Antidote. *Pygmalion* drank next, and a short space afterwards he swoon'd away. *Astarbe*, who knew that he had Cruelty enough to kill her upon the least Suspicion, began to rend her Clothes, to tear her Hair, and to lament in a most dismal Manner: She clasp'd and hugg'd the dying King in her Arms; she bath'd him with streaming Tears, which the crafty Woman had ever at Command: At last, when she saw that the King's Strength was quite exhausted, and that he was struggling in the Agonies of Death, for fear he should recover, and compel her to die with him, she left off caressing him, and proceeded to the most horrible Fury imaginable. She rush'd forcibly upon him and stifled him, and afterwards pluck'd the Royal Signet from his Finger, snatch'd the Diadem from his Head, and call'd in *Joazar* to whom she gave them both: She fancy'd that all those who had been devoted to her before, would not now fail to countenance and abet her Passion, and that her Lover would certainly be proclaim'd King; but those who had been most forward in making their Court to her were abject mercenary Souls, and consequently incapable of a true and lasting Affection. Besides, they wanted Courage and Resolution; and fear'd the Enemies that *Astarbe* had drawn upon her; and were yet more afraid of the Pride, Dissimulation and Cruelty of that impious Woman. So that for their own Security they all wish'd her Destruction.

Mean while the whole Palace was fill'd with a dreadful Tumult; nothing was heard but *the King is dead, the King is dead*. Some were fright-

en'd, others run to Arms; all seem'd apprehensive of the Consequences (e), but yet overjoy'd at the News: Fame carries it from Mouth to Mouth throughout the great City of *Tyre*, but not one Man is found that laments the King. His Death is at once the Deliverance and Consolation of all his Subjects.

Narbal, much concern'd at so terrible an Event, deplor'd, like a good Man, *Pygmalion's* Misfortune, who had betray'd himself by trusting the impious *Astarbe* with his Safety, and who had made it his Choice to be an inhuman Tyrant, rather than the Father of his People, as every King ought to be. *Narbal* therefore cast about with himself how to advance the publick Good, and hasten'd to assemble together all such as he knew to be Men of Honour and Integrity, to oppose *Astarbe*, under whom there was like to be a yet more despotick Administration than that of the late King.

Narbal knew that *Baleazar* was not drown'd when they threw him into the Sea, and those who had affirm'd to *Astarbe* that he was actually dead, did it only upon a bare Surmise: For the Darkness of the Night favouring him, he swam away, and certain Merchants of *Crete* compassionately receiv'd him into their Ship. He was afraid to return into his Father's Kingdom, suspecting that it was his Intention to destroy him, and fearing no less the cruel Jealousy of

(e) Consequences are always fatal to those who conspire against a good Prince; in which Case, the first Transports of the People give the Judges no Opportunity of exercising the Severity of the

Laws. It was not *Laurence de Medicis* that revenged himself on those who had conspired against him; it was the People of *Florence* punished them without any Regard to the most sacred Offices.

Pygmalion, than the Artifices of *Astarbe*. He continu'd a long while wandering up and down in Disguise on the Sea-coast of *Syria*, where the *Cretan* Merchants had left him; and to get a Livelihood, he was even forc'd to keep Sheep. After a while he found Means to inform *Narbal* of the Condition he was in, thinking that he might safely trust himself to a Man of his approv'd Virtue. Tho' *Narbal* had been ill used by the Father, yet that did not hinder him from loving the Son, and keeping a watchful Eye continually to his Interests: And this he all along did, to hinder the Son from ever failing in the Duty he owed his Father, and therefore he constantly exhorted him to a patient suffering of his hard Fortune.

Baleazar had writ to *Narbal*, that if he thought it safe for him to come to *Tyre*, he should send him a gold Ring, upon Receipt whereof he would come away and join him. *Narbal* did not think it proper, while *Pygmalion* was alive, that *Baleazar* should come; because that had been exposing both the Prince's and his own Life to a certain Danger; so difficult a Thing was it to guard against *Pygmalion's* rigorous Enquiries. But as soon as that unhappy Prince had come to such an End as was suitable to his Crimes, (f) *Narbal* immediately sent a gold Ring to *Baleazar*. Upon which *Baleazar* instantly came away, and arriv'd at the Gates of *Tyre*, just as the whole City was in the

(f) If there be any Glory equal to that of wearing a Crown worthily, it must be that of placing it upon the Head of a Prince to whom it lawfully belongs. Few Kings

of *England* make that shining Figure in the History of that Nation as General *Monk* does, who restored the Royalty after the Death of the Usurper *Cromwel*.

Heighth

Heighth of Disorder and Confusion for want of a Successor. *Beleazar* was without Difficulty acknowledg'd by the chief Citizens and also by the whole Populace: They lov'd him, not for his Father's Sake, who had the universal Hatred, but because of his own Moderation and Sweetness of Temper. Even his long Sufferings had given him a Sort of an additional Lustre, which heighten'd all his good Qualities, and affected every *Tyrian's* Heart in his Favour.

Narbal call'd together the leading Men of the People, the old Men of the City-Council, and the Priests of the great Goddess of *Phœnicia*; they saluted *Baleazar* as their King, and caus'd the Heralds to proclaim him: The People answer'd with a thousand Acclamations of Joy. *Astarbe* heard them from the farther End of the Palace, where she was entertaining herself with her base and infamous *Joazar*. All the ill Men whom she had employ'd to serve her, when *Pygmalion* was alive, had now entirely forsaken her; for it is natural for the Wicked to dread and fear one another, and to wish never to see such in Authority, as well knowing what wrong Use they would make of their Power, and how violent they would be in all their Pursuits: As for good Men, the Wicked can bear much better with such, because they expect at least to find in them Moderation and an indulgent Disposition. And now *Astarbe* had none left about her but some notorious Accomplices of her flagitious Crimes, and who had nothing to expect but a condign Punishment for the same. The Gates of the Palace being forc'd open, those profligate Wretches did not dare to make a long Resistance, and only cast about how to get away. *Astarbe*, disguis'd like a Slave, endeavour'd

your'd to make off among the Crowd, but being perceiv'd by a Soldier, she was taken, and was like to be torn in Pieces by the enrag'd Multitude, who already had begun to drag her along in the Dirt; but *Narbal* took her out of their Hands. In this extremity she desir'd to speak with *Baleazar*, in hope to bewitch him with her Charms, and fill him with Expectations of learning some important Secrets from her. (g) *Baleazar* could not but admit her, to hear what she had to say: To her Beauty she added such a Mildness of Aspect and gentle Modesty, as would have disarm'd the most incens'd. She flatter'd *Baleazar* with the most delicate and insinuating Encomiums; she represented to him how much *Pygmalion* lov'd her; and conjur'd him by his dead Father's Ashes to take Pity on her; she invoc'd the Gods, as if she had been a sincere Worshipper of them; she pour'd forth Torrents of scalding Tears; she clung to the Knees of the new King, but afterwards she used all the craft she was Mistress of to render his best deserving Servants suspected and odious to him. She accus'd *Narbal* of entering into a Conspiracy against *Pygmalion*, and endeavouring to get himself created King, in Prejudice of *Baleazar*: She added, that *Narbal* design'd to poison him. She forg'd the like Calumnies against all the other *Tyrians*, who were Men of Virtue and Integrity. She hoped to have found *Baleazar*'s Heart of the same distrustful and suspicious Make his Father's was; but *Baleazar*, no longer able to endure the hellish Malignity

(g) 'Twas by this dangerous Art that *Cleopatra* endeavour'd to tempt the young *Augustus*. This Curtizan-

Queen, as *Lucan* calls her, had no other resource left but her Beauty and Poison.

of

of that wicked Woman, cut short her Speech, and calling his Guards, ordered them to carry her away to Prison. The wisest of the Antients were commission'd to examine into her Actions.

They discover'd, with Horror, that she had poison'd and strangled *Pygmalion*; and the whole Course of her Life was found to be a continued Series of monstrous Crimes. They were upon the Point of inflicting upon her the same Punishment as is usually inflicted upon great Offenders in that Country, namely to be burnt alive by a slow Fire: But when she found she had no manner of Resource left, she grew mad like a Fury come from Hell, and in that Condition swallow'd a Poison which she always carry'd about her, to make away with herself in case of such Sentence as was now pass'd upon her. Those who guarded her, perceiv'd that she suffer'd violent Pangs, and offer'd to administer to her some Ease; but she would never return them any Answer, and gave them to understand, by Signs, that she would have none of their Relief. They put her in Mind of the just avenging Gods whom she had provok'd; but, instead of expressing any Concern for her Crimes, she look'd up to Heaven with Scorn and Arrogance, as it were to insult the Almighty Powers.

The very Image of Rage and Impiety was impress'd upon her agonizing Countenance; there was not the least Remainder of that superlative Beauty which had caus'd the Destruction of so many Men; all those Graces were blotted away; her extinguish'd Eyes rowl'd about in their Sockets in a wild staring Manner; a convulsive Motion shook her Lips, and kept her
Mouth

Mouth gaping hideously wide; her Face shrunk up, and her Cheeks suck'd in, made a most ghastly Appearance; a livid Paleness and a mortal Cold had seiz'd her whole Body. Sometimes she seem'd to recover some Breath, but 'twas only to exhale it again in frightful Howlings: At last she expir'd, leaving all the Spectators full of direful Ideas. Her impious Ghost doubtless descended into those Seats of Sorrow, where the cruel *Danais* are eternally employ'd to draw Water in bored Vessels; where *Ixion* everlastingly turns his Wheel; where *Tantalus*, parch'd with Thirst, can never catch a Drop of that Water which mocks his Lips; where *Sisyphus*, with fruitless Toil, rows up-hill a Stone that incessantly falls back again, and where *Tityus* will for ever feel in his fresh-created Bowels a Vulture preying upon them.

Baleazar, being deliver'd from this Monster, express'd his Thanks to the Gods by numberless Sacrifices. He began his Reign by a quite different Sort of Conduct from that of *Pygmalion*: He apply'd himself to the retrieving of Trade, which was every Day grown worse and worse: He consults *Narbal* in his most momentous Affairs, but yet is not blindly govern'd by him; for 'tis his Resolution to see every Thing with his own Eyes: He hears every Body's Opinion, and afterwards determines according to what he thinks best. He is universally belov'd by the People, and, in possessing their Hearts, he possesses more Riches than his Father had swept together by cruel Avarice; for there is not a Family in his Dominions but will part with all they have, if he should be reduc'd to an Exigency: Thus what is in Their Coffers is more at his Command, than if by Force he should take it from

from them. He needs not be solicitous for the Safety of his Life ; for he has always about him the securest Guard, namely, the Love of his Subjects, among whom there is not one but dreads of all Things to part with him, and would hazard their own Lives to preserve that of so good a King. He lives happy with his People, and they the same under him : He is tender how he burdens them, and they are as timorous lest they should not give him enough of their Substance. He lets them live in Plenty, and yet this Plenty neither makes them unruly nor insolent : For they are laborious and indefatigable in Trade, and stedfast in preserving the Purity of their ancient Laws. *Phœnicia* is now again ascended to the highest Pinnacle of her Glory : 'Tis to her young King she owes so much Prosperity.

Narbal governs under him. O *Telemachus*, were he now to see you, how joyfully would he load you with Presents ! What Pleasure would it be to him to send you back to your own Country in State and Magnificence ! O how fortunate am I in doing what he could have wish'd he had an Opportunity to do himself, in going to the Isle of *Ithaca*, there to place on the Throne the Son of *Ulysses*, that he may govern that Island as wisely as *Baleazar* does *Tyre* !

Adoam having thus spoken, *Telemachus*, charm'd with the Story, and much more with the Marks of Friendship he had received from that *Phœnician* in his Misfortunes, threw his Arms round him with the greatest Tenderneſs and Affection. After a while *Adoam* ask'd him by what Accident he came into *Calypso's* Island. *Telemachus* related in his Turn the Story of his Departure from *Tyre*, and his Passage to the Isle of *Cyprus*, and how

how he met with *Mentor* again ; their Voyage into *Crete* ; the publick Games for the Election of a King after *Idomeneus's* Flight ; the Resentment of *Venus* ; their Shipwreck ; the Pleasure with which *Calypso* receiv'd them ; the Jealousy of that Goddess against one of her Nymphs, and *Mentor's* pushing him into the Sea, upon seeing the *Phœnician* Ship at a Distance.

After these Discourses, *Adoam* caus'd a magnificent Repast to be brought in, and the better to express the Greatness of his Joy, he procur'd all the Diversion that could be had. Whilst they were at Table, during which Time they were attended by young *Phœnician* Boys, with Garlands on their Heads, and drest in the purest White : They burnt the most exquisite Perfumes of the Orient. All the Rowers Seats were fill'd with Musicians playing upon the Flute : *Achitoas*, a fine Player on the Lute, now and then made them pause, to introduce the sweet Harmony of his Voice and Lyre, fit to be heard at the Table of the Gods, and to ravish the Ears of *Apollo* himself. The *Tritons*, the *Nereids*, all the Deities who are subordinate to *Neptune*, and even the Monsters of the deep, sprung from their humid and profound Grotto's, and came round the Ship in Shoals, charm'd by this divine Melody. A Company of young *Phœnician* Boys, of a singular Beauty, and clad in the finest Lawn, whiter than the falling Snow, danc'd for some Time the Dances of their own Country, then those of *Egypt*, and last of all they danc'd some *Grecian* Dances ; at proper Intervals the sounding Trumpets fill'd the distant Shores with reverberating Echoes. The Silence of the Night, the Calmness of the Sea,

the

the trembling Light of the Moon, which danc'd on the Surface of the Waves, the darkish Azure of the Sky, thick set with brilliant Stars, serv'd to encrease the Agreeableness of the Show.

Telemachus, being of a sprightly lively Temper, was mightily pleas'd with these Entertainments (*b*); but he durst not entirely give his Heart up to Pleasure. Since he had experienc'd, with so much Confusion and Shame, in *Calypso's* Island, how apt Youth is to be inflam'd. All Pleasures, even the most innocent ones, made him fearful; he suspected every Thing. He look'd upon *Mentor*, in whose Face and Eyes he consulted how to behave himself in the present Circumstances.

Mentor was glad to see him in that Perplexity, but made as if he did not take Notice of it. After a while, mov'd with *Telemachus's* Abstemiousness, he said to him, smiling, I perceive what you are afraid of, and cannot but commend your Fear, but then you must not carry it too far. No Man can wish you more earnestly than I the Enjoyment of Pleasure, but it must be such Pleasure as will not hurry you away to Excess, nor emasculate your Nature: Pleasure you should possess, but not such Pleasure as shall possess you: I always shall be glad to see you enjoy the Use of innocent well-regulated Diversions, such as will not deprive you of your Reason, and make you like a furious Brute. And at this Time 'tis very fit for you to refresh yourself after all your Fatigues: Go on, and in a grateful Complaisance to *Adoam* relish

(*b*) The most prudent fear | nothing is more difficult than
is that of Pleasure, because | to use it with Moderation.

the Entertainments he offers you ; rejoyce, *Telemachus*, and be merry. Wisdom has nothing in it of Austerity or Affectation ; 'tis she yields true Pleasures ; 'tis she knows how to season them, in order to make them pure and durable ; she knows how to mix Mirth and Sports with the weightiest and most serious Affairs ; she makes Way for Pleasure by Labour, and unbends from Labour by Pleasure. Wisdom is not ashamed to be gay upon Occasion.

After he had said these Words, *Mentor* took up a Harp, and plaid on it in so masterly a Manner, that *Achitoas* let His drop from him in very Spite : His Eyes struck Fire ; his troubled Face turn'd pale ; every Body would have taken Notice of his Disorder and Confusion, but that at the same Moment *Mentor's* Harp entirely transported the Souls of all the By-standers ; none of them hardly durst breathe, for fear of breaking in upon the profound Silence, and so lose something of the divine Musick ; all fearing least it would be too soon over. *Mentor's* Voice was by no means effeminate, but tuneable, strong, and expressive of every Passion he turn'd it to.

He at first chaunted forth the Praises of *Jupiter*, Father and King of Gods and Men, who with a Nod shakes the whole Universe ; afterwards he set forth *Minerva* coming out of his Head, that is, Wisdom, form'd by that God within himself, and issuing from him for the Instruction of those who were willing to receive it. *Mentor* sung these Truths in so pathetic and lofty a Strain, and in so religious a Manner, that the whole Assembly thought themselves elevated to the highest Pinnacle of *Olympus*, in the very Presence of *Jupiter*, whose Looks are

more piercing than his Thunder: Next to this he sung the Misfortune of the young *Narcissus*, who becoming fondly enamour'd of his own Beauty, which he was incessantly surveying in a Fountain, pin'd away with Grief, and was chang'd into a Flower which bears his Name. Lastly, he sung the fatal Death of the bright *Adonis*, torn to Pieces by a wild Boar, whom *Venus*, tho' passionately in Love with, could never bring to Life again with all her sad Complaints to Heaven.

All that heard him broke into resistless Tears, and felt a secret Pleasure in weeping. When he gave over Singing, the *Phœnicians* lookt at one another with Amazement: One said, this is *Orpheus*; for thus with his Harp he used to soften the wild Beasts, and draw after him both Woods and Rocks; 'tis thus he enchanted *Cerberus*, suspended the Torment of *Ixion* and the *Danaids*, and prevail'd upon the merciless *Pluto* to consent to the Release of the fair *Eurydice*. Another cry'd, No, 'tis *Linus* the Son of *Apollo*, to whom the next By-stander answer'd, You are deceiv'd, 'tis *Apollo's* self. *Telemachus* was almost as much surpriz'd as They were, for he did not know that *Mentor* was so great a Master of the Harp, or could sing so divinely. *Achitoas*, who had Leisure to disguise his Jealousy, did now begin to bestow on *Mentor*, some Commendations, but he blush'd at the same Time and could not proceed. *Mentor* seeing what Confusion he was in, began to interrupt him, and to comfort him, by giving him the Praises he deserv'd: *Achitoas* did not receive much Consolation, because he saw that *Mentor* surpass'd him even more by his Modesty than the Charms of his Voice.

And

And now *Telemachus* said to *Adoam*, I remember you mention'd to me a Voyage you made into *Betica* after we left *Egypt*. (i) *Betica* is a Country of which so many Wonders are related, that they are almost incredible: Vouchsafe to inform me whether all that is said of it be true. I shall with the greatest Pleasure, answer'd *Adoam*, describe to you that renown'd Country, which is so deserving of your Curiosity, and far exceeds whatever is reported of it. Whereupon he thus began.

The River *Betis* glides thro' a fertile Land, bless'd with a temperate and ever-serene Sky. The Country takes its Name from the River, which discharges itself into the great Ocean near *Hercules's* Pillars, and not far from that Place where the furious Sea, breaking its Mounds, heretofore divided the Land of *Tharfis* from the great *Africa*. This Country seems to have preserv'd the Delights of the Golden Age: The Winters here are mild, and the severe North Winds never blow: The Heat of the Summer is always moderated by refreshing Zephyrs, which towards the middle of the Day cool the sultry Air. Thus the whole Year is but an happy Marriage of the Spring and Autumn, which seem to shake Hands together. The Land, both in the Valleys and the Plains, brings every Year a double Harvest. Along the Sides of the Roads grow Laurel-trees, Pom-

(i) Nothing can come nearer to the Description which *Strabo* gives of *Spain*. These Flowers are not merely the Product of the Poet's Fancy; he had drank deep Draughts at the Spring-head of Antiquity; he advances nothing that he has not a good foundation for. Could he have given the Duke of *Anjou* [now King of *Spain*] a better Notion of the Country he was one Day to govern?

granates, Jassamines, and other Trees ever green and ever in Blossom. The Hills are cover'd o'er with Flocks of Sheep, which supply a Wool, which for its Fineness, is sought for by all the Nations of the World. There are in this happy Country numerous Mines of Gold and Silver; but its Inhabitants, who are happy in their Simplicity, vouchsafe not so much as to reckon Gold and Silver among their Riches, and esteem nothing but what is merely necessary for the Conveniences of human Nature.

When first we began a Commerce with these People, we found they apply'd Gold and Silver to the same Uses as Iron, for Plough-shares and the like. As they had no foreign Trade they needed no Coin; they are almost all either Shepherds or Husbandmen. There are but few Artisans in the Country, for they only tolerate those Arts which are indispensably necessary for their Sustenance; and tho most of 'em apply themselves to Agriculture, or to grazing of Cattle, yet they are skill'd in such Arts as are serviceable to support their plain and frugal Way of Living.

The Women spin that fine Wool I mention'd, and make extraordinary fine white Stuffs thereof; they bake the Bread, dress the Victuals; and all this Labour is easy to them, for in this Country what they live upon is generally Fruit or Milk, very rarely Flesh: With Leather of their Sheeps Skins they make thin Shoes for themselves, their Husbands, and Children; they make Tents, some of wax'd Skins, others of Barks of Trees; they make and wash all the Garments for the Family, and keep the Houses in wonderful Order and Cleanness. Their Clothes are easily made; for in this temperate Climate they only wear a
thin

thin light Piece of Stuff, which is not cut into Shape, but which every one, for Modesty-sake, wears in long Folds about their Body, in what Form they please (*k*).

The Men have no other Arts to exercise, besides Tillage and Grazing, but the working in Wood and Iron, and even in these they seldom make Use of Iron, unless it be for Tools necessary for Agriculture. All those Arts which respect Architecture are utterly useless to them, for they never build any Houses: It denotes, say they, too great a Fondness for the Earth, the building a Mansion upon it more lasting than our Bodies; it is enough if we can shelter ourselves from the Inclemencies of the Weather. As for all other Arts, so much in Esteem among the *Grecians*, the *Egyptians*, and other polite Nations, they detest them as the Inventions of Vanity and Luxury.

When you speak to them of Nations who erect stately Buildings, make Furniture of Gold and Silver, and Stuffs adorn'd with Embroidery and precious Stones, exquisite Perfumes, delicious Viands, Instruments of Musick to ravish the Soul; all the Answer they give is this: Those Nations are very unhappy, to take so much Pains to corrupt themselves: Such Superfluities soften, intoxicate, and torment those who possess them, and tempt those who are destitute of them to procure them by Injustice and Violence;

(*k*) We are not to look upon these Notions to be more plausible than solid. That they were practicable has been made appear from Examples of some of the greatest Legislators. *Lycurgus* banished

from his Republick, not only Gold and Silver, but also all their concomitant Vices. He reduced all the Exercises of the *Lacedemonians* to Husbandry and the Art Military; and, accordingly *Sparta* had no other Walls or Bulwarks but her Citizens Bodies.

and how can such Superfluity be call'd a Good, when it only tends to make Men evil? Are the Men of those Countries sounder, more lusty than we are? Do they live longer? Are they better united one to another? Is their Life more free from Cares, more calm, more cheerful? Nay, on the contrary, they must be jealous one of another, prey'd upon by base and haggard Envy, and even torn to Pieces by Ambition, Fear, Avarice; not susceptible of plain unmix'd Pleasures, since they are Slaves to so many imaginary Necessities, in which alone they place all their Felicity.

Thus, continu'd *Adoam*, do these wise Men argue, who have gain'd all their Wisdom by only studying simple Nature. They abhor our Politeness, and it must be confess'd that their amiable Simplicity has something great in it. They live all together without any Partition of Lands; every Family is govern'd by its Head, who is real King thereof; every Father of a Family has a Right to punish such of his Children or Grand-Children as shall be guilty of an evil Action; but before he proceeds to inflict it he consults the rest of the Family, and 'tis very rare that there happens any Occasion for Punishment; for Innocence of Manners, Integrity, Obedience, and a Detestation of Vice, inhabit this happy Place, and one would think *Astrea*, who is said to be gone up into Heaven, lies yet here conceal'd among these People: There is no Need of Judges among them, for their own Conscience supplies that Office. All their Goods are in common; the Fruits of the Trees, Grain of the Earth, Pulse, Milk of the Herds, are so very plentiful, that a People so temperate and abstemious have no Occasion to parcel them out:

Each

Each Family itinerant, in this fine Country without any settled Place of Abode, transport their Tents from one Place to another, when they have consum'd the Fruits and eaten up the Pasturage of the Place from whence they came. So that having no separate Interest to maintain one against another they love one another with a brotherly Love, which nothing can impair or break in upon. 'Tis this Rejection of vain Riches and deceitful Pleasures, which preserves 'em in that Peace, Union, and Liberty. They are all alike free, all upon a Level, and there is no other Distinction seen among them, except what is allow'd to the Experience of wise old Men, or the extraordinary Parts of some young ones, who being accomplish'd in all Virtue hold the same Rank with the old ones. The cruel Cries of Fraud and Violence, Perjury, Law-Suits, Wars, are never heard in this Country, cherished by the Gods. No human Gore ever discolour'd this Land; nay, even the Blood of Lambs is rarely seen to stain it. When they are told of desperate Battles, rapid Conquests, State-Revolutions, which happen often among other Nations, they stand perfectly amaz'd. What! say they, are not Men mortal enough of themselves, without hurrying each other thus precipitately to their Graves? Does Life, that is so short, seem to them too long? Are they sent here upon Earth to tear each other to pieces, and to make themselves mutually miserable?

Besides, these People of *Betica* cannot conceive why so many Conquerors are admir'd for enslaving whole Empires. What Madness, say they, is it for one Man to place his Happiness in governing others, since, if it be perform'd with Reason and according to Justice, 'tis so painful a

Task? But what Pleasure can he take in governing them against their Consent? 'Tis all that a wise Man ought to do, to take upon him the Conduct of a tractable People, whom the Gods have committed to his Care, or a People who beseech him to be their Father and Shepherd; but to govern Men against their Will, is to make oneself exceedingly miserable, to gain the false Honour of keeping them in Servitude. A Conqueror is one whom the Gods have sent upon the Earth in their Wrath to destroy whole Kingdoms, to spread Terror in every Corner, to scatter abroad Misery and Desperation, and to make as many Slaves as there are Freemen. A Man that is fond of Glory, does he not find enough of it in ruling with Prudence those whom the Gods have put under him? Does he think he cannot merit Praise unless he becomes violent, unjust, haughty, usurping, and tyrannical over all his Neighbours? War should never be thought of, but for the Defence of Liberty. Happy he, who not being another's Slave, is not so madly ambitious as to make others his Slaves! The mighty Conquerors, whom they dress out to us with so much Glory, resemble those wide-spread undamm'd Rivers, which look majestick, but destroy the fertile Fields which they ought only to refresh.

After *Adoam* had given this Description of *Betica*, *Telemachus*, highly pleas'd, ask'd him several curious Questions. Do these People, said he, drink Wine? They are so far from drinking it, reply'd *Adoam*, that they never care to make any; not that they want grapes, since no Country produces more delicious than it does; but they content themselves with eating Grapes as they do other Fruits, and they dread Wine as
the

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the Corrupter of Mankind; 'tis a sort of Poison, say they, which creates Madness; it does not indeed directly kill a Man, but it makes him a Beast: Men may preserve their Health and Strength without Wine, the Effects whereof is to destroy their Health and ruin their Morals.

I would fain know, said *Telemachus*, how Marriages are regulated in this Nation. No Man, answered *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife, and her he must keep as long as she lives. The Honour of the Men in this Country depends as much on their Constancy to their Wives, as the Honour of the Women depends in other Countries on their Fidelity to their Husbands. Never were People so just, nor so inviolably chaste. The Women here are beautiful and agreeable, but plain, modest, and industrious. Marriage here is peaceful, fruitful, and spotless: The Husband and Wife seem to be but one Soul in two Bodies; they bear an equal Part in all domestick Cares; the Husband manages the Affairs abroad; the Wife confines herself at Home to her Housewifery; she administers Comfort to her Husband and seems to be made only to help and pleasure him; she is intire Mistress of his Secrets, and her Virtue, no less than her Beauty, contributes to heighten the Charms of their Society, which endure as long as they live. Sobriety, Temperance, and Purity of Manners, is what makes their Lives not only long, but exempt from Diseases. Here are Men of an hundred, and an hundred and twenty Years old, who are yet hearty and cheerful.

I want to know, added *Telemachus* (l) how they

(l) Conquerors are not overfond of trying their Strength upon a Nation which is poor, but withal warlike. These

are the two Barriers which defend the Swiss-cantons more than their Mountains.

do

do to avoid going to War with their Neighbours: Nature, says *Adoam*, has separated them from other People, on one Side by the Sea, and on the other Side by high Mountains towards the North. Besides this, the neighbouring Nations bear them great respect on account of their Virtue; and, when they fall out among themselves, they frequently make Choice of these People to determine their Differences, and have often intrusted to them the Lands and Towns that were in Dispute among them. This wise Nation having never committed any Violence no Body mistrusts them. They laugh when they are told of Kings who cannot regulate and adjust among themselves the Fontiers of each others Dominions: Is it possible, said they, for Men to fear they shall ever want Land? There will be always more than they can cultivate; and as long as there shall remain free and waste Lands, we would not so much as defend our own against our Neighbours that should endeavour to take them from us. Pride, Arrogance, Treachery, Falshood, and Envy, were never heard of amongst the Inhabitants of *Betica*. And thus their Neighbours never have Occasion to fear such a People, nor can they ever hope to make such a People fear them, which is the Reason they never give them any Disturbance or Molestation. The *Beticians* would sooner forsake their Country, or meet their Death, than submit to Slavery. Thus it is as difficult to enslave them, as it is for them to desire to enslave others: And this is what causes so uninterrupted a Peace between them and their Neighbours.

Adoam concluded this Discourse with relating how the *Phœnicians* carry'd on their Trade with those of *Betica*. These latter were, said he, wonderfully

wonderfully surpriz'd when first they saw strange Men come so far on the Waves of the Sea. They even receiv'd us in a very courteous Manner. They suffer'd us to found the City in the Isle of *Gades*, and gave us Part of all they had, without desiring any Return: They likewise offer'd us all they had left of their Wool, after they had laid by enough for their own Use; and indeed they sent us a rich Present of it. They take great Delight in giving their Overplus liberally to Strangers.

As for their Mines, they without any manner of Scruple gave them up to us: They made no Advantage of them themselves: they thought that Men were not overwise, for searching so laboriously the Bowels of the Earth, for what could neither render them happy, nor satisfy any real Necessity. Do not dig, said they to us, so deep into the Earth; content yourselves with ploughing and tilling it; and it will afford you real Goods which will nourish you; you will reap Fruits from it which are much more valuable than Gold or Silver, since all that Mankind desires Gold and Silver for, is only to purchase Sustenance for humane Life.

We were often desirous to have taught them Navigation, and to have carry'd some of their young Men into *Phœnicia*, but they would never yield to have their Children taught to live our Way. They would learn, said they to us, to stand in need of all the Things that are become necessary to You; they wou'd have them; they wou'd forego Virtue to obtain them by unjust Methods; they wou'd grow like a Man who has good Legs, and who having refused Walking, is at last reduc'd to the Necessity of being carry'd about like a Sick Man. As for Navigation

gation they admire it, because it is an excellent Art, but they believe it to be a pernicious Art. If those People, say they, have enough in their own Country to support Life, what is it they go to seek for in another? Is not what suffices Nature sufficient for Them? They deserve to be shipwreck'd for running into the Jaws of Death, thro' Storms and Tempests, to glut the Avarice of Merchants and indulge the Passions of other Men.

Telemachus was perfectly ravish'd at *Adoam's* Discourse; he was transported with Joy that there was yet a People in the World, who, following the true Dictates of Nature, were at the same Time so wise and so happy. O, said he, how widely walk these People from the vain and ambitious Maxims of those Nations who are esteem'd to be the wisest! We are so very corrupt ourselves, we can hardly believe that so natural a Simplicity can be real; we look upon the Morals of these People as a fine Fable, and they ought to look upon ours as a hideous Dream.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus, still incens'd against Telemachus, begs his Destruction of Jupiter ; but the Destinies not allowing him to perish, the Goddess goes to Neptune, to concert Measures for keeping him from Ithaca, whither Adoam was carrying him. They employ a deceiving Deity to mislead the Pilot Athamas, who believing he was arriv'd at Ithaca, enters full-sail into the Port of the Salentines. Their King Idomeneus receives Telemachus in his new City, where he was just then preparing a Sacrifice to Jupiter, to obtain Success in a War against the Mandurians. The

1

Priest

Priest, consulting the Entrails of the Victims, gives Idomeneus Hopes of the greatest good Fortune, and farther lets him understand, that he shall owe his Happiness to his two new Guests. This unhappy King implores their Aid against his Enemies, and promises them all manner of Assistance.

WHILST *Telemachus* and *Adoam* where thus conversing together, neglectful of Sleep, and not perceiving that the Night had already run one half of its Race, a deceitful and adverse Deity, led them far wide of *Ithaca*, which their Pilot *Atbamas* sought for in vain. *Neptune*, tho' a Friend to the *Phœnicians*, was now grown impatient, and could no longer endure to think that *Telemachus* had escap'd the Storm that had thrown him against the Rocks of *Calypso's* Island. *Venus* was yet more enrag'd to see that young Man triumphing, after his Conquest over *Cupid*, and all his Charms. In the Height of her Passion she quitted *Cythera*, *Paphos*, *Idalia*, and all the Honours which are paid to her in the Isle of *Cyprus*. She could no longer stay in those Places where *Telemachus* had contemn'd her Sway. She flies to bright *Olympus*, where the Gods were assembled round the Throne of *Jove*. From this Place they behold the Stars rolling beneath their Feet. They see this terrestrial Globe like a small Clod of Clay. The vast Seas appear to Them only like Drops of Water, with which this Clod is a little moisten'd. The largest Kingdoms are in their Eyes but as a little Sand covering the Surface of this Clod. The vast Numbers of People, the mighty Armies, seem but as Ants disputing

disputing with one another for a Tuft of Grass upon this Clod. The Immortals laugh at the most weighty Affairs that agitate weak Mankind, and their most arduous Labours appear to them like the Play-games of Children. That which Men call Glory, Grandeur, Power, and deep Policy, seem to these supreme Deities to be nothing but Misery and Folly.

(m) 'Tis in this Abode, so much elevated above the Earth, that *Jupiter* has fix'd his immoveable Throne. His Eyes pierce into the very lowest Depths, and visit even the most secret Foldings of the Heart. His sweet and serene Aspect diffuses Tranquillity and Joy throughout the Universe. On the contrary, when he shakes his Locks, he makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble. The Gods themselves, dazzled with the Glory that surrounds them, can't approach him without trembling.

All the Celestial Deities were near him at this Moment. *Venus* presented herself with all those Charms that spring from her divine Person. Her loose flowing Gown was more splendid than all the Colours which *Iris* decks herself with amidst the dusky Clouds, when she comes to promise to dismay'd Mortals the Cessation of a Tempest, and to declare to them the Return of serene Weather. Her Robe was fasten'd by that fam'd Girdle on which are represented the Graces. The Goddess's Hair was negligently ty'd behind by a Locket of Gold. All the Gods were surpriz'd at her Beauty, as if they

(m) *Homer* has been blamed for making Gods of his Heros, and Men of his Gods; but our Author has taken no more from Fable

than what suited the Notion of a Deity; he only represents the God surrounded with his Glory.

never

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never

never had seen her before, and their Eyes were dazzled like the Eyes of Mortals, when *Phæbus*, after a tedious Night, comes to illuminate the Earth with his Rays. They look on each other with Astonishment, but still their Eyes center'd on *Venus*. But they perceiv'd the Goddess was bath'd in Tears, and that a Cloud of Sorrow sat upon her Face.

Mean while she advanc'd towards the Throne of *Jupiter* with a soft light Pace, like the swift Flight of a Bird, dividing the vast Expansion of the Air. He look'd on her with Complacency; he smiled kindly on her, then rising up embraced her. My dear Daughter, said he to her, what is it grieves you? 'Tis impossible I should behold your Tears without being mov'd; fear not to unbosom yourself freely to me: You know my Tendernefs and Indulgence for you.

Venus answer'd him with a gentle Voice, but interrupted with deep Sighs: O Father of Gods and Men, can you, who see all Things, be ignorant of the Cause of my Sorrow? (n) *Minerva* is not satisfy'd with subverting the very Foundations of *Troy's* stately Town, which I espous'd, and to be reveng'd on *Paris*, who had prefer'd my Beauty to hers; but she likewise conducts over Land and Sea the Son of *Ulysses*, that cruel Overthrower of *Troy*. *Telemachus* is accompany'd by *Minerva*, which occasions her Absence from this divine Assembly. She led this rash Youth into the Isle of *Cyprus* to affront me, where he despis'd my Pow'r, nor deign'd so

(n) *Venus*, in the *Iliad*, sets herself against the Kings of *Greece*, who had *Minerva* for their Protectress. Our

Author follows the same Fiction, but in both Poems we find Wisdom triumphing over Pleasure.

much as to burn Incense upon my Altars; he has express'd an Abhorrence of the Festivals that are celebrated in my Honour; He has lock'd fast his Heart against all my Pleasures. In vain has *Neptune* stir'd up against him the Winds and Seas at my Desire: *Telemachus*, cast by a dreadful Shipwreck on *Calypso's* Island, has triumph'd over *Cupid's* self, whom I dispatch'd thither to soften the Heart of this young *Greek*. But neither *Calypso's* blooming Youth nor Charms, nor any of her Nymphs, nor even the burning Shafts of Love, could get the Ascendant over *Minerva's* Arts: She snatch'd him from the Island. Behold how I am defeated; a Stripling triumphs over me.

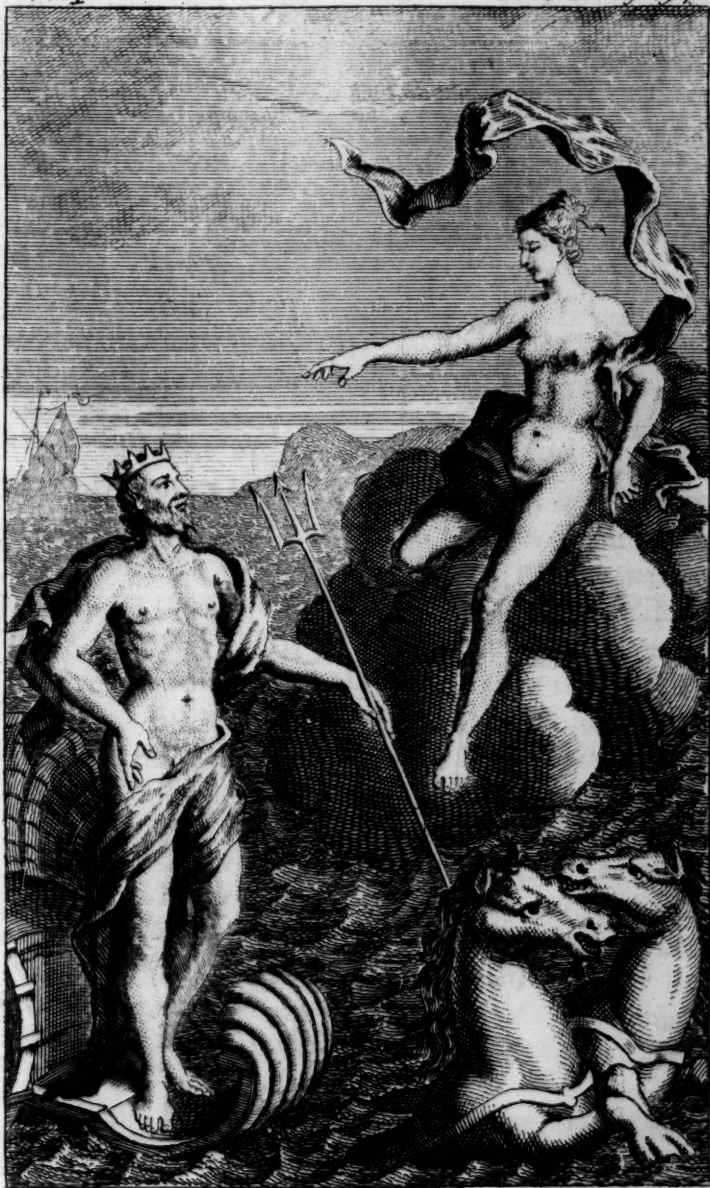
Jupiter, to comfort *Venus*, said to her: 'Tis true, my Daughter, *Minerva* guards the Heart of this young *Greek* against your Son's dread Shafts; she prepares for him a Glory which never yet was merited by a young Man. I am troubled that he has despis'd your Altars, but I cannot subject him to your Power. To gratify you, I consent that he still shall wander both by Sea and Land, that he shall live far from his own Country, expos'd to ev'ry thing that's dangerous and disastrous; but the Fates will neither suffer him to perish, nor his Virtue to be overcome by those Pleasures with which you decoy Mankind. Take Comfort then, my Daughter; content yourself with ruling over so many other Heroes, and so many of the Immortal Pow'rs.

Here he smil'd at *Venus* with the utmost Grace and Majesty; a radiant Flash, like the most piercing Lightnings, darted from his Eyes; then tenderly kissing *Venus*, he diffus'd an Odour of Ambrosia, which perfum'd *Olympus*

all around. The Goddess could not but be sensible of this favourable Reception from the greatest of the Gods: In spite of her Tears and Grief a visible Joy o'erspread her Face; she let down her Veil to hide her blushing Cheeks, and to cover the Confusion she was in. The whole Assembly of the Gods applauded *Jupiter's* Answer; and *Venus*, without losing a Moment's Time, hastened to *Neptune*, to concert with him the Means of revenging herself on *Telemachus*.

She repeated to *Neptune* what *Jupiter* said to her: I knew before, reply'd *Neptune*, the unalterable Decree of Destiny; but if we can't sink *Telemachus* to the Bottom of the Sea, let us not at least omit any Thing that may make him wretched, and protract his Return to *Ithaca*. I can't yield to destroy the *Phœnician* Ship on which he is aboard; I love the *Phœnicians*; they are My People; no other Nation of the Universe cultivates My Empire as they do; the Sea thro' their Means is become a Bond that ties together all the Nations of the Earth; they honour me with continual Sacrifices on my Altars; they are just, prudent, and industrious in their Commerce; they distribute Plenty, and the Conveniencies of Life, thro' all the World: No, Goddess, I can't admit one of their Vessels to be wreck'd; but I will make the Pilot lose his Course, and sail wide of *Ithaca*, whither he designs to go. *Venus*, satisfy'd with this Promise, forc'd a malicious Smile, and then return'd in her flying Chariot and alighted on *Idalia's* flowery Meads, where the Graces, the Laughters, and the Sports, express'd their Joy to see her again, dancing around her on the Flowers which perfume that charming Place.

(o) *Neptune*



*Venus descends to beg of Neptune to raise a Storm
that Telemachus may never arrive at Ithaca.*



(o) *Neptune* immediately dispatch'd a deceitful Deity, like the God of Dreams, save only that Dreams never deceive but during the Time of Sleep, whereas this Deity enchants Mens Senses when they are awake. This malignant Deity, attended by a numberless Crowd of wing'd Delusions flutt'ring round him, came and pour'd out a subtle and enchanted Liquor upon the Eyes of the Pilot *Athamas*, who was attentively considering the Brightness of the Moon, the Course of the Stars, and the Port of *Ithaca*, whose steep Rocks he had already discover'd pretty near. In this very Moment the Pilot's Eyes exhibited nothing to him as it really was; a false Sky and a false Land presented themselves to him, the Stars seem'd to have chang'd their Course, and to return back again to their former Orbits: All *Olympus* seem'd to move by new Laws; the Earth itself was alter'd; a mock-*Ithaca* still offer'd to the Pilot's View to amuse him, while at the same time he was going farther off from the true one. The more he approach'd towards this deluding Representation of the Island, the farther this Image recoil'd from him; it still fled from before him, and he knew not what to make of its Retreat: Sometimes he thought he already heard the Noise so usual in a Port, and he was strait preparing, according to the Orders he had receiv'd, to steal ashore on a little Island near the great one, to secure the Return of this young Prince against the Violence of *Penelope's* Lovers,

(o) *Ulysses*, in the *Odysssey*, is expos'd to *Neptune's* Fury, who wreaks on him his utmost Vengeance; Here, the same Fictions adorn a yet

more sublime Moral, without giving the Reader the Trouble of looking for it through the Veil of Allegories.

who had conspir'd against him : Sometimes he dreaded the Shelves and Rocks which that Part of the Sea is full of, and he fancy'd he heard the hollow Roaring of the Waves dashing against those Rocks. Then all on a sudden he perceiv'd that the Land appear'd at a much greater Distance: The Mountains seem'd to him like so many little Clouds, which sometimes darken the Horizon while the Sun is setting. Thus was *Athamas* perplex'd, and the Impression of the deceitful Deity which had bewitch'd his Eyes, fill'd him with a Sort of an Apprehension which till then he was a Stranger to: He was even inclin'd to believe that he was not awake, and that he was under the Illusion of a Dream. Mean while *Neptune* commanded the East Wind to blow, in order to drive the Ship on the Coast of *Hesperia*; the Wind obey'd him with so much Vehemence, that the Ship soon arriv'd at the Place *Neptune* had design'd.

Already had *Aurora* proclaim'd the approaching Day; already had the Stars, which dread the Rays of the Sun, and are jealous of him, begun to hide in the Ocean their dusky Fires, when the Pilot cry'd out, I can no longer doubt it, we are now touching the very Island of *Ithaca*; Rejoyce, *Telemachus*, for in an Hour you shall see *Penelope* again, and perhaps *Ulysses* repossess'd of his Throne.

At this Cry *Telemachus*, who was lock'd fast in the Arms of Sleep, awakes, starts up, goes to the Steerage, embraces the Pilot, and with his Eyes scarce open surveys the neighbouring Shore, and sigh'd when he found that it was not the Coast of his own Country. Alas! Where are we, said he? This is not my dear *Ithaca*. *Athamas*, you are deceiv'd; you are
I but

but little acquainted with this Coast, so far distant from your own Country. No, no, reply'd *Atamas*, I can't be deceiv'd in my Knowledge of the Bearings of this Island; I have been a great many Times here; I know the smallest Rock belonging to it; the *Tyrian* Coast is scarce more recent in my Memory: See that Mountain there jutting out; behold that Head land rising like a Tower; don't you hear those Billows that break themselves against those other Rocks, that with an angry Brow seem to threaten the Sea with their Fall? But don't you see that Temple of *Minerva*, which cleaves the Clouds? Yonder is the House and Castle of your Father *Ulysses*. O *Atamas*, reply'd *Telemachus*, you are deceiv'd: I see, on the contrary, a very high but level Coast; and I perceive a Town, but it is none of *Ithaca*. O Gods, is it thus ye deride and make sport of us poor Mortals?

Whilst he was saying these Words, all of a sudden the Eyes of *Atamas* were restor'd to their wonted Certainty. The Charm dissolv'd; he beheld the Shore as it really was, and perceiv'd his Error. I own, O *Telemachus*, cry'd he, some envious Deity has enchanted my Eyes; I thought I saw *Ithaca*, and a perfect Image of it presented itself to my Fancy; but now 'tis vanish'd like a Dream: I now behold another City, and it is doubtless *Salentum*, which *Idomeneus*, who fled from *Crete*, has lately founded in *Hesperia*; I perceive its rising Walls, as yet unfinish'd; I see a Port not yet entirely fortify'd.

Whilst *Atamas* was taking Notice of the several Works newly erected in this growing City, and whilst *Telemachus* was bewailing his

Misfortune, the Wind that *Neptune* caused to blow, drove them full-sail into a Road, where they found themselves under Shelter, and just by the Haven.

Mentor, who was no Stranger either to *Neptune's* Revenge, or the cruel Devices of *Venus*, only smiled at *Albamas's* Mistake. When they were in this Road, *Mentor* says to *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* is making a Trial of you, but will not suffer you to be destroy'd: On the contrary, he only tries you, to point out to you the Road of Glory. (p) Think on the Labours of *Hercules*; let your Father's Atchievements be ever present to your Mind. He who knows not how to suffer, is not magnanimous. By Patience and Fortitude you must tire out that merciless Fortune which takes Delight in persecuting you: I am less afraid, for your sake, of the rigorous Treatment of *Neptune*, than I fear'd the insinuating Caresses of that Goddess who detain'd you in her Island. What do we stay for? Let us enter the Port: these People are our Friends; we are come among *Greeks*. *Idomeneus*, who himself has been ill used by Fortune, will have Pity on the Distress'd. They presently enter'd the Port of *Salentum*, where the *Phœnician* Ship was receiv'd without any Obstruction, because the *Phœnicians* are in Peace and Commerce with all the People of the World.

Telemachus beheld with Admiration this growing City. As a young Plant, which having

(p) The fabulous Heroes are heightened by the Lustre of a well-supported Adversity. It is a Circumstance which contributes the most of any thing to the Glory of a

Great Man, for when he is in a distressed Condition, you do not see the Splendor of Fortune, but his Virtue alone, shining out in him.

been

been nourish'd by the Night's sweet Dew, at Break of Day feels the Sun-Beams coming to embellish it; it grows, it opens its tender Buds, it stretches out its green Leaves, it blows its odoriferous Flowers with a thousand new Colours; every Moment you look upon it, you perceive a new Lustre: So flourish'd *Idomeneus's* new City on the Sea-side: Each Day, each Hour it rose in Magnificence, and presented afar off to Strangers at Sea new Ornaments of Architecture, whose tow'ring heights saluted the very Skies: All the Coast resounded with the Cries of the Workmen and the Strokes of Mallets and Hammers, while by the Help of Cranes and Ropes, Stones travelled thro' the Air: All the leading Men of the City spirited the Populace in their Work as soon as *Aurora* appeared, and King *Idomeneus* himself was seen giving Orders throughout, and forwarding the Works with an incredible Diligence.

Hardly was the *Phœnician* Vessel got into Port, ere the *Cretans* gave to *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all the Tokens of a sincere Friendship: (q) They hasten'd away to inform *Idomeneus* that the Son of *Ulysses* was arriv'd. The Son of *Ulysses*, cry'd he! of *Ulysses*! He! that dear Friend, that wise Hero, by whom we at last laid stately *Troy* in Dust! Bring him to me, and let me shew him how much I lov'd his Father. Hereupon they presented to him *Telemachus*, who, telling his Name, begs of him an hospitable reception.

(q) As in Tragedy, so in Epic Poetry, the Action is less compounded and more lively when the same Characters are always represented as acting. A confused

Heap of different Fictions, such as we see in our Romances, show nothing but an irregular Fancy in the Authors of them.

Idomeneus answered him with a courteous smiling Countenance, Tho no body had told me who you are, I should certainly have known you: (r) You are *Ulysses* himself; behold his very Eyes darting forth Fire, his assur'd steady Look, his Mien at first cold and reserv'd, which cover'd so much Spriteliness and so many Graces! I perceive even that ingenious Smile, his easy negligent Demeanour, his gentle Speech, plain and insinuating, which persuad'd, without allowing Time for Suspicion. Yes, you are the Son of *Ulysses*, but you shall be mine too. O my Son, my dear Son, what Accident brings you to this Climate? Is it to seek your Father! Alas! I can tell you nothing of him; Fortune has persecuted both him and me: 'Twas his ill Fate not to be able to find his Country again, and 'twas mine to find my Country again, fill'd with the Hatred of the Gods against me.

Whilst *Idomeneus* was speaking these Words, he look'd wistfully upon *Mentor*, as one whose Face he was no Stranger to, but whose Name he could not recollect.

And now *Telemachus* answer'd him with Tears in his Eyes: O King, pardon the Grief which in Despight of me will break out at a Time when I ought to express nothing but Joy and Gratitude for your Generosity to me: By your lamenting the Loss of *Ulysses*, you yourself teach me how much I ought to be affected by my Misfortune, in not finding my Father again. 'Tis now

(r) The Art of an excellent Writer is to collect together, in one Point of View, all those lively Touches which characterize the whole Man and paint him out as big as the Life. *Homer* has drawn the Pictures of Multitudes of Heroes, and yet there are not any two of them alike: They are, if I may so say, as various in his Poem as in Nature. Our Author seems to work with the same Pencil.

a long, long time I have been in Search of him through every Sea. The angry Gods permit me not either to see him again, to know whether he be Ship-wreck'd, or return'd to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* pines away with a longing Desire to be freed from her importunate Suitors. I thought I should have found you in the Isle of *Crete*; I was there inform'd of your cruel Destiny, but little thought of ever coming near *Hesperia*, where you have founded a new Kingdom; but Fortune, who makes us Mortals her Play-game, and who obliges me to wander from Place to Place, and keeps me still from *Ithaca*, has at length cast me upon Your Shoar. Of all the Disasters she has expos'd me to, this is what I the least repine at, for tho she drives me from my native Country, yet she introduces me to the most generous of all Kings.

At these Words *Idomeneus* gave *Telemachus* a kind Embrace, and leading him into his Palace, said to him, Who is that wise old Man that accompanies you; for methinks I have seen him somewhere? 'Tis *Mentor*, reply'd *Telemachus*; *Mentor*, the Friend of *Ulysses*, to whom he committed the Government of my Infancy: What Tongue can express how much I am oblig'd to him!

Thereupon *Idomeneus* stepping to *Mentor*, and taking him by the Hand, You and I, said he to him, have seen one another before: You may remember the Voyage you made into *Crete*, and what good Advice you gave me; but at that Time the Heat of Youth and the quick Relish of Pleasures hurry'd me away, so that there was a Necessity that I should be taught by my Misfortunes what I would not otherwise learn. Would to the Gods I had taken your Advice, O sage old Man! But I am amaz'd to see that
you

you are not in the least alter'd in so many Years ; your Face is as fresh and sanguine as ever ; the same stait and vigorous Body, only your Hair is grown somewhat hoary.

Great King, answer'd *Mentor*, were I a Flatterer, I would tell you likewise that you still preserve that Bloom which shone in your Face before the Siege of *Troy* ; but I had rather displease you than offend against Truth. Besides, I find by your wise Discourse, that you do not love Flattery, and that a Man runs no Hazard in being sincere with you. Therefore (s) I can't but say that you are very much chang'd, and that 'twas scarce possible to have known you again. I am not a Stranger to the Cause of it ; 'tis occasion'd by your many and great Sufferings : But you have been a great Gainer by your Misfortunes, since you have acquir'd Wisdom. A Man may very easily comfort himself for the Wrinkles of his Face, so long as his Heart is exercis'd and fortified in Virtue (t). Moreover, know, *Idomeneus*, that Kings always wear away faster than other Men. In Adversity the Fatigues of the Mind and Body make them old before their Time. In Prosperity, the sensual Enjoyments of an easy Life waste their Strength even more than the Toils of War. Nothing is

(s) Truth is never ill received, when a Man of Worth and Distinction speaks it to a great Prince. *Agrippa* declared to *Augustus* that he ought, for his Reputation sake, to relinquish the Empire, and yet *Agrippa* lost no Ground in *Augustus's* Favour for his Freedom of Speech.

(t) *Lucian* has written a small Tract concerning those who live to a great Age. He therein mentions a King who lived to be an hundred and fifteen Years old, and who is taken Notice of in History on no other Account but the Number of his Years.

more

more detrimental to Health than immoderate Pleasure : From hence it proceeds, that Kings, either in Peace or War, do continually labour under such Pains or Pleasures, as bring upon them old Age before its natural Time. Whereas a sober, temperate, and plain Way of Living, free from Inquietudes and Passions, regular and laborious, keeps all the Limbs of a wise Man in a vigorous Youthfulness, which, without these Precautions, is always flying away upon the Wings of Time.

Idomeneus, charm'd with *Mentor's* Discourse, would for a long Time have listen'd to him, had they not come to put him in Mind of a Sacrifice which he was to make to *Jupiter*. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* follow'd him, surrounded by a great Crowd of People, who with much Eagerness and Curiosity gaz'd at the two Strangers. The *Salentines* said one to another, These two Men are very different ; the young one has a certain amiable Liveliness beyond Expression ; all the Graces of Youth and Beauty are diffus'd over his whole Face and Body ; but this Beauty has nothing effeminate nor languid : Tho he is in the tenderest Blossom of Youth, yet he appears vigorous, strong, and season'd to labour. But this other, tho far older, has lost nothing at all of his Strength : His Mien indeed seems at first not so majestical, nor his Countenance so graceful ; yet if you look nearer, you will find in his Simplicity the Marks of Wisdom and Virtue, with a surprizing Grandeur of Deportment. When the Gods descended to Earth to reveal themselves to Mortals, they doubtless assumed the like Figures of Strangers and Travellers.

By this Time they were arriv'd at the Temple of *Jupiter*, which *Idomeneus*, who was descended
from

from that God, had adorn'd with much Magnificence: It was environ'd with a double Row of Marble Pillars, like Jasper; the Chapiters were of Silver; the Temple was all incrusted with Marble, and with Bas-reliefs representing the Transformation of *Jupiter* into a Bull, the Rape of *Europa*, and her Passage thro' the Sea into *Crète*. The Waves seem'd to reverence *Jupiter* tho' he was in a strange Form. Then in another Place they saw the Birth and Youthfulness of *Minos*; lastly, that wise King in a more advanc'd Age, dispensing Laws to the whole Island, in order to render it for ever flourishing. There likewise *Telemachus* took Notice of the principal Occurrences at the Siege of *Troy*, where *Idomeneus* had acquir'd the Reputation of a great General. Amidst the Representation of these Actions *Telemachus* look'd for his Father (*u*), and found him taking the Horses of *Rhesus*, whom *Diomed* had just kill'd; in another Place disputing with *Ajax*, for the Arms of *Achilles*, amidst an Assembly of the *Grecian* Commanders: And, lastly, his coming out of the fatal Horse to give Death to so many *Trojans*.

Telemachus presently knew him by all these famous Actions, which he had so often heard of, and which *Mentor* himself had frequently repeated to him. The Tears presently gush'd from his Eyes; he chang'd Colour; Grief was spread all o'er his Face: *Idomeneus* perceiv'd it, tho' *Telemachus* turn'd aside to conceal his Trouble. Be not asham'd, said *Idomeneus* to him,

(*u*) Thus, in the *Odyssèy*, *Ulysses* finds the *Phæacians* to be no Strangers to the high Reputation he had acquired in the World. *Aeneas* sees

at *Dido's* Court the Picture of the *Trojan* War. Our Author is rich with the Spoils of *Greece* and *Rome*.

to let us see how much you are mov'd with the Glory and Misfortunes of your Father.

Mean while the People assemble in Crowds, under the vast Porticoes form'd by the double Row of Columns which furrounded the Temple. There were two Companies of young Boys and Girls, who sung Verses in Praise of the Thunder-grasping God. These Children, who were pick'd out for their Beauty, had their long Hair spread abroad upon their Shoulders. Their Heads were crown'd with Roses, and perfum'd. They were all cloath'd in White. *Idomeneus* offer'd in Sacrifice to *Jupiter* a hundred Bulls, to attract his Blessing in a War which he had undertaken against his Neighbours. The Blood of the Victims smoking on every Side, stream'd into the capacious Goblets of Gold and Silver.

The aged *Theophanes*, dear to the Gods, and Priest of the Temple, kept, during the Time of the Sacrifice, his Head cover'd with one End of his purple Robe; then he consulted the Entrails of the Victims still panting; after which, ascending the sacred Tripod, O ye Gods, cry'd he, what are these two Strangers whom you have sent into these Parts? Had they not come among us, the War lately enter'd upon would have been fatal to us, and *Salentum* would have fall'n to Ruin ere it had been well rais'd above-ground. I have in my Eye a young Hero whom Wisdom leads by the Hand——It is not permitted to Mortal Mouth to say more——

In speaking these Words his Looks were wild, and his Eyes struck Fire; he seem'd to gaze on other Objects than those that were before him; his Face was inflam'd; his whole Body was in Emotion; he rag'd and grew distracted; his Hair bristled up; his Mouth foam'd; his
uplifted

uplifted Arms seem'd to stand motionless in the Air; his Voice was stronger than any human Voice; he was in a manner spent, and could no longer contain within him the Deity he was possess'd with. O happy *Idomeneus*, cry'd he again, what do I see! what Misfortunes avoided! what amiable Peace at Home! but Abroad what bloody Wars, what Victories! O *Telemachus*, thy Labours exceed thy Father's; the proud insulting Enemy groans in the Dust, whilst thy Sword flashes o'er his Head: The brazen Gates, the inaccessible Ramparts fall at thy Feet—— O mighty Goddess! Let his Father! ——brave (x) Youth! in Time thou shalt revisit—— At these Words his Speech decays within his Mouth, and he continues, in spite of himself, in an amazing Silence.

The People were froze with Fear; *Idomeneus* shiver'd, not daring to bid him make an End. *Telemachus* himself, surpriz'd, could not without Difficulty conceive what he had heard: Scarce could he believe that he had heard such high Predictions. *Mentor* alone was unastonish'd at the divine Spirit. You hear, said he to *Idomeneus*, the Purpose of the Gods; that whatever Nation you have to fight against, the Victory shall be in your Hands, and you will owe to your Friend's youthful Son the Prosperity of your Arms; therefore be not jealous of him, but make right Use of what the Gods bestow on you by His Means.

(x) The Reader's Patience would have been too much put to the Stretch, had he been not apprised of the unravelling of the Action, till the Conclusion of the Poem. Thus *Jupiter* declares, at the End of the tenth Book of the

Iliad, how the *Trojan War* will end: But, in order to keep up our Surprize he does not discover by what particular Incident it shall be terminated. Just so it is in this Poem.

Idomeneus

Idomeneus, being not yet recover'd out of his Amazement, study'd in vain for Words; his Tongue continued motionless. *Telemachus*, more Master of himself, said to *Mentor*, Even so much promis'd Glory does not move me; but what can be the Meaning of those last Words, thou shalt revisit— Is it my Father, or only *Ithaca* that I shall see again? Ah! why did he not make an End? He has left me more in Doubt than I was before. Oh *Ulysses*! Oh my Father! Is it possible that I should ever see you again? Can it be true? But I flatter myself— O cruel Oracle! thou delightest in sporting with an unfortunate Wretch: One Word more and I had been at the Heighth of Happiness!

Accept with Reverence what the Gods reveal, said *Mentor* to him, and attempt not to discover what they are pleas'd to keep a Secret. Rash Curiosity deserves to be put to Confusion. 'Tis out of a supreme Goodness and Wisdom that the Gods conceal from feeble Mortals their Destinies, involv'd in an impenetrable Darkness. It is indeed of Advantage to foresee what depends on our Endeavours, in order to a due Performance; but 'tis no less advantageous to be ignorant of what the Gods design to do with us, and of what is not in our Power by any means to avert.

Telemachus, touch'd with these Words, contain'd himself, tho' not without the greatest difficulty. *Idomeneus*, who had by this time conquer'd his Surprise, began to thank great *Jove* for sending to him the young *Telemachus* and the wise *Mentor*, in order to make him victorious over his Enemies: And after he had given them a noble Entertainment, which follow'd the Sacrifice, he spoke thus to the two Strangers.

I acknowledge I was but a Novice in the Art of Governing when I return'd into *Crete*, after the Siege of *Troy*. You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes disabled me from reigning over that great Island, since you tell me that you were there after I left it. Yet I am happy, exceeding happy, if the severest Strokes of Fortune can be of Use towards my Instruction, and teach me to be Master of my Passions! I cross'd the Seas like a Fugitive, whom the Revenge of Gods and Men pursues. All my past Grandeur serv'd only to render my Fall the more ignominious and insupportable. I sought a Shelter for my Household-Gods upon this desert Coast, where I found nothing but wild uncultivated Lands, o'er-run with Thorns and Briars, cover'd with thick-set Trees, as old as the Earth itself, and almost inaccessible Rocks which serv'd for Harbour to the savage Beasts. Such was the Extremity to which I was reduc'd, that I was glaa to possess this savage Land, and to make it my Country, in Company with a small Handful of Soldiers and Friends, who were so kind as to take Share in my Misfortunes, destitute of all Hopes of ever seeing again that fortunate Island, of which the Gods allotted me from my Birth to be the King. (y) Alas! said I to my self, what an Alteration is this! What a dreadful Example am I to all Kings! What wholesome Instructions may they

(y) There is no occasion to have recourse to the fabulous Ages for such remarkable Instances. Twice was *Dionysius* the younger depos'd from his Throne, and all *Greece* beheld that Tyrant grow old at *Corinth*, whither

he was banished and at last turned School-Master, so that when he could not domineer over Men, he might tyrannize over Children, and thus he continued to commit the same Enormities which had occasioned his Fall.

draw

draw from my Miscarriages ! They fancy they have nothing to fear, because of their Exaltation above the rest of Mankind, whereas it is that very Exaltation that ought to make them fear every Thing. I was dreaded by my Enemies, belov'd by my Subjects : I commanded over a powerful and warlike Nation ; my Name was spread abroad upon Fame's swift Wings into the most distant Climates ; I reign'd in a delicious fruitful Island ; each Year an hundred wealthy Cities paid me Tribute ; my People acknowledg'd me to be the Offspring of *Jupiter*, who was born in their Country ; they lov'd me as the Grandson of the sage *Minos*, by whose Laws they are become so powerful and so happy. What was there wanting to my Felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with Moderation ? But my own Pride and the Flattery of others, which I delighted in, overturn'd my Throne ; and in like manner will all Kings fall, that shall surrender themselves up to their own Passions and the deceitful Counsels of Flatterers. In the Day-time I endeavour'd to put on a chearful Countenance, and such as seem'd full of Hope, in order to keep up the Spirits of those who had follow'd me. Come on, said I to them, let us build a new City, to make us Amends for our Losses : We are surrounded by Nations who have set us a noble Example for such an Enterprize : See there *Tarentum*, rearing up its Head just by us ! *Phalantus*, with his *Lacedæmonians*, founded that new Kingdom. *Philoctetes* has built upon the same Coast another great City, which he calls *Petilia*. Such another Colony is *Metapontum*. And shall we be outdone by those Strangers, who are Wanderers like ourselves ? Fortune

has dealt with us all alike, and has not us'd us worse than them.

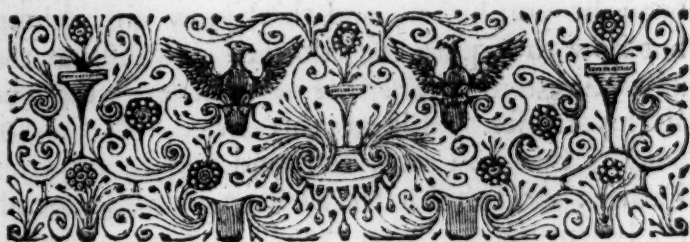
Whilst I endeavour'd by such Expressions as these to mitigate the Distresses of my Companions, I smother'd a deadly Grief at the Bottom of my Heart: It was to me a mighty Consolation whenever the Day withdrew its Light, and the Night came to wrap me up in Darkness; for then I was at Liberty to moan my wretched Fate. Two Floods of brackish Tears roll'd from my Eyes, and balmy Sleep was utterly unknown to me. The next Day I recommenc'd my Toils with an indefatigable Fervour, and that's the Reason, *Mentor*, you find me so much alter'd for the worse.

After *Idomeneus* had made an end of relating his Sufferings, he begg'd *Telemachus* and *Mentor* to give him their Assistance in the War wherein he was engag'd: I will, added he, most carefully send you back to *Ithaca*, as soon as the War is over; and in the mean while I will send out Ships far and wide to learn News of *Ulysses*. Whereever he is thrown, either by stormy Winds or angry Gods, I will take Care to bring him back. Heav'n grant he still be living! As for you, the best Ships that ever were built in the Island of *Crete*, shall be fitted out to carry you Home: They are built of Timber fell'd on the true Mount *Ida*, where *Jupiter* was born: That sacred Wood can never perish in the Waves; the Winds and Rocks do awfully respect it, and *Neptune's* self, even in his highest Rage, dares not to stir the Billows up against it. Rest therefore assur'd that you will happily return to *Ithaca*, and that no adverse Deity shall be any longer able to make you wander upon so many Seas again: The Passage is short

and easy ; send away the *Phœnician* Vessel that brought you hither, and think now on nothing but how to acquire the Glory of establishing the new Kingdom of *Idomeneus*, in order to retrieve all his Losses. 'Tis at this Price, O Son of *Ulysses*, that you must be found worthy of your Father : And tho' harsh Destiny should have already sent him down to *Pluto's* darksome Realm, yet *Greece* will be overjoy'd to find him again in You.

At these Words *Telemachus*, interrupting *Idomeneus*, Let us, said he, send away the *Phœnician* Vessel. What do we stay for? Why don't we this Moment take up Arms, and attack Your Enemies, who are now become Ours? If we were victorious when in *Sicily* we fought for *Acestes*, who was a *Trojan*, and a profess'd Enemy of *Greece*, shall we not be yet more ardent and more befriended by the Gods, when we fight for one of those *Grecian* Heroes who levell'd to the Ground *Priam's* unjust City? The Oracle we e'en now heard permits us not to doubt it.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK x.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the Cause of the War against the Mandurians. He relates to him, that that People had at first yielded up to him the Coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his City; that they retir'd to the neighbouring Mountains, where some of their Companions having been assaulted by a Troop of his Men, that Nation had deputed to him two old Men, with whom he had agreed upon Articles of Peace; that after an Infraction of this Treaty by some of his Subjects who knew not of the Peace, that People was now preparing to make War upon

upon him. During this Relation of Idomeneus, the Mandurians, who had been so expeditious as to be already in Arms, appear at the Gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalanthus, who Idomeneus imagin'd would stand Neuter, come against him in the Army of the Mandurians. Mentor by himself goes forth from Salentum, and proposes to the Enemy Conditions of Peace.

MENTOR, with a serene compos'd Countenance looking upon *Telemachus*, who now burnt with a noble Ardour for the Fight, thus bespoke him: I am much pleas'd, O Son of *Ulysses*, to see in you so laudable a Passion for Glory; but remember that the greatest Renown of your Father was his approving himself the wisest and most moderate General among the *Greeks*, when the fam'd Siege of *Troy* was carrying on. *Achilles*, tho both invincible and invulnerable, tho he carry'd Terror and Death wherever he fought, yet could not master *Troy*; he fell himself beneath the Walls of that proud Town, which triumph'd over Him who conquer'd *Hector*: But *Ulysses*, whose Valour was govern'd by Prudence, carry'd Fire and Sword amidst the *Trojans*; and to his Hands was owing the Fall of those high stately Towers, which during ten long Years defy'd all *Greece* Confederate. As much as *Minerva* is superior to *Mars* (z), so much does a well-weigh'd provi-

(z) If there be any Quality superior to Valour, it is the Art of governing it. Tho the *Romans* were a brave People, yet it was by their

Prudence and Patience that they subdued the Provinces of *Spain*, says the Author of the First Book of *Maccabees*, Ch. 8.

dent Valour surpass a boistrous savage Boldness. First then let us enquire into the Circumstances of this War that is to be carry'd on: I, for my Part, decline no Danger; but 'tis my Opinion, *Idomeneus*, that you ought (a) first to let us know whether your War be a just one; secondly, against whom you wage it; and, lastly, what Number of Forces you have to warrant a happy Issue. *Idomeneus* reply'd, At our first Arrival here, we found a savage People, who liv'd in the Woods upon what they kill'd in Hunting, and such Fruits as the Trees spontaneously produce. These People who are called *Mandurians*, were so terrify'd at Sight of our Ships and Arms, that they made all the Haste they could into their Mountains; but the Soldiers, whose Curiosity led 'em to view the Country, and likewise being minded to hunt down some of their Stags, light upon some of those savage Run-aways, whose Leaders thus accosted our Men: We have forsaken the agreeable Shore, and yielded it to you; we have nothing left but wild Mountains, almost inaccessible, and 'tis but just that you leave us in Peace and Liberty there: We have met you wandering, dispers'd and weaker than we, so that we have it in our Power, if we will, to take away your Lives; nor can your own

(a) The noblest Institution set up by King *Numa*, was doubtless the College of the *Feciales*, Priests, to decide whether the Motives for undertaking a War were grounded on Equity and Reason. But Ambition found a Way to confine to vain Ceremonies the Functions of a Priest-hood which was odious to it. And therefore *Cicero*, to justify his Nation, is forced to give up the severe Decisions of Philosophy, and to establish it as a Principle, That it is lawful to take Arms to try our Strength with a powerful Enemy, and to see which Side shall have the Honour of the Victory.

Companions

Companions have the least Suspicion of what's become of you; but we have no Inclination to imbrue our Hands in the Blood of those who are Men like ourselves. Go your Ways, and forget not that that you owe your Lives to our Principles of Humanity: Remember 'tis from a People you call rude and unciviliz'd that you receive this Lesson of Forbearance and Generosity.

Those of our Men who were thus let go by the Barbarians, return'd to the Camp, and related what had happen'd to them: Our Soldiers were vex'd at it; they were asham'd that *Cretans* should owe their Lives to such a Gang of Run-aways, that seem'd to them more like Bears than Men. Thereupon they went out to hunting in greater Numbers than at first, and furnish'd with all manner of Arms: They did not go very far e'er they met with the Savages, and attack'd them: The Engagement was sharp; the Darts flew on both Sides like Hail in a Storm. The Savages were forc'd at last to retire to their steep and craggy Mountains, whither our Men durst not pursue them.

A while after, those People sent me two of their wisest old Men to sue for Peace: They brought Presents along with them, consisting of Skins of wild Beasts which they had kill'd, and various Sorts of Fruits, such as the Country affords. After they had given me the Presents they began thus:

O King, in one Hand thou seest we bear the Sword, and in the other an Olive Branch, (for they had indeed each in their Hands) chuse therefore which thou wilt, Peace or War. We, for our Parts, would chuse Peace, and for the sake thereof we have not been asham'd to yield

thee the pleasant Sea Shore, where the fertile Land, impregnated by the Sun, abounds with so many and such delicious Fruits. Yet Peace is sweeter than all those Fruits, and for that Reason we retir'd into these steep Mountains cover'd with everlasting Ice and Snow, where we never behold either the Flowers of the Spring, or the rich Fruits of the Autumn. We have in Abhorrence that Brutality, which, under the plausible Names of Ambition and Glory, madly ravages whole Provinces, and spills the Blood of Men, who are all Brethren.

If that false Glory affects thee, we know better than to envy thee; we pity thee, and beg the Gods to preserve us from the like Folly. If the Sciences, which the *Greeks* are so careful to learn, and if that Politeness they take so much Pride in, serves only to inspire them with such a detestable Injustice, we look upon it that 'tis our great Happiness to be without those Advantages; we will value ourselves upon being still ignorant Barbarians, but withal just, human, faithful, disinterested, satisfy'd with little, and despising that vain Delicacy which brings along with it a Necessity of enjoying a great deal. What we hold in greatest Esteem is Health, Frugality, Liberty, Vigour of Body and Mind; it is the Love of Virtue, the Fear of the Gods, a kind Disposition towards our Neighbours, Constancy to our Friends, Honesty towards every Body, Moderation in Prosperity, Fortitude in Afflictions, Courage to declare the Truth at all Times, Detestation of Flattery; such are the People we now offer to thee for Neighbours and Allies: If the Gods, in anger to thee, do so far infatuate thee, as to cause thee to refuse this Peace, thou shalt find, but too late, that those
 People

People who are Lovers of Peace out of a Principle of Moderation, are the most formidable in War.

While these old Men were thus speaking to me, I thought I should never faze my Eyes with looking upon them ; they had long uncomb'd Beards, short hoary Hair, thick Eye-brows, sparkling Eyes, a resolute Look, an Utterance grave and full of Authority, Manners plain and ingenuous. The Furrs which serv'd 'em for Cloaths were fasten'd together over their Shoulders, and discover'd their bare Arms, more nervous and brawny than those even of our Athletic Combatants. The Answer I gave those two Envoys was, That I desir'd Peace. We thereupon settled between us several Conditions upon each others Faith ; we invok'd all the Gods to witness the Treaty ; which done, I sent them back again with Presents. But the Gods, who drove me from the Kingdom of my Ancestors, were not yet tir'd with persecuting me. Our Huntsmen, who could not so soon have Information of the Peace we had just made, happen'd to meet the same Day a great Company of those Barbarians as they were attending their Ambassadors, in their Return from our Camp. They fell upon them with Fury, kill'd part of them, and pursu'd the rest into the Woods. Thus the War is kindled anew. 'Tis the Opinion of these Barbarians, that they can no longer safely trust either our Promises or Oaths.

In order to distress us the more, they call'd to their Assistance the *Locrians*, *Apulians*, *Lucanians*, the *Brutians*, the People of *Crotona*, *Neritum* and *Brundisium*. The *Lucanians* use Chariots arm'd with keen Scythes. The *Apulians* are every one of them cover'd with the Skin of
some

some wild Beast which they have kill'd; they carry in their Hands great wooden Clubs full of large Knobs, stuck with Iron-Spikes; they are for the Generality as tall as Giants, and their bodies are so robust by hardening themselves in the most laborious Exercises, that their very Looks strike Terror. The *Locrians*, who come from *Greece*, do still retain something of their Original, and have more Humanity than the rest; but, with the exact Discipline of the *Greek* Troops, they have the additional Advantages of being as lusty as those Barbarians, by habituating themselves to a hardy way of living, which makes them invincible. (b) They have a Sort of light Bucklers made of twisted Withies cover'd over with Skins: And the Swords they use are very long. The *Brutians* are nimble-footed like Bucks or Does, and when they run, one would think that even the tenderest Blade of Grass is hardly depress'd by their Feet; they scarce leave any Traces of their Steps in the Sand itself; they rush suddenly on their Foes, and are gone again with the same Rapidity. The People of *Crotona* are very ready at drawing the Bow; few of the ordinary Sort among the *Greeks* can draw a Bow like the least expert of these *Crotonians*; and if they should ever apply themselves to our Games, they would infallibly carry the Prize: Their Arrows are steep in the Juice of certain poysonous Herbs, which are said to come from the Banks of *Auernus*, and their Wounds are incu-

(b) Most Nations of Antiquity had different Arms, as may be seen in Father *Mountfaulcon's* History; nor indeed was there any Uni-

formity among the *Greeks* alone, from whence arose the Difficulty of subjecting them to the same Discipline.

nable

nable. As for those of *Neritum*, *Messapia*, and *Brundisium*, all they have to boast of, is a great Strength of Body, and an untaught artless Valour: As soon as they see their Enemies, they rend the Skies with such hideous Shrieks as are really frightful; they are pretty dexterous at the Sling, and darken the Air with Showers of Stones; but they observe no Order in Fighting. This, O *Mentor*, is what you desir'd to know; You are now let into the Occasion of this War, and are acquainted what sort of Enemies we have to deal with.

As soon as *Idomeneus* had given them this Account, *Telemachus*, impatient to engage, thought there was no more to do than to take up Arms. *Mentor* stopt him a second Time, and thus address'd himself to *Idomeneus*: (c) How comes it that these same *Locrians*, who are of a *Grecian* Stock, do thus confederate with the *Barbarians*, against *Grecians*? How comes it that so many *Greek* Colonies are in a flourishing Condition upon this Coast, without being engaged in the same Wars with you? You say O, *Idomeneus*, that the Gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; whereas I say they have not yet done instructing you: 'Tis strange that so many Misfortunes as you have gone through should not have yet taught you what you ought to do in order to prevent a War!

(c) In order to prevent a War between neighbouring Republicks, jealous of each other, and addicted to War, the *Greeks* erected the Supreme Tribunal of the *Amphyctiones*, who had the cog-

nifance of all Differences which arose between Nation and Nation, or City and City; but they often saw with grief that the Strength of Laws was forc'd to yield to that of Arms.

What

What you yourself just now related concerning the Honesty of those (d) *Barbarians*, suffices to shew that you might have liv'd in Peace with them; but Pride and Haughtiness are generally the occasion of the most dangerous Wars. You might have given them Hostages, and taken some of theirs, and it would have been an easy Matter for you to have sent some of your Captains along with their Ambassadors, to have reconducted them safe Home. Nay since the Renewal of the War, you ought to have pacify'd them, by representing to them that they were attack'd purely thro' Ignorance of the Treaty that had been made with them; you should have offered them all the Security they could possibly demand, and have denounc'd the severest Punishments against those of your Subjects who should give the least Interruption of Disturbance to this Alliance. But pray what has happen'd since this Rupture?

To this *Idomeneus* reply'd, I thought it would have been a base abject Submission in us to have courted those Barbarians, who had now assembled in Haste all their most serviceable Men and such as were fit to bear Arms, and had implor'd the Assistance of all the neighbouring Nations, to whom by their Remonstrances they made us perfectly odious and suspected. Thereupon I thought that the best Course we could take, was immediately to make ourselves Masters of certain narrow Passes in the Mountains; these being ill guarded, we seiz'd with-

(d) By this odious Name all polite Nations call those who are unacquainted with the Arts. Nothing so common as to despise them to that degree as to attack them unjustly, and thereby to fall into that very Default the others were reproach'd with.

out much Difficulty, and by that Means put ourselves into a Condition of distressing those Barbarians. (e) In these Defiles I have caus'd strong Towers to be erected, from whence our Men may with their Darts, gaul and overwhelm such of our Enemies as shall come down from the Mountains into our Country; and at the same time we may enter into theirs, and destroy their chief Settlements whenever we please. Thus with Forces much inferior we are able to make Head against that innumerable Multitude of Enemies which surrounds us. This being the present State of our Case, it would be a difficult Matter to treat of Peace with them; for we cannot give up to them those Towers, without exposing ourselves to their IncurSIONS; and they look upon them as Citadels intended by us to bring them under Slavery.

Mentor made this Reply to *Idomeneus*: You are a wise King, and are pleas'd with hearing the Truth deliver'd to you without any Disguise: You are not like those foolish Men who are afraid of seeing it, and who, for want of Courage to correct their Faults, bend their whole Authority to maintain what they have once done amiss. Know then that this barbarous People gave you an admirable Lesson when they apply'd to you for Peace. Was it out of Weakness they sued for it? Did they want Courage or foreign Assistance to make Head against you? You plainly see they did not, since they are so season'd to War, and supported by so many

(e) The *Romans* had other Fortresses which were a very good Defence to the Empire, and which put a surer stop to the IncurSIONS of their

Neighbours, and that was their numerous Legions, with which all their Frontiers were crowded.

formidable

formidable Neighbours. Why did not you imitate their Moderation? But a mistaken Shame and a false Honour have cast you into this Misfortune. You were afraid of making the Enemy too proud, but did not fear the making them too powerful, by uniting so many Nations in a Confederacy against you by your haughty and injurious Conduct. What are those Towers you so much boast of good for, unless it be to bring all your Neighbours under a Necessity either of destroying you or perishing themselves, in order to keep off an approaching Slavery? You rear'd up those Towers for your Security only, and 'tis by means of those very Towers that you are now threatned with so imminent a Danger. The best Bulwark of a State is Justice, Moderation, Integrity, and the Assurance your Neighbours have that you will never encroach upon their Lands. The strongest Walls may fall thro' a thousand unforeseen Accidents. Fortune is capricious and uncertain in War; but the Love and Confidence of your Neighbours, when they have experienc'd your Moderation, is what renders a State invincible, and makes it scarce ever so much as attempted against. Nay tho an unjust Neighbour should attack it, all the rest, who are concern'd in its preservation, do presently take up Arms in its Defence: The Support of so many Nations, who find their true Interest in maintaining yours, would have strengthen'd you much more than these Towers, which render your Misfortunes irretrievable. Had you at first taken care to prevent the Jealousy of your Neighbours, your infant City would have flourish'd in a happy Tranquillity, and you would have been the Arbiter of all the Nations of *Hesperia*. But, waving all other

ther Considerations, let us now confine ourselves to examine which Way you can repair what is past, by taking proper Measures for the Time to come. You told me just now, that There are upon this Coast several *Greek Colonies*. (f) these People cannot but be inclin'd, from the Dictates of Nature, to assist you; for sure they have not forgot either the great Name of *Minos*, Son of *Jupiter*, or Your Labours in the Siege of *Troy*, where you so often distinguish'd yourself among the *Grecian Princes*, in the common Cause of all *Greece*. Why don't you endeavour to bring those Colonies over to your Side?

They are all resolv'd, answer'd *Idomeneus*, to remain neuter: Not but that they had some Inclination to assist me, but they were deterr'd from doing it by the mighty Noise this City has made from its very Begining. Those *Grecians*, as well as the rest, were afraid we had some Design upon their Liberty. They were apprehensive that after we had subdu'd the *Barbarians* of the Mountains, we should push our Ambition yet farther. To conclude, they are all against us: Those very People, who declare not openly against us, would yet be glad to see us reduc'd, and the Jealousy of others deprive us of all Alliances from abroad.

(f) There were such Multitudes of them on the *Western Coast of Italy* that it was call'd *Great Greece*. The Colonies were always in a kind of Dependence on their Metropolis, that is to say, on the City that founded them. It was a Metropoli-

tan who presided in the Assemblies, and perform'd the most solemn Sacrifices. The principal object of the Laws of *Greece* was, to keep up a strict Alliance between the different People that inhabited it.

Strange

Strange Extremity, reply'd *Mentor*! By endeavouring to appear too powerful you ruin your Power, and whilst you are both feared and hated Abroad by your Neighbours, you at Home exhaust yourself by the vast Expenses you must needs be at to maintain such a War. O wretched, doubly wretched *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune has instructed but by Halves! Must you needs have a second Fall, to teach you to foresee the Evils which threaten the greatest Kings? But leave it to my Management, and only give me an Account of those Cities that refuse to enter into Alliance with you.

The Principal of them, said *Idomeneus*, is *Tarentum*. About three Years ago *Phalanthus*, laid the Foundation. He had got together in *Laconia* a vast Number of young Men, who were born of Women that had forgot their absent Husbands during the Siege of *Troy*. When these Husbands came Home, the Women did all they could to pacify them, by disavowing the Faults they were charg'd with in their Absence. These numerous Youths born out of Wedlock, and being disclaim'd both by Father and Mother, gave themselves up to an unbounded Licentiousness: But, their Disorders being check'd by the Severity of the Laws, they united together under *Phalanthus*, a bold, intrepid, ambitious Leader, who by plausible Insinuations had got Dominion over their Hearts. He came to this Shore with his young *Laconians*, who have made *Tarentum* a second *Lacedæmon*. On the other Side, *Philoctetes*, who so signalized himself at the Siege of *Troy*, by carrying thither *Hercules's* Arrows, has rear'd in this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petilia*, a City which is indeed
less

less powerful than *Tarentum*, but far more wisely govern'd. Lastly, we have hard by us the City of *Metapontum*, founded by the wise *Nestor* and his *Pylian* Subjects (g). How! reply'd *Mentor*; have you *Nestor* in *Hesperia*, and could you not make him your Friend? *Nestor* who saw you so often fight against the *Trojans*, and who then was so much your Friend? I lost his Friendship, answer'd *Idomeneus*, by the Artifice of those People, who have nothing barbarous but their Name; for they had the Dexterity to persuade him, that my Design was to make myself the Tyrant of all *Hesperia*. We will undeceive him, said *Mentor*. *Telemachus* saw him at *Pylos*, before he came to settle a Colony here, and before we undertook our long Voyages in quest of *Ulysses*. He can't yet have forgotten that Hero, nor those Expressions of Tenderness which he used to his Son *Telemachus*: But the chief Point will be to cure his Distrust. Those Suspicions you created in the Minds of your Neighbours, have kindled this War, and it must be extinguished by removing those Suspicions. Once more, I say, let me alone to manage it.

At these Words *Idomeneus*, embracing *Mentor*, melted into Tears, and for a while could not speak a Word. At last, with much ado, he uttered himself in this Manner: O wise old Man, sent by the Gods to rectify all my Errors; I confess I should have had no Patience if any other Man durst have talk'd so freely to me as you have done. I own that You, and none but

(g) *Nestor* is represented on. Whoever loves War, in the *Iliad* as the wisest of says he, is covetous, sanguinary, and deceitful. the Kings, because he was of the most pacific Disposition.

you, can dispose me to sue for Peace. I was resolv'd either to conquer all my Enemies or perish in the Attempt: But it is much fitter for me to be led by your wise Counsels than by my own Passion. O happy *Telemachus*, you never can go astray like me, since you have such a Guide! *Mentor*, you may act entirely as you please; all the Wisdom of the Gods is in you: Not even *Minerva's* self could have given more wholesome Advice. Go, promise, conclude, make any Concession that is in my power; *Idomeneus* will approve whatever you think fit to do.

Whilst they were thus discoursing together, there was heard on a sudden a confused Noise of Chariots, Horses neighing, Men hideously howling, and Trumpets that fill the Air with Martial Clangors. The general Cry is, the Enemy are come; they have gone round about, to avoid the Defiles, that were guarded; they are come; here they are ready to besiege *Salentum*. The old Men and the Women are under the greatest Consternation. Alas! said they, why were we fated to forsake our dear Country, the fertile Isle of *Crete*, and follow an unhappy Prince through so many Seas, to build a City which will now be laid in Ashes like *Troy*? They saw from the Tops of their new-raised Walls the neighbouring Fields crouded with approaching Enemies, whose Helmets, Cuirasses, and Bucklers, glittering in the Sun, dazzled the Beholders Eyes; they saw likewise the bristling Pikes, which covered the Ground, in like manner as when 'tis covered by a plenteous Crop, which *Ceres* is preparing in the Fields of *Enna* in *Sicily* during the scorching heats of Summer, to recompense the Labour of the Husbandman.

bandman. And now they perceiv'd the Chariots arm'd with sharp Scythes, and could distinguish the several People that were come against them.

Mentor, the better to discover them, ascends a lofty Tower, whither *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus* followed him close. He was no sooner come there, but he perceiv'd on one Side *Philoctetes*, and on the other, *Nestor* with his Son *Pisistratus*. *Nestor* was easily known by his venerable old Age. What, cry'd *Mentor*, you thought, O *Idomeneus*, that *Philoctetes* and *Nestor* would only remain neuter! But see, they have taken Arms against you; and, if I mistake not, those other Troops, which march with so much good Order and in so leisurely a Manner, are a Body of *Lacedemonians* commanded by *Phalantus*. All are against you; there is no neighbouring Nation upon this Coast whom you have not made your Enemy, without designing it.

Having said these Words, *Mentor* hastens down from the Tower; he makes towards one of the City Gates, on that Side where the Enemy was advancing, and causes it to be opened. *Idomeneus*, surpriz'd at his majestick Manner of doing these Things, durst not so much as ask him what his Design was. *Mentor* waves with his Hand that no Body should follow him. He goes (b) directly towards

Q 2

(b) It was by an Act of Bravery not unlike this that *Laurence de Medicis* saved his Country. *Sixtus IV.* being resolved to destroy *Florence*, had put *Ferdinand King of Naples* upon conquering that Republick; and the *Florentines* had certainly been undone, if they had not divided these two Powers, who were preparing to fall upon them jointly. *Laurence* embarked with the choicest of the

wards the Enemy, who were amazed to see a single Man presenting himself to them : he holds up an Olive Branch in Token of Peace, and when he was come within hearing, he required them to call together their Chieftains, who instantly assembling themselves, he thus spoke to them :

O generous Men, assembled out of so many Nations that flourish in the rich *Hesperia* ; I know that the common Interest of Liberty is what brings you here. Your Zeal I commend ; but suffer me to point you out an easy Way to preserve the Liberty and Honour of all your People, without Effusion of human Blood.

O *Nestor*, O wise *Nestor*, whom I perceive in this Assembly, you know full well how dreadful War is, even to those who justly engage in it, under the Protection of the Gods. War is the greatest Evil with which the Gods afflict Mankind. You can never forget what the *Greeks* suffered for ten long Years before the Ill-fated Walls of *Troy*. What Divisions were there among the Leaders ? What Caprices of Fortune ? What Havock of the *Greeks* was made by *Hector's* Sword ? What Desolation in all the most powerful Cities, caused by the War during the tedious Absence of their Kings ? In their return Home, some suffered Shipwreck, at the Promontory of *Caphareus*, and others met a fatal Death even in the Bosom of their Spouses. O ye Gods, 'twas in your Wrath you armed the *Greeks* to this notable Expedi-

the young <i>Florentine</i> Nobility, and puts himself and them into the Hands of King <i>Ferdinand</i>, who was stagger'd at such Trust reposed in him. <i>Lawrence</i> perfectly disarm'd	him by his Eloquence, making the King sensible that it was not his Interest to increase the Power of the Church with the Ruins of a Republic which he had nothing to fear from.
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tion !



*Mentor treats about Peace with Nestor in & presence
of the Army.*



tion ! O ye Inhabitants of *Hesperia*, I wish the Gods may never grant you so ruinous a Victory ! *Troy*, it is true, is now in Ashes ; but it had been better for the *Grecians*, were she still in all her Glory, and that base *Paris* had still enjoy'd, unmolested, his infamous Pleasures with *Helena*. O *Philoctetes*, you who have been so long unhappy, and abandon'd in the Isle of *Lemnos*, do you not fear to meet the like Disasters in another War ? I know that the People of *Laconia* have likewise experienc'd great Misery, occasion'd by the long Absence of their Princes, Captains, and Soldiers, who went against the *Trojans*. O *Grecians*, you who are come into *Hesperia* ! your coming hither was only a Continuation of the Misfortunes which the *Trojan* War gave Birth to.

After *Mentor* had said this, he goes forward towards the *Pylians* ; and *Nestor*, knowing him again, advanc'd likewise to salute him. O *Mentor*, said he to him, 'tis with the greatest Pleasure that I see you again. 'Tis now many Years since I first saw you in *Phocis*. You were then but fifteen Years of Age ; but yet I even then foresaw that you would prove as wise a Man as I now find you to be. Pray let me know by what Accident you was brought into these Parts, and what Expedient you design to propose in Order to prevent this War which *Idomeneus* has brought upon himself ? He has forced us to attack him. We desire nothing but Peace ; every one of us counts it his greatest Interest to desire it ; but we could no longer live secure with him : He has violated all his Engagements with his nearest Neighbours ; Peace with him would be no Peace, but only an opportunity for him to break our League,

Q 3

which

which is our only Refuge. He has too plainly discover'd to all the other People his ambitious Design of enslaving them, and has left us no other Means to defend our Liberty, than the using our utmost Endeavours to overthrow his new Kingdom (i). By his Breach of Faith we are reduced either to the Necessity of destroying him, or of receiving the Yoke of Slavery from him. Now if you can find a Way to remove our just Fears, and settle a firm and lasting Peace, all those Nations whom you see here will willingly lay down their Arms, and with Joy confess that you excel us in Wisdom.

Mentor answer'd: You know, wife *Nestor*, that *Ulysses* committed his Son *Telemachus* to my Care: He, impatient to know what was become of his Father, went first to *Pylos*, where you gave him all the kind Reception that he could expect from one of his Father's cordial Friends: You likewise appointed your own Son to conduct him on his Way. He after this undertook great Voyages at Sea; he has visited *Sicily*, *Egypt*, the Isle of *Cyprus* and that of *Crete*, and at last the Winds, or rather the Gods, have driven him on this Shore, as he endeavour'd to return to *Ithaca*: And we are come here very seasonably to prevent the Mischiefs of a furious War. 'Tis not *Idomeneus*, but the Son of the wife *Ulysses* and myself, who

(i) If there is any Recompense proportionable to the most exalted Virtue, it is doubtless the Confidence of Kings. A Minister who is looked upon by jealous Potentates with the same Sentiments, and whom they pitch upon unanimously for the Arbitrer of their Interests, does, in his Life-time, enjoy that Tribute of Admiration which Virtues less illustrious obtain only from Posterity.

will now answer for the Performance of every Thing that shall be promis'd you.

While *Mentor* was thus discoursing with *Nestor* in the middle of the Confederate Troops, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* in Arms, kept their Eyes fix'd on him from the Top of the Walls of *Salentum*: Their Thoughts were intent how *Mentor's* Proposals would be receiv'd, and they would have been glad to have heard the wise Conferences of those two old Men. *Nestor* had been ever esteem'd the most experienc'd and most eloquent of all the *Grecian* Kings: 'Twas he who, during the Siege of *Troy*, curb'd and restrain'd *Achilles's* boiling Wrath, *Agamemnon's* Pride, *Ajax's* Fierceness, and the impetuous Courage of *Diomedes*: Soft Perswasion flow'd from his Lips, like a Stream of Honey: His Voice alone was always listen'd to by all those Heroes: They were silent whenever he began to speak: He alone knew how to appease wild Discord in the Camp. Infirmities of Age indeed began to creep on him, but yet his Words were full of Strength and Sweetness: He repeated Things past, in order to instruct Youth by his consummate Experience; and tho' he was somewhat slow of Speech, yet he deliver'd himself with admirable Grace.

This old Man, so much admir'd throughout *Greece*, seem'd to have lost all his Majesty and Eloquence as soon as *Mentor* came in presence. He seem'd perfectly wither'd and depress'd with Years as he stood by *Mentor*; whereas old Age seem'd to respect and reverence *Mentor's* strong vigorous Constitution. *Mentor's* Words, tho' grave and plain, carry'd along with them a Spriteliness and Authority which began to be

wanting in *Nestor's*: Whatever he spoke was concise, exact, nervous; he never us'd vain Repetitions, never departed from the Point in Hand. If he was oblig'd to speak often of the same Thing, the better to inculcate it or to persuade others, he did it by a new Turn, and by sensible Comparisons. He had a certain inef-
fable Complaisance and Gaiety (*k*), whenever he had a Mind to insinuate some Truth, or adapt himself to the Occasions of those he had to deal with. Those two venerable Men yielded a moving sort of Spectacle to the many assembled Nations. While all the Allies that were come against *Salentum* crowded upon one another to hear their wise Discourse, *Idomeneus*, with his People, endeavour'd with greedy and attentive Looks to find out the Meaning of their Gestures and Countenances.

(*k*) What sets off *Homer's* Poems, is his Skill to embellish them with whatever was more than ordinary valuable in every Science. *Philip* of *Macedon*, who read the *Iliad* with judicious Eyes, drew from thence the Idea of that invincible *Phalanx* which subdued *Asia* under *Alexander* his Son. Our Author displays the same Copiousness of Fancy: What he says of Eloquence, does at once contain both the Rules and the Model of it.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus seeing Mentor in the midst of the Allies, is curious to know what passes among them. He causes the Gates of Salentum to be open'd, and goes and joins Mentor ; and his Presence contributes to make the Allies accept of the Conditions of Peace, which Mentor propos'd to them on the Part of Idomeneus. Idomeneus whom Mentor sends for out of the City into the Army, accepts of all the Articles that had been agreed upon. Mutual Hostages are given, and a common Sacrifice made between the City and the Camp,

Camp, in Confirmation of this Alliance. The Kings enter as Friends into Salentum.



ND now *Telemachus*, being grown impatient, slips from the Multitude that were about him, runs to the Gate *Mentor* went out at, and imperiously orders it to be open'd. Soon after, *Idomeneus*, who thought he was still by his Side, wonder'd to see him running cross the Fields amidst the Enemies and making towards *Nestor*. *Nestor* knew him again, and made all the Haste his Age allow'd to go and meet him. *Telemachus* flew to embrace him, and grasp'd him in his Arms without being able to speak. At last he cries out : (1) O my Father, for I am not afraid to call you so; the Misfortune of not finding my true Father, and the generous Favours I have receiv'd from you, give me a Right to use that endearing Name ! My Father, my dear Father, how bleis'd am I to see you, and Oh that I could see *Ulysses* too ! Yet if any thing could make me Amends for being depriv'd of him, 'tis certainly the finding him again in you.

Nestor could not refrain from Weeping at these Words, and he was touch'd with a secret Joy, in seeing those Tears which with wonderful Grace ran down *Telemachus's* Cheeks. The Beauty, Demeanour, and noble Assurance of

(1) A young Prince who has a fondness for Great Men, hath as it were before-hand the same Sentiments with them, and will be sure to resemble them in time. *Alcibiades*, when but a Child,

took no Pleasure but in the Company of *Pericles* and *Socrates*, because he was born to Arms and the *Muses*, and had a natural Bent to War and Literature.

this

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this unknown Youth, who, without any Manner of Apprehension, cross'd thro' so many Enemies, struck all the Confederates with Amazement. May not this, said they, be the Son of that old Man, who came to speak with *Nestor*? He must be so; he can be no other; they have both the same Wisdom in the Characters of the most different and opposite Ages of Life: In the one she only begins to blossom; in the other she bears a plentiful Harvest of the ripest Fruits.

Mentor, who was greatly pleas'd to see how affectionately *Nestor* receiv'd *Telemachus*, laid hold of that happy Opportunity, and said to him: This is the Son of *Ulysses*, so dear to all Greece, so dear to yourself, O wise *Nestor*! Here, I deliver him up to you as a Hostage, and the most valuable Pledge that can be given you for *Idomeneus*'s Promises. You may easily imagine that I should be sorry if the Loss of the Son should follow that of the Father, and that the unhappy *Penelope* should upbraid *Mentor* with sacrificing her Son to the Ambition of the new King of *Salentum*. With this Pledge, who voluntarily offers himself to you, and whom the Gods, who are Lovers of Peace, have sent to you, I will proceed to lay before these assembled Nations such Proposals, as may establish a solid Peace to all future Ages.

At the Mention of Peace, there was heard a confus'd Noise among the Ranks. All those different Nations murmur'd with Anger and Resentment, thinking so much Time lost as was spent without fighting: They fancy'd that the Intent of all these Speeches was only to suspend their Fury, and by that Means to rob them of their Prey. The *Mandurians* particularly were enrag'd to think that *Idomeneus* should ever have it in his

Power to deceive them again: They often attempted to interrupt *Mentor*, fearing lest his wife *Discourses* should slack the Hands of their Allies; nay, they began to distrust all the *Greeks* that were in the Assembly. *Mentor*, perceiving this, made it his Business to encrease their (*m*) Jealousy, the better to disunite the Counsels of those different Nations.

I confess, said he, that the *Mandurians* have just Reason to complain, and to demand Satisfaction for the Wrongs that have been done them; but then again it is not reasonable that the *Greeks* who plant Colonies in this Country, should be suspected and odious to the antient Natives of the Place. On the contrary, the *Greeks* ought to be united together, and make themselves respected by others. The only Thing they have to do, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never invade the Territories of their Neighbours. I know that *Idomeneus* has been so unhappy as to give you Umbrage, but it will be no difficult Matter to cure all your Suspicions. *Telemachus* and myself will become your Hostages; we will be answerable for *Idomeneus's* Integrity, and will remain in your Hands till every Thing that shall be promis'd is as faithfully perform'd. What you, *Mandurians*, are incens'd at, cry'd he, is that the *Cretan* Troops have seiz'd by Surprise the Passages of your Mountains, and thereby can, in spite of you, enter whenever they please

(*m*) 'Tis Jealousy that forms Leagues and which weakens them; which unites great Bodies together and dissolves them. The *Venetians* were too wise to despair, when they saw the greatest

Princes of *Europe* armed against their Republick, in 1508. They found a Way to sow Discord among their Enemies, and to divide them in less Time than was taken up in uniting them.

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the Country to which you retir'd to leave them the flat Sea-shore. The Deflees which the *Cretans* have fortify'd with high Towers full of arm'd Men, are therefore the real Cause of this War. Pray answer me, can you alledge any other?

Upon this, the Chief of the *Mandurians* came forwards and spoke thus: Have we left any thing unattempted to avoid this War? The Gods are our Witnesses that we did not renounce Peace, till Peace had irretrievably gone from us, thro' the restless Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the Impossibility of trusting to their Oaths any more. Inconsiderate Nation, who forc'd us against our Wills to the hard Necessity of acting a desperate Part against them, and seeking our Safety in their Ruin! As long as they keep those Passes, we shall ever believe that they mean to encroach upon our Lands, and to bring us under Subjection. If they truly and really intended to live in Peace with their Neighbours, they would be contented with what we so voluntarily yielded up to them, and would not labour to preserve an Entrance into a Country, upon whose Liberty they have no ambitious Design. But you know them not, O wise old Man; whereas, to our great Misfortune we know them but too well. Cease then, thou Favourite of the Gods, cease to obstruct a War so just and necessary, without which *Hesperia* can never hope to enjoy a settled Peace. O ungrateful, treach'rous, and cruel Nation, whom the angry Gods have sent among us to trouble our Repose, and punish us for our Faults! Yet, after you have punish'd us, O ye Gods, you will revenge us too; neither will you be less just to our Enemies than to us.

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At these Words all the Assembly was in an Emotion: It seem'd as if *Mars* and *Bellona* went from Rank to Rank, rekindling in each Breast the Rage of War, which *Mentor* endeavour'd to quench.

He thus resum'd his Discourse: Had I nothing but Promises to make to you, you might refuse to trust to them; but the Things I offer to you are real and before your Eyes. If you are not content to have *Telemachus* and myself for Hostages, I will cause to be put into your Hands twelve of the most noble and valiant *Cretans*; but it is just that you likewise on your Part, should give us Hostages: For tho' *Idomeneus* sincerely desires Peace, yet it is not thro' Fear or Cowardice that he desires it (n). He desires Peace just as you yourselves say you desire it, upon Principles of Wisdom and Moderation, and not out of a base Love of an easy effeminate Life, nor out of Fear of the impending Dangers of War. He is prepar'd either to die or to conquer; but he prefers Peace to the most glorious Victory; he would be asham'd to fear being overcome, but he fears to be unjust; and is not asham'd to redress what he has done amiss. Tho' he offers Peace with Sword in Hand, he is not for prescribing the Conditions of it with Imperiousness; for with him a forc'd Friendship is of

(n) Duke *Charles Emanuel* was unable to make any Opposition against the victorious Arms of *Henry* the IVth, who had made himself Master of *Savoy*. By way of Preliminary towards a Peace, the King required the Duke to beg it; But that Prince,

to the last Degree tender of his Honour, said, *he would sooner lose his Dominions than his Reputation.* The Legate *Aldobrandini*, was hard put to it, with all his Skill and Address, to engage him to comply with the King's Demand.

no Value: He would have a Peace which should be to the Satisfaction of all Parties; a Peace that may for ever put an End to all Jealousies, allay all Resentments, and remove all Distrusts. In a Word, *Idomeneus* has all those Sentiments which I am sure you wish he should have. If all that is now to be done be to persuade you into a Belief of it, that will be no difficult Task, provided you will hear me calmly and without Prejudice.

Listen, O ye warlike Nations; and you, O ye wise and united Captains, give Ear to what I offer you from *Idomeneus*. It is not just that he should have it in his Power to enter upon his Neighbours Territories; nor is it just that his own Territories should be expos'd to Incursions from Them. He therefore consents that those Passes which he has fortify'd with high Towers may be kept by neutral Troops. You, *Nestor*, and you, *Philoctetes*, are *Greeks* by Birth; yet, upon this Occasion, you have declar'd against *Idomeneus*; and therefore you cannot be suspected of being too favourable to his Interests. What animates you, is the common Interest of the Repose and Liberty of *Hesperia*; be you then the Trustees and Keepers of those Defiles which occasion'd this War. You have no less Reason, nor is it less your Interest to hinder the old Inhabitants of *Hesperia* from destroying *Salentum*, a new *Grecian* Colony, like that you have founded, than to hinder *Idomeneus* from usurping the Lands of his Neighbours. Do you keep an equal Balance between both of them, and instead of carrying Fire and Sword among a People whom you ought to love, reserve to yourselves the

the (o) Honour of being Judges and Mediators. You will undoubtedly answer me that you will be extremely pleased with these Proposals, could you be sure that *Idomeneus* would faithfully perform them; and as to this Point I am going to give you Satisfaction.

For the Security of both Parties (p), there will be those Hostages I mention'd before, to continue till all those Defilees be put into your Possession. Now when the Safety of all *Hesperia*, and even that of *Salentum* and *Idomeneus*, shall be at your Mercy, will you not be contented? What can you distrust after this, unless you are afraid of yourselves? You dare not trust to *Idomeneus*, and yet *Idomeneus* is so far from having a Design of deceiving you, that he willingly trusts you. Yes, he will entrust you with the Repose, Lives, and Liberties of all his People, together with himself. If you are really desirous of a good Peace, behold she offers herself to you, and deprives you of all Pretences for rejecting her. Once again, think not that 'tis Fear obliges *Idomeneus* to make you these Offers; no, 'tis Wisdom and Justice that engage him to take this Course; nor shall it concern him in the

(o) 'Twas of such Glory as this, that *Henry* the IVth was most jealous. There was no one thing that he disputed with *Spain* more warmly than the Honour of the Mediation between the *Pope* and the *Venetians*. Tho' *Paul* the Vth well knew the Obligations that King lay under to the Republick; yet he accepted him for Mediator: because he likewise knew that such a Prince, would not shew his

Gratitude at the Expence of Equity.

(p) By the Treaty concluded between the Great Duke of *Florence* and Cardinal *d'Orsay* for the Restitution of the Isles of *Provence*, the King was obliged to give Hostages to that Prince; but the Grand Duke refused them, saying, that *he knew of no Hostage more valuable than the Word of the King*.

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least, should you impute to Weakness what is the Effect of his Virtue. In his first Attempts he committed some Faults,* and he glories in acknowledging them as such, by preventing your Demands in this Manner. 'Tis Weakness, 'tis ridiculous Vanity, 'tis stupid Ignorance of a Man's own Interest, to think to hide his Faults by endeavouring to maintain them with Pride and Haughtiness. He who owns his Faults to his Enemy, and offers to repair them, shews thereby that he can never more enter upon Thoughts of committing them, and that at the same Time the Enemy has all things to fear from so wise and steady a Conduct, unless he makes Peace. Beware lest you give him in his Turn an Handle to lay the Blame at your Door. If you slight Peace and Justice, which now offer themselves to you, Peace and Justice will take their Revenge. *Idomeneus*, who before would have found the Gods against Him, will now have them on his Side against You. *Telemachus* and myself will fight in this good Cause, and I call all the Gods, both Celestial and Infernal, to be Witnesses of the just Proposals that I now make to you!

After this *Mentor* lifted up his Arm on high, to shew to the People the Olive-Branch which he had in his Hand in Token of Peace. The Commanders, who were nearer him, were astonished and dazzled with the divine Light which darted from his Eyes. He look'd with a certain Majesty and Authority far beyond what is ever seen in the most Eminent among Mortals. The Charms of his sweet yet commanding Eloquence stole away all Hearts. It was like those enchanting Spells which in the deep Silence of the Night are wont of a sudden to arrest in the midst of

Olympus, the Moon and Stars, calm the provok'd Sea, suppress the Winds, make the Billows subside, and stop the Course of the most rapid Streams.

Mentor seem'd, in the Middle of these furious People, like *Bacchus* when he was surrounded by Tigers, who, laying aside their natural Fierceness, and attracted by the Efficacy of his flowing Words, came and lick'd his Feet, and fawningly paid Submission to him. At first a deep Silence was observ'd throughout the whole Army. the Chieftains gaz'd on one another, unable to resist this Man, or comprehend what he was. All the Troops were as motionless as Statues, and kept their Eyes full upon him, not daring to speak or make the least Noise for fear he should have something farther to say. Though they thought it impossible that what he had said should be capable of any Addition, yet they wish'd his Speech had been longer. Every thing he had said remain'd as it were engraven in their Hearts. As he spoke he attracted their Love, and gain'd the Belief of his Hearers ; every one was greedily attentive to catch the least Syllable that issued out of his Mouth.

After a Silence of some Length, a kind of a soft Noise began to spread itself by little and little. It was not now the confus'd Noise of People murmuring with Indignation ; on the contrary, 'twas a gentle favourable Whispering. The Traces of each Man's Face discover'd a certain Serenity and delightful Softness. The *Mandurians*, who were so highly provok'd, let their Weapons drop to the Ground. The rough *Phalantbus* and his *Lacedæmonians* were surpriz'd to feel their Hearts so mollify'd : The others began to sigh for that happy Peace which had been set
to

to their View. *Philoctetes*, who by experiencing the Hardships of Fortune was more sensible than any other, could not with-hold his Tears. *Nestor*, not being able to speak for the Transports in which this Discourse had put him, affectionately embrac'd *Mentor*, without being able to utter a Word; and all the People at once, as if there had been a Signal, cry'd out, O wondrous old Man, you have disarm'd us (q)! Peace, Peace, 'tis Peace alone we wish for.

Nestor, a Moment after this, was going to begin another Speech, but all the Troops were impatient, fearing lest he should start some Difficulty. Peace, Peace, they cry'd out once again; nor would they give over till they had made all their Leaders cry out with them, Peace, Peace!

Nestor, perceiving that it was no Time to make a set Speech, contented himself with saying: You see, O *Mentor*, what wonderful Efficacy the Words of a good Man have. When Wisdom and Virtue speak, they hush all boisterous Passions; our just Resentments change into Friendship, and our Animosities into Wishes for a durable Peace. We accept the Peace you offer us. At the same Time all the Commanders held up their Hands in Token of Consent.

Mentor ran to the Gate of *Salentum* to cause it to be open'd, and to bid *Idomeneus* come forth without any Apprehensions of Danger. *Nestor*, in the mean time embrac'd *Telemachus*, and said

(q) Such was the Joy of Greece, assembled at <i>Nemæa</i>, when <i>Quintus Flaminius</i> restored to her, her Liberty and Peace, in the Name of the Roman Republick. He had	like to have been over-whelmed and smothered with the Garlands and Crowns, which, from all Parts, flew on his Head like Hail.
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to him, Thou amiable Son of the wisest of all the *Greeks*, may'st thou be no less wise, but far more happy than he! Have you learn'd nothing concerning him? The Memory of your Father, whom you so much resemble, has help'd to stifle our Indignation. *Phalanthus*, tho rugged and harsh, tho he had never seen *Ulysses*, could not but be mov'd at his and his Son's Misfortunes. And now they were going to press *Telemachus* to relate what had befallen him, when *Mentor* return'd with *Idomeneus*, and all the *Cretan* Youth attending him.

At the Sight of *Idomeneus* the Allies felt their Resentments kindling afresh; but *Mentor's* Words quench'd the growing Fire. Why do we delay, said he, to conclude this holy Alliance, of which the Gods will be both Witnesses and Defenders? May they revenge it, if any impious Wretch dare to violate it; and may all the Horrors of War, instead of overwhelming the faithful and innocent People, fall on the perjur'd execrable Head of that ambitious Man who shall slight the sacred Ties of this Alliance! May Gods and Men detest him! May he never enjoy the Fruit of his Perfidiousness! May the infernal Furies under the most hideous Forms appear to him, and fill him with Rage and Despair! May he be struck dead, without any Hope of Burial! May his Body become a Prey to Dogs and Vultures! And may he for ever be more severely tormented than *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, and the *Danaiids*, in black-mouth'd *Tartarus's* deep Abyss! But no——Rather may this Peace be as firm and immoveable as the Mountain of *Atlas* that supports the Heavens! May all these People revere it, and taste the Fruits of it from Generation to Generation! May the Names of
those

those who shall swear to it be commemorated with Love and Reverence by latest Posterity! May this Peace, founded upon Justice and Integrity, be a Model of every Peace that shall hereafter be made among all the Nations of the Earth! And may all People who are desirous to taste the Happiness of Peace and Union, imitate the Example of those of *Hesperia*!

And now *Idomeneus*, with the other Kings, swore to maintain the Peace on the aforesaid Conditions. Twelve Hostages were exchange'd on both Sides: and *Telemachus* would needs be one of the Hostages for *Idomeneus*; but *Mentor* was not allow'd to be one of them, because the Allies desir'd that he might remain with *Idomeneus*, to have an Eye upon him and his Counsellors, till all the Stipulations were entirely executed. (r) Between the Town and the Enemies Camp were sacrific'd an hundred Heifers, white as Snow, and as many Bulls of the same Colour, whose Horns were gilded and adorn'd with Garlands. The deep-mouth'd Bellowings of the Victims that fell beneath the holy Knife, made all the neighbouring Hills resound; the Blood in smoking Streams moisten'd the Earth around; exquisite Wines were in abundance pour'd out for the Libations; the *Haruspices* consulted the panting Entrails; and the Priests burnt upon the Altar vast Quantities of Incense, which form'd

(r) The Religion of the Antients was the Support of their Policy. They interposed the Honour of the Gods, in every thing that concerned the Tranquillity of the People. Treaties of Alliance were sworn to upon

the Altars, and sealed with the Blood of Victims; and the Man who would not fear to be accounted treacherous to his Allies, did however dread to be reckon'd sacrilegious to the Gods.

a thick Cloud, and whose Odour perfum'd the whole Country round.

Mean while the Soldiers on both Sides, laying aside the Aspect of Enemies, began to converse together, and already gave a Relaxation to their Labour, and did as it were before-hand taste the Sweets of Peace. Many of those who had follow'd *Idomeneus* to the Siege of *Troy*, knew again *Nestor's* Followers, who had fought in the same War. They affectionately embrac'd each other, and mutually related what had befallen them after they had ruin'd that tow'ring City, the Ornament of all *Asia*. And now they lie down on the Grass, crown themselves with Flowers, and quaff the Wine that was sent them from the Town in large Vases, to celebrate so happy a Day.

Of a sudden *Mentor* said: O Kings! O you assembled Captains! henceforth under different Names and different Leaders you shall be but one People. Thus the just Gods, who are Lovers of their Creatures, Men, are pleas'd to be the eternal Tye of their perfect Concord. All Mankind is but one Family, spread abroad upon the Face of the Earth; all Men are Brothers, and as such ought to love each other. Curse on those wicked Wretches, who seek a cruel Glory in the Blood of their Brethren, which is indeed their own Blood! War, it's true, is sometimes necessary; but it is a Shame to Humanity that it should ever be unavoidable. O ye Kings! think not that War ought to be desir'd for the Acquisition of Glory. True Glory is not to be found out of Humanity. Whoever prefers his own Glory and Ambition before a Sense of Humanity, is a Monster of Pride, not a Man, and shall never attain to any thing, at most, but

a false Glory. for true Glory consists only in Moderation and Goodness: Men, indeed, may flatter him, to gratify his foolish Vanity; but when they are in secret, and may speak their Minds sincerely, they will say of him, that he has so much the less deserv'd Glory, as he has desir'd it with an unwarrantable Passion. Men ought not to have any Value for him at all, since he has so little Value for Men, and has been so lavish of their Blood thro' brutal Vanity. Happy is that King who loves his People and is belov'd by them; who dares confide in his Neighbours, and in whom his Neighbours dare confide; who instead of making War upon them, prevents any War they may have with one another, and who gives Occasion to all the foreign Nations to envy the Happiness of his Subjects, in having him for their King. Resolve then to (s) meet from time to time, O you who govern the most powerful Cities of *Hesperia*! Agree to meet triennially in a general Assembly, where all the Kings here present may attend, to renew the Alliance by a fresh Oath, to strengthen the promis'd Friendship, and to consult about your common Interests. As long as you are united, you will enjoy at Home in this fine Country, Tranquillity, Glory, Plenty; Abroad you will be always invincible. 'Tis only Discord, the Child of Hell, and sent from thence to torment unthinking Mortals, 'tis only

(s) The *Olympic Games*, which the *Greeks* celebrated every four Years, were not a vain Shew to amuse idle People; but, by this Means, all the different Nations of *Greece* meeting together, in this publick Manner, came

to a Knowledge of their Strength, and to a Discovery of their true Interests; and could ward off the Blows which their Liberty might be threatned with from their Enemies.

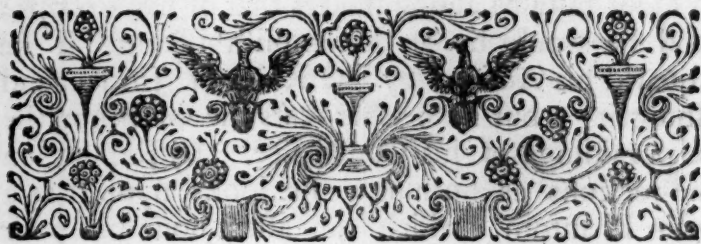
she, I say, that can disturb the Felicity which the Gods are preparing for you.

Nestor reply'd, You see by the Readiness with which we come into the Peace, how far we are from desiring War out of vain Glory, or by an unjust Eagerness to aggrandize ourselves at the Expence of our Neighbours. But pray what's to be done when we find ourselves near a violent Prince, who knows no Law but his Interest, and who neglects no Opportunity of invading the Territories of other States? Think not that I glance at *Idomeneus*; No! I have no longer such a Thought of him; 'tis *Adrastus*, King of the *Daunians*, from whom we have every thing to fear. He contemns the Gods, and thinks that all Mankind are only born to be instrumental to his Glory, and to be his Slaves. He will not have Subjects of whom he may be both King and Father; he must have Slaves and Adorers. He must have divine Honours paid him. Hitherto blind Fortune has favour'd his unrighteous Enterprizes: We hasten'd to attack *Salentum*, to get rid of the weakest of our Enemies, who had just begun to establish himself upon this Coast, with a Resolution to turn our Forces afterwards upon that other more powerful Enemy. He has already taken several Towns from our Allies. The *Crotonians* have already lost two Battles in fighting against him. He scruples nothing to gratify his Ambition. Force or Fraud is all alike to him, provided he can but crush his Enemies. He has amass'd together vast Treasures; his Troops are disciplin'd and harden'd to War; his Generals are experienc'd; he is well serv'd, he himself incessantly watching over all those who act by his Order; he severely punishes the least Faults, and largely rewards
the

the Services that are done him. His personal Valour sustains and animates that of his Troops; and he would be an accomplish'd King, if he squar'd his Actions by the Rules of Justice and Integrity; but he neither fears the Gods nor the Upbraidings of his Conscience. (t) Reputation he reckons as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain Phantom, which can affect none but poor low groveling Spirits; he esteems nothing a real solid Good, but the Advantage of possessing great Riches, to be dreaded, and to trample all Mankind under Foot. His Army will soon appear upon our Frontiers, and if the Union of so many People prove ineffectual against him, there's an End of our Liberty. 'Tis therefore the Interest of *Idomeneus*, as well as ours, to oppose this proud insulting Neighbour, who can suffer nothing free to be near him. If we had been overcome, *Salentum* would have been threaten'd with the same Misfortune. Let us all hasten then in Conjunction to prevent it.

Whilst *Nestor* was thus speaking, they mov'd towards the Town; for *Idomeneus* had invited all the Kings and principal Commanders to come and pass the Night with him there.

(t) There is no depending upon a Prince who ceases to have a Concern for his Glory. *It is despising of Virtue, says Tacitus, to despise Reputation.*



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nestor, in the Name of the Allies, demands Succour of Idomeneus against the Daunians their Enemies. Mentor, who intends to reform the City of Salentum, and employ the People in Agriculture, prevails upon them to be satisfy'd with having Telemachus at the Head of an hundred noble Cretans. After the Departure of this latter, Mentor makes an exact Review of the City and Harbour; informs himself of every Thing; causes Idomeneus to make new Regulations in his Commerce and Laws; divides the People

People into seven Classes, whose Rank and Qualities he distinguishes by Diversity of Habits; retrenches Luxury and all the useless Arts, and employs the Professors of them in Husbandry, which he brings into Reputation.



MEAN while the Army of the Allies erected their Tents, and the Field was already cover'd o'er with rich Pavilions of all Sorts of Colours, where the fatigu'd *Hesperians* waited for sweet refreshing Sleep. When the Kings and their Retinue were enter'd the City, (u) they were astonish'd to find that in so short a Time so many stately Buildings were rais'd, and that the Hurry and Avocations of so great a War had not hinder'd this growing City from encreasing and being embellish'd all at once.

They admir'd the Wisdom and Vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who was the Founder of so fine a Kingdom, and every one concluded that now they had made Peace with him, it would be a great Addition of Strength to the Allies if he would enter into their Confederacy against the *Daunians*. They propos'd this to *Idomeneus*; he could not reject so reasonable a Thing, and promis'd them his Assistance. But as *Mentor* was ignorant of nothing that was necessary to make a State flourish, he was of Opinion that the Forces of *Idomeneus* could not be so great as they seem'd to be, wherefore, taking him aside, he thus spoke to him :

(u) After *Xerxes* had demolished the City of *Athens*, *Themistocles* rais'd the Walls again, in less Time than that Prince had spent in destroying

them; and the greatest Powers of Greece became jealous of a City which was rising again from her Ashes.

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You see our Care has not been altogether unprofitable to you. *Salentum* is secur'd from the Evils that threaten'd her ; 'tis now your Fault if you don't raise her Glory as high as the Heavens, and equal the Wisdom of *Minos* your Grandfather, in the Government of your People. I continue my Freedom of Speech to you, believing you would have me do so, and that you abhor Flattery. Whilst these Kings were extolling your Magnificence, I was meditating all the while upon the Rashness of your Conduct. At this Word, Rashness, *Idomeneus* chang'd Colour, his Eyes look'd disorder'd, he redden'd, and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, to let him see his Resentment. *Mentor*, in a modest respectful Tone, but yet free and undaunted, said to him, I see you are offended at this Word Rashness, and perhaps it had been wrong in any but me to have made Use of it ; (x) for we ought to respect Kings, and use them very tenderly, even when we are reproving them. Truth of it self is offensive enough to them, without the Addition of rugged Terms ; but I thought you could bear me to speak to you without Palliatives, to discover your Error to you. My Design has been to accustom you to hear Things call'd by their Names, and to understand that when others give you their Advice about your Conduct, they will never dare to tell you all their Thoughts ;

(x) Wise men know how to preserve Truth in her full Force, without causing her to lose any of her Beauty. 'Tis making an ill Picture of her, to represent her in odious Colours. A rigid Censor tears and hardens a Man against Advice ; but a sincere

Friend finds a way to his Heart, and prevails on him to do what he pleases. Of all the *Athenians*, *Solon* was the only Man who spoke to *Pisistratus* with freedom, and not any *Athenian* was so well received by him as *Solon*.

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and you should, if you would not be deceiv'd, always apprehend more than they will say to you in Things wherein your Conduct has been amiss. For my Part, I would gladly soften my Words according to your Occasions ; but it is of great Service to you, that a plain disinterested Man should talk a rough Language to you in private. No other will ever dare to do it : You will have no more than a half View of the Truth, or see her so disguis'd by fine Coverings, that you shall hardly know her.

At these Words *Idomeneus*, who was now recover'd of his former Warmth and Intemperature, seem'd asham'd of what he had done. You see, said he to *Mentor*, what it is to be us'd to Flattery. I am indebted to you for the welfare of my new Kingdom, and there is no Truth but I should think myself happy to hear from your Mouth ; but pity a Prince whom Flattery had poison'd, and who could never find a Man generous enough to tell him the Truth, no, not in his Misfortunes. No, I have never met with any Body, who has lov'd me well enough to displease me by telling me the whole Truth.

In saying this, his Eyes swam with Tears, and he tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*. Then said that wise old Man to him: 'Tis with Grief that I find my self constrain'd to say some harsh Things to you ; but can I serve you in hiding the Truth from you ? Shou'd I not rather betray you by so doing ? Put your self in my Place ; if you have hitherto been deceiv'd, 'tis because you were willing to be so, and because you were afraid of two sincere Counsellors. Have you look'd out for such as were disinterested and most likely to contradict you ? Have you made it your Study to hearken to Men the least forward

ward to please you, the most self-denying in their Conduct, and such as would not scruple to condemn your Passions and your wrong Sentiments of Things? When you have met with Flatterers, have you remov'd them from your Presence? Have you distrusted them? No, no, You have not done as those do who love Truth and who deserve to know it. Let us see if you have now the Courage to suffer your self to be humbled by the Truth that condemns you.

I was saying, therefore, that what was the Occasion of so much Praise to you, deserves only to be blam'd. While you had abroad so many Enemies threatening your Kingdom, as yet but indifferently establish'd, you thought of nothing within your new City but to raise stately Buildings in it. 'Tis this has cost you so many uneasy Nights, as you yourself have own'd to me: You have drain'd your Treasures; you neither thought of encreasing your People, or of cultivating the fertile Lands upon this Coast. Ought you not to have look'd upon these two Things as the two main Pillars of your Strength, namely (y) to have a great Number of able Men, and Lands well cultivated to maintain them? You should at first have had a long Peace, to favour the multiplying of your People. You should have minded nothing but Agriculture, and the enacting of wholesome Laws. Empty Ambition has push'd you on to the Brink of a Pre-

(y) Such were the first Principles of the Roman Policy when the Foundations of *Rome* were laid. That City, tho' it was originally nothing more than a Nest of Outlaws, or, at best, Shepherds,

yet contained such Multitudes of People, when *Tullus Hostilius* reviewed them, that one knows not how to believe the Accounts given us thereof by Historians.

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cipice, and by aiming to appear great, you had like to have ruin'd your real Greatness. Now, therefore, be diligent to repair those Overights; put a Stop to your pompous Structures; renounce that Stateliness, which would ruin your new City; let your People take Breath; apply yourself to settle them in Plenty in order to facilitate their Marriages. Know, that you are no otherwise a King than as you have a People to govern, and that your Power is not to be measur'd by the extent of the Lands you possess, but by the Number of the Men who shall inhabit those Lands, and who shall be devoted to your Obedience and Service. Make Choice of a good Ground, tho' but of an indifferent Compass; stock it with a laborious disciplin'd People; contrive it so that you get the Love of these People, and then you are more powerful, more happy, more glorious, than all the Conquerors who lay waste so many Kingdoms.

How shall I then behave myself to these Kings, reply'd *Idomeneus*? Shall I confess my Weakness to them? 'Tis true, I have neglected Tillage, nay, and Trade likewise, which might be so commodiously carry'd on upon this Coast: I have thought of nothing but raising a stately City: Must I, my dear *Mentor*, disgrace myself amidst so many Kings, and betray my Imprudence? If I must, I will, without any Hesitation, let them think of it as they please; for you have taught me that a true King, who is made for his People, and owes himself wholly to them, ought to prefer the Welfare of his People to his own Glory.

This Sentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a Father of his People; 'tis this good Disposition, and not the vain Magnificence of your City,
that

that argues you a true King : But your Honour must be maintain'd, even for the Interest of your Kingdom. Leave the Thing to me ; I will go tell those Kings that you are inclined to re-instate *Ulysses* if he be still living, or at least his Son, in the Throne of *Ithaca* ; and that you are resolv'd to expel thence by Force all the Lovers of (z) *Penelope*. They must needs be sensible that this War requires a great Number of Troops, and so they will agree that you can afford them but small Assistance at first against the *Daunians*.

At these Words *Idomeneus* look'd like one that had just been eas'd of a mighty Burden. My dear Friend, said he to *Mentor*, you will thus save My Honour and the Reputation of this growing City, whose Insufficiency you will thus hide from all my Neighbours. But how will it look in me to say that I will send Forces to *Ithaca* to re-instate *Ulysses*, or at least his Son *Telemachus*, since *Telemachus* has engag'd himself to go to the War against the *Daunians* ? Be easy, reply'd *Mentor* ; I shall tell them nothing but the Truth : The Ships that you send to establish your Trade, shall go to the Coast of *Epirus* ; they will do two Things at once, that is, re-invite to your Coast the foreign Merchants, whom too great Imposts keep from coming to *Salentum*, and learn News concerning *Ulysses*. If he be yet living, he cannot be far from those Seas that divide *Greece* from *Italy*, and it is confidently reported

(z) The most dangerous Enemies that *Telemachus* and *Ulysses* had, were this Queen's Suitors ; but she had the Dexterity to amuse them without yielding to their senseless Solicitations. She took Advan-

tage of their Weakness, for the Interest of her Son, and to secure the State and his Glory. So behaved Queen *Blanche*, with respect to the Count de Champagne.

that he has been seen among the *Phæacians*. But even supposing there are no Hopes of seeing him ever again, your Fleet will do an eminent Service to his Son, by spreading thro' *Ithaca* and all the neighbouring Countries the Terror of young *Telemachus's* Name, who was thought to be dead as well as his Father. *Penelope's* Lovers will be dismay'd, at hearing that he is ready to return with the Succours of a powerful Ally. The People of *Ithaca* will not have the Boldness to think of shaking off the Yoke. *Penelope* will be exceedingly comforted, and still refuse to make Choice of a new Husband. Thus you will serve *Telemachus*, while he is, in your Place, with the Allies of this Coast of *Italy*, fighting against the *Daunians*. Here *Idomeneus* cry'd out: Happy is the King who is supported by wise Counsels! A prudent and faithful Friend is more worth to a King than victorious Armies. But doubly bless'd is the King who is sensible of his Happiness, and knows how to make his Advantage of wise Counsels! For it often happens that wise and honest Men, whose Virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd from his Trust, to make Room for Flatterers, whose Treachery is not suspected. I myself am fall'n into this Error, and I will relate to you all the Disasters that are come upon me, by a false Friend who flatter'd My Passions, in Hopes that I, in my Turn, would flatter His.

Mentor easily made the Confederate Kings sensible that *Idomeneus* ought to take Care of *Telemachus's* Affairs, while that young Prince went along with them. They were satisfy'd with having in their Army the young Son of *Ulysses*, with a hundred of the *Cretan* Youth, appointed by *Idomeneus* to accompany him. They were the Flower of the young Nobility, and the King

had brought them along with him from *Crete*. *Mentor* was the Person that advis'd him to send these to the War. You must, said he, during a Peace, take Care to multiply your People; but for fear the whole Nation should grow effeminate, and become ignorant of the Art of War, must send to the foreign Wars the young Nobility: These will suffice to keep up the whole Kingdom in an Emulation of Glory, in the Love of Arms, in a Contempt of Fatigues and of Death itself, and, lastly, in the Practice of the Military Art.

The Confederate Kings departed from *Salentum*, well pleas'd with King *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the Wisdom of *Mentor*. They were overjoy'd that they carry'd *Telemachus* along with them. The latter could not controul his Grief when he was to part with his Friend. Whilst the Confederate Kings were taking their Leaves, and swore to *Idomeneus* that they would preserve an inviolable Friendship with him, *Mentor*, holding *Telemachus* lock'd in his Arms, found himself bedew'd with his Tears. I am insensible, said *Telemachus*, of the Joy of going in quest of Glory; nothing now affects my Soul but the Grief that I must part from you. Methinks I see that unhappy Time return'd, when the *Egyptians* tore me from your Arms, and removed me far from you, without the least Hope of seeing you any more.

Mentor return'd an obliging Answer, the better to comfort him and cheer him up: This, said he, is a Separation of a very different Kind; it is voluntary; 'twill be short; you go in Search of Victory. My Son, you must love me less tenderly, and in a more masculine Manner. Accustom yourself to my Absence, and learn to be
without

without me, for you will not always have me with you. You should let Wisdom and Virtue, rather than the Presence of *Mentor*, suggest to you what you ought to do.

In saying these Words, the Goddess, conceal'd beneath the Figure of *Mentor*, threw her *Ægis* over *Telemachus*, and infus'd into him the Spirit of Wisdom and of Foresight, intrepid (a) Valour and gentle Moderation, which are so rarely found together. Go, said *Mentor*, into the thickest Dangers, as often as it is necessary you should go. A Prince disgraces himself more by avoiding Danger in Battle, than by never going to the War at all (b). The Courage of him who commands Others ought never to be suspected. If it be necessary for a People to preserve their General or King, it is more necessary for them not to see him in an uncertain Reputation of Valour. Remember that he who

(a) To these two Virtues in Conjunction, the *Thebans* erected a Temple by the Name of the Goddess *Harmeny*, who, they said, was the Daughter of *Mars* and *Venus*. These two Deities, *Plutarch* tells us, should mutually correct and moderate each other; the Graces should soften the savage Part of Valour; and Valour should quicken the Indolence and Effeminacy of the Graces. And this is what we are to learn from the Fable of the Amours of *Mars* and *Venus*. This hidden Instruction, and these Allegories, will not seem, to those who are initiated in Mythology, to be in the least strained,

or forced beyond what they will bear.

(b) It is a hard thing for a Prince to have Qualities bright enough to cover the Want of Courage. Antiquity scarce affords any other Example of it than that of *Augustus*; and it will always be a sort of Paradox in History, that a Prince, who could not endure the Sight of an Army, should yet subdue a Nation, the most warlike and jealous of her Liberty that ever was known. We are bewildered in our Inquiries when we go about to penetrate into the Cause of such an Event.

commands ought to be a Pattern to all others. His Example is to animate the whole Army. Fear therefore no manner of Danger, O *Telemachus*, but rather perish in Battle than suffer your Courage to be question'd. Those Flatterers that will seem most careful to hinder you from exposing yourself to Danger when Occasion calls you, will be the first to whisper it about that you are faint-hearted, if they find you are easily with-held from the Battle. But then again, run not blindly into Danger without there's Occasion; for Valour can no longer be a Virtue than as it is govern'd by Prudence; otherwise it is a stupid Contempt of Life, and a brutal Ardour. Fool-hardy Valour is ever unsecure. He that does not command himself in Dangers, is rather wild than brave; he's forc'd to be besides himself, that he may be above Fear, since he cannot surmount it by the natural Disposition of his Heart. In this Case, if he does not run away, he is at least disorder'd; he loses the Freedom of his Mind, which would be necessary to him in laying hold of Opportunities to rout the Enemy or serve his Country. If he has all the Warmth of a Soldier, he has nothing of the Discretion of a Captain; nay, he has not even the true Courage of a private Soldier; for a Soldier ought in Time of Battle to preserve such a Presence of Mind, and such a Moderation, as is necessary to Obedience and good Discipline. He who rashly (c) exposes himself, disturbs the Order and Discipline of the Troops, sets an Example

(c) It is with Valour much the same as 'tis with Weapons; their Success depends upon the Hand that uses them.

The greatest Captains among the *Romans* looked upon the gallantest Actions, as the most dangerous, (and consequently most

ample of Temerity, and often brings the whole Army into imminent Dangers. Those who prefer their vain Ambition to the Security of the common Cause, deserve to be punish'd, instead of being rewarded.

Beware then, my Son, how you seek Glory with too much Intemperance: The surest way to find it, is to wait patiently a favourable Opportunity: Virtue acquires so much the more Reverence and Respect, as she shews herself plain, modest, averse to Pomp. The greater the Necessity of exposing yourself to Danger grows, the greater ought your Courage and Foresight to be. Moreover, remember, that you ought never to draw upon yourself the Envy of others; neither be you (*d*) jealous of their Success: Be the first to praise what is praise-worthy, but praise with Discretion: Repeat the Good with Pleasure, conceal the Bad, and think no more of it but with Sorrow. Be not positive before old Commanders, who have that Experience which you cannot have; listen to them with Deference; consult them; desire the most able to instruct you, and be not ashamed to impute to their Instructions whatever Improvements you shall make. In short, give no Ear to Discourses which may tend to excite your Distrust or Jealousy against the other chief Officers, but

most punishable) when they broke in upon the Strictness of Discipline. Tho' Success, in the Minds of the Vulgar, would bear them out, yet it never was allowed of by those at the Head of Affairs.

(*d*) There is nothing so noble, in the Histories writ-

ten by the great Men of Antiquity, as the Sincerity with which they speak, not only of their Enemies, but likewise of those who shared with them in the Command of the Armies. A truly great Man never builds his own Reputation upon the Ruins of that of another.

converse with them freely and openly. If you think that they have fail'd in their Regards to you, unbosom yourself to them and set forth your Reasons. If they are capable of understanding the Generosity of this Conduct, you will charm them and draw from them all that you have Occasion to expect from them. If, on the contrary, they have not Sense enough to apprehend your Meaning, you will thereby learn by Self-Experience, what Injustice you are like to suffer at their Hands; and will thence take your Measures to trust them no more as long as the War lasts; and thus you will have nothing to accuse yourself of. But, above all Things, be sure you avoid imparting to certain Flatterers, who go about to make Mischief, the Grounds of Complaint which you think you have against any of the Commanders of the Army.

I will tarry here, continued *Mentor*, to assist *Idomeneus* to procure the Happiness of his People, and to make him completely repair the Faults, which ill Counsellors and Flatterers caused him to commit in the Establishment of his new Kingdom.

Then *Telemachus* could not help testifying to *Mentor* some Surprise, and even Contempt of *Idomeneus's* Conduct. But *Mentor* in a severe Tone reprehended him for so doing. Do you wonder, said he, that the most worthy Men are but Men, and shew some Remains of the Weaknesses of Humanity, among the innumerable Snares, and the Perplexities inseparable from Royalty? *Idomeneus*, it is true, was bred up in Ideas of Pomp and Haughtiness; but what Philosopher could have guarded against Flattery in his Place? Indeed, he suffer'd himself to be too much biassed by those that had gain'd

gain'd his Confidence; but the wisest Kings are often deceiv'd, whatever Precautions they take to avoid it. A King cannot do without Ministers, in whom he must trust, to ease him of Part of his Burden, since it is impossible he should do every Thing himself. Besides, a King is much less acquainted with those who surround him than private Persons. Every body appears mask'd in His Presence; no Artifice is left unpractis'd to blind him.

Alas! my dear *Telemachus*, you will have but too full a Conviction of this Truth. You'll never find in Men either the Virtues or the Talents which you want in them. Tho you study them ever so much, you are every Day mistaken in them. Neither can you make such Use, even of the best Men, as is always requisite for the publick Good. There will be Self-Opinions, Disputes, and Jealousies (e), even among Them. It is no easy Matter either to persuade or correct them. The more People a Prince has to govern, the more Ministers he'll want, in order to execute by them what he cannot do himself; and the more Men that he is forc'd to trust with Authority, the oftener he will be liable to be deceiv'd in his Choice of them.

He that to Day unmercifully blames the Conduct of Kings, would govern on the Morrow worse than they, and commit the very same Faults, with others infinitely greater, if the Power were plac'd in his Hands. A private Condition, with a tolerable Share of Wit and

(e) A State is in great Danger, when two leading Men who have different Ways of Thinking, are vested with equal Power and Authority. The Differences between *Nicias* and *Alcibiades* cost the *Athenians* dear.

good Elocution, covers all natural Defects, shews every shining Talent to Advantage, and makes a Man seem worthy to possess all the Posts from which he is remote : But Authority would put all his Talents to a severe Trial, and discover unpardonable Faults in him.

Greatness is like certain Glasses, which magnify all Objects ; every Fault seems bigger in those high Places where the least Things are attended with great Consequences, and where the slightest Oversights bound back upon him that commits them with an additional Violence.

The whole World is employ'd in observing one Man in every Moment of his Life, and always judges him with the greatest Severity. Those who condemn him have not the least Experience of his Condition ; they are not sensible of the Difficulties which attend it, and expect he should be somewhat above Man, so many Perfections they require in him. And yet a King, let him be ever so good and wise, is still but a Man. His Knowledge has Limits, and his Virtue is not infinite. He is subject to Humour, Passion, Habits, which it is impossible he should be absolute Master of. He is beset with cunning self-interested People. He cannot find the Assistance he wants. He every Day falls into Misreckoning, sometimes thro' his own Passions, and sometimes thro' those of his Ministers. Scarce has he repair'd one Fault, but he runs into another ; such is the Condition of the most intelligent and most virtuous Kings.

The longest and the best Reigns are too short and imperfect, to make Amends, in their Conclusion, for the Mischiefs that have unwittingly happen'd in their Beginning.

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The Royalty carries all these Infelicities along with it. Humane Frailty sinks beneath so pressing a Weight. We ought to pity Kings, and to excuse them. Are they not unhappy, in having so many Men to govern, whose Occasions are infinite, and who create so many Troubles to those who would govern them well? To speak freely, Men are very much to be pity'd for being govern'd by a King who is but a Man like themselves; for it would require a God (f) to reform Mankind. But Kings are no less to be pity'd, who being but Men, that is to say, weak and imperfect, are to govern this innumerable Multitude of corrupt and deceitful Men.

Telemachus answer'd, with some Warmth: *Idomeneus* by his own Fault lost the Kingdom of his Ancestors in *Crete*, and but for your Counsels he had lost a second at *Salentum*. I own, reply'd *Mentor*, he has committed great Faults. But look all over *Greece*, and in the best regulated States, and try if you can find a King that has not committed unpardonable Errors. The greatest Men have, in their Constitution and Turn of their Minds, Defects which give them a Bias; and the most Praiseworthy are those who have the Courage to know and redress their Failings.

Do you think that *Ulysses*, the great *Ulysses*, your Father, who is the Model of the *Grecian* Kings, has not his Weaknesses and Failings as well as other Men? If *Minerva* had not led

(f) It was not out of a servile and fulsome Flattery, that the ancient Poets made most of the Kings to be the Descendants of *Jupiter*. Their Design was to point out to them, who it was they ought to resemble in the execution of their Office.

him by the Hand, how often had he sunk under the Dangers and Difficulties into which Fortune had thrown him? How often has *Minerva* stopt him, or brought him back again into the right Path, to lead him on to Glory by the Way of Virtue? Do not expect, even when you see him reign in all his Glory in *Ithaca*, to find him without Imperfections: you will infallibly see him guilty of some. *Greece, Asia*, and all the Islands of the Seas, have admir'd him, notwithstanding those Faults, which are effaced and drowned by a thousand admirable Qualities. You will be exceeding happy in having an Opportunity of admiring him too, and of studying him incessantly, as the Model you are to follow.

Bring your self, O *Telemachus*, not to expect, even from the greatest Men, any more than Humanity is capable of performing. Un-experienc'd Youth gives it self up to a presumptuous Humour of Cavilling, which breeds in it a Distaste of those Models which it ought to follow, and flings it into an incurable Indocility. Not only you ought to love, respect, and imitate your Father, tho' he is not perfect, but you ought also to have a high Esteem even for *Idomeneus*. Notwithstanding what I have found amiss in him, he is naturally (g) sincere, upright, just, liberal, beneficent. His Courage is perfect and clear. He detests Fraud when he knows it, and when he follows the true Disposition of his Heart. All his outward Talents are great and proportionable to his Rank. His

(g) With these Qualities Men may commit Faults, but then they repair what they do amiss. The first Years of

Francis I. who had the Virtues here ascribed to *Idomeneus*, did not at all resemble the beginning of his Reign.

Frankness

Frankness in confessing himself in the Wrong, his Mildness, his Patience in allowing me to say unpleasing Things to him, his Resolution with regard to himself, in making publick Reparation for his Errors, and thereby setting himself above all Blame, denote a Soul truly Noble. Good Fortune, or the wise Counsel of others, may preserve a Man of very moderate Abilities from committing some certain Faults ; but it must be a very extraordinary Virtue that can bring a King, who has been so long mis-led by Flattery to make good all that he has done amiss. It is far more glorious to rise again thus, than to have never fallen.

Idomeneus has committed the Faults which almost all Kings are guilty of ; but very few Kings can correct themselves as he has done. For my Part, I could not sufficiently admire him, even when he permitted me to contradict him. Admire him with me, my dear *Telemachus*. It is not so much for his Reputation, as for your Advantage, that I give you this Advice.

By this Discourse *Mentor* convinc'd *Telemachus* what (*b*) Danger there is of being guilty of Injustice, when we give Way to severe Reflections upon other Men, and especially upon those who are loaded with the Cares and Difficulties of Government. Then he added, 'tis Time for you to depart : Farewel. I will stay

(*b*) Censure, particularly when too far carried, is a Sign of Pride and Presumption, more than of a true Understanding. Nothing gives a greater Idea of the Equity of the *Romans*, than the easiness with which even *Pompey's* Rivals

conferred on him the Name of *Great*. A Man must be *Generous* to acknowledge, in others, those Good Qualities which are wanting in himself ; but he need be only *Malicious* to criticize upon them.

for

for you here, O my dear *Telemachus*; remember that those who fear the Gods have nothing to fear from Men: You will find yourself expos'd to the most imminent Dangers, but know that *Minerva* will never forsake you.

At these Words *Telemachus* thought he felt the Influence of the Goddess's own Presence, and he had even known that 'twas she who spoke to him in order to fill him with Confidence, if that Goddess had not recal'd the Idea of *Mentor*, by saying to him: Forget not, my Son, the uncommon Care I have taken of you in your Infancy, that I might make you as wise and courageous as your Father: Do nothing unworthy of his great Example, and of the Maxims of Virtue which I have endeavour'd to inculcate into you.

The Sun was already rising, and gilded the Tops of the Mountains, when the Kings came out of *Salentum* to rejoin the Troops, which now began to march under their Commanders from the Encampment round the City. On every Side were seen the glitt'ring Heads of bristling Pikes; the Splendor of their Shields dazzled the Beholders Eyes, and Clouds of Dust obscur'd the Face of Heaven. *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted into the Camp the confederate Kings. At last they parted, after interchanging the Marks of a true Friendship on both Sides. The Allies no longer doubted that the Peace would be a lasting one, now they knew the good Disposition of *Idomeneus's* Heart, which had been represented to them in a very different Light from what it was; for they had judg'd of him, not by his own natural Inclinations, but by the flatt'ring and pernicious Counsels which he had suffer'd himself to be mis-led by.

After

After the Army was march'd away, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into all the Quarters of the City. Let us see, said *Mentor*, what Number of Men you have both in the Town and Country; let us take an exact Review of them. Let us examine how many Husbandmen you have amongst them. Let us see what Quantity of Corn, Wine, Oil, and other useful Things your Lands produce in moderate Years. By this Means we shall know whether your Country brings forth sufficient to support all its Inhabitants, and whether it produces enough besides, to carry on an advantageous Trade with your Neighbours out of the Superfluity. Let us likewise examine the Number of your Ships and Mariners; let us carefully inspect their Condition, and what Number of Sailors you have to Man them, either to maintain a War, or carry on the Trade of your Subjects; for it is from thence we are to make an Estimate of your Power. Then he went to visit the Port, and going on board every Vessel, he inform'd himself to what Part each of them went to Traffick, what Merchandize they carry'd, what Commodities they brought Home in Return, what was the Charge of the Ship's Voyage, what Loans the Merchants made one to another, what Societies they set up among themselves, to see if they were equitably and faithfully maintain'd; finally, he consider'd the Dangers of Shipwreck, and other Mischances incident to Trade, in order to prevent the Ruin of Merchants, who, out of a greedy Desire of Gain, often undertake Things above their Strength and Ability to go through with.

He appointed severe Punishments for all Bankrupts, because their Breaking is at least
owing

owing to their Rashness, if not to their Dishonesty. At the same Time he made several Regulations in order to prevent Bankruptcy, and for that End he appointed Magistrates, to take an Account of the Merchants Effects, Profits, Expences and Ventures. They were never suffer'd to send Ventures of another Man's Estate, nor above half of their own. Moreover, they carry'd on by Joint-Stock those Undertakings which they could not manage singly; and the Regulations of these Companies became inviolable, through the rigorous Punishment inflicted on those who infring'd the same. Besides, every one had full Freedom to trade. Instead of cramping Trade with hard Duties, there was a Recompense propos'd to such Merchants as could open and procure a new Trade between *Salentum*, and any other Nation.

By this Means there resorted great Multitudes of People to them from all Parts: The Commerce of that City was like the Flux and Reflux of the Sea: Riches came pouring into it like the rowling Waves which ride on the Back of each other. There was free Import and Export allow'd to every Thing: Whatever was brought in was useful for some Purpose or other, and whatever was carry'd out did but make Room for other Riches to come in. Strict Justice alone presid'd in the Port among so many different Nations: Upright Dealing, Honesty, and Candour, seem'd to invite from the Top of those stately Towers all Merchants from the remotest Corners of the Earth. Every one of these Merchants, whether he came from the Eastern Shore, where the Sun each Day springs forth from the Bosom of the Deep, or whether he came from that great Sea where the same Planet,

Planet, fatigu'd with its Course, extinguishes its Flames; every one, I say, liv'd in as much Peace and Safety in *Salentum* as if he had been in his own Country.

Then, as to the Inside of the City, *Mentor* visited all the Magazines, Ware-houses, Tradesmens Shops, and all the publick Places. He prohibited the Importation of such foreign Goods as might introduce Luxury and Debauchery. He regulated (i) Apparel, Food, Household-Stuff, the Dimension and Embellishments of Houses, according to the different Conditions of the Inhabitants. He banish'd all Gold and Silver-Ornaments, and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one Way to make your People frugal in their Management, and that is by setting them an Example yourself. 'Tis indeed requisite that you should be distinguish'd by a certain Show of Majesty, but your Authority will be sufficiently display'd by your Guards, and the chief Officers that are about you. Content yourself with a Garment of super-fine Wool of a Purple Colour: Let the chief Men of your State be clad in the same Wool, with no other Difference but that of the Colour, and a small Embroidery of Gold on the Selvedge of your own Robe. These different Colours will serve to distinguish the different Degrees, without the Expence of Gold, Silver, or precious Stones. Regulate those Degrees according to each one's Birth, and let those be plac'd in the first Rank who are descended

(i) This minute Regulation ought not to be looked on as unbecoming the Majesty of the Legislature. The Laws of *Lycurgus* prescribed even the Food which the *Lacedæmoni-*

ans were to live upon; nay, even the particular Number of the Dishes: For general Regulations will never banish Daintiness and Luxury out of a State.

from

from a more antient and illustrious Stock. Those who upon account of their Merit, shall be possessed of great Employments, will not be discontented to come after those antient and illustrious Families, who have been in so long a Possession of the first Honours. Such as are inferior to them in Point of Extraction, will easily give Place to them, provided you do not suffer them to forget themselves in a too high and a too sudden Preferment, and provided you take care to bestow Commendations, and give particular Countenance to those who know how to be moderate in Prosperity : The Distinction which is the least expos'd to Envy, is that which proceeds from a long Succession of Ancestors.

As for Virtue, it will be sufficiently excited and encourag'd, and Men will be forward enough to serve the State, provided you decree Crowns and (k) Statues to gallant Actions, and make it a Source of Nobility for the Children of those that have perform'd them.

Persons of the first Rank, next to yourself, may be cloath'd in White, with a Gold Fringe at the Bottom of their Garments ; they may wear on their Finger a Gold Ring, and round their Neck a Golden Medal with your Picture. Those of the second Rank shall be clad in Blue, with a Silver Fringe, and a Ring, but no Medal. The third Sort in Green, without any Ring or Fringe, but with a Medal. The fourth

(k) Such was the *Greek* and *Roman* Policy : they did not drain the publick Treasure to reward a gallant Action ; they found a Way to pay it by the Glory of having performed it. Nothing can be less bur-

thenfom to the Publick to bestow, than a Crown of *Laurel*, *Myrtle*, or *Oak* ; and yet how glorious and honourable to a private Man was this kind of Triumph !

in

in deep Yellow. The fifth in a pale Red. The sixth in Grislin. The seventh, that is the lower Sort, in Yellow mix'd with White. Let these be the Colours for the seven different Degrees of Freemen. As for those that are in the State of Servitude, they shall be clad in dark Brown. Thus, without any Expence, every one will be distinguish'd according to his Degree, and all those Arts shall be banish'd from *Salentum*, which serve only to keep up a vain Pomp, and encourage Licentiousness. All the Artificers who are now employ'd about pernicious Trades, shall either betake themselves to necessary Arts, (which are but few) or else to Merchandize or to Tillage. Never allow of any Change, either in the Nature of the Stuffs, or Fashion of Clothes, for it is scandalous that Men, who are destin'd to a serious and noble Life, should amuse themselves in studying affected Ornaments; or suffer their Wives, in whom such Amusements would be less shameful, to be guilty of those Extravagancies.

Thus *Mentor*, like a skilful Gardener, who lops the useless Branches off of Fruit-Trees, endeavour'd to retrench vain Pomp and Luxury, which corrupts good Manners. Instead thereof, he recommended a noble and frugal Plainness in all Things. He likewise regulated the common Food of Citizens and Slaves (*l*). What a Shame

(*l*) *Pausania*, after the Battle of *Plataea*, caused two Tables to be furnished out with very different Dishes, in the *Persian* General's Tent. The first was spread with all the Profusion of the *Asiatic* Luxury; the second was served

up with nothing but *Lacedæmonian* Black-Broth, and Milk-Porridge, in Wooden Dishes. *The Difference of these two Tables*, said he to the *Grecian* Captains, *was what decided the Battle*.

is it, said he, for Men of high Condition, to place their Grandeur in Ragouts and Kickshaws, by which they enervate their Faculties, and insensibly impair the Health of their Bodies! They ought to make their Happiness consist in their Moderation, in their Authority, which enables them to be serviceable to other Men, and in acquiring Reputation by their good Actions. Sobriety makes the plainest Food most palatable; it is Temperance that procures the purest and most lasting Pleasures, at the same Time that it keeps up a vigorous Constitution of Body. Therefore confine your Table to the best Sorts of Meats, but dress without any Sauces: For to provoke Mens Appetites beyond their natural Call, is nothing else but an Art of Poisoning.

Idomeneus, grew very sensible how much he had been to blame in suffering the Inhabitants of his new City to soften and corrupt their Manners by departing from the Laws of *Minos* touching Sobriety: But the wise *Mentor* represented to him, that even the reviving of those very Laws would be to no Purpose, unless by his own Example he gave them that Vigour and Authority which nothing else could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* retrenched his Table, where he would admit of nothing but excellent Bread, Wine of the Growth of that Country, which is naturally strong and very agreeable, but which he would not allow to be serv'd but in very small Quantities, with plain Meats, such as he us'd to eat with the other *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*. No Person durst open their Mouths against a Law that the King had impos'd on himself; and thus every one retrench'd that Profusion and those Dainties which they had begun to wallow in at their Meals,

After

After this, *Mentor* fell to reforming the Musick; of which he silenc'd the soft and effeminate Sort, which tends only to the Corruption of Youth. He with no less Severity condemn'd the *Bacchanalian* Musick, which is little less intoxicating than Wine itself, and is productive of Riots and all manner of Irregularities; He limited all Musick (*m*) to Festivals in the Temples, there to celebrate the Praises of the Gods, and of those Heroes who have left us Patterns of the most exalted Virtues. He likewise confin'd to the Temples all the great Ornaments of Architecture, such as Columns, Pediments, Porticoes. He drew Plans, of a plain and graceful Model, whereby on a small Spot of Ground one might build a delightful and convenient House for a numerous Family; always contriving it so, that the Situation of it was wholesome, its several Apartments independent one of another, and that it might be easily kept in Order, Cleanliness and Repair at small Charge. He thought it proper that every House of any Note should have a pretty large Hall, and a small Peristyle, with little Rooms for all Persons of free Condition; but he very severely prohibited the superfluous Multitude and vain Magnificence of Apartments. These different Draughts of Houses, according to the Largeness of each Family, serv'd to embellish Part of the City at small Expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other Part, which was already built up according to the Caprice and Pride of private Persons,

(*m*) It was within these narrow Bounds that *Plato* was for restraining Musick in his Republick. Let the Enemies of Antiquity say what they

will, it is certain that this Art hath lost much of its Strength, and hardly retains any thing more than its dangerous Softness.

tho more magnificent, was far from being so agreeable and commodious. This new City was built in very little Time, because the neighbouring Coast of *Greece* furnished good Architects; and a vast Number of Masons were fetch'd from *Epirus* and other Countries, upon Condition, that after they had finish'd their Work, they should settle about *Salentum*, have Lands given them to cultivate, and so help to people the Country.

Painting and Sculpture were Arts which *Mentor* did not think fit to be laid aside; but he was against suffering many Hands to apply themselves that Way in *Salentum*. He erected a publick School to teach those Arts, with Masters, who had an excellent Taste to examine the young Disciples. Such Arts, says he, as are not absolutely necessary, ought not to admit of any ordinary or indifferent Performers; and therefore none ought to be allow'd to learn them, but Lads of a very promising Genius, and who are likely to attain to the utmost Perfection in them. As for others, who have their Capacity turn'd to Arts less noble, they will be very profitably employ'd about the ordinary Occasions of the Commonwealth. The only Use, said he, that ought to be made of Sculptors and Painters, is to preserve the Memory of great Men and great Actions; and therefore, it is in publick Buildings (*n*) and Tombs where you

(*n*) 'Tis well known that the Arts and Sciences made an ample Return to the City of *Athens*, for the Lustre they had received from her under the Government of *Pericles*. That great Man had caused

to be rais'd there many publick Edifices, which were the Admiration of all *Greece*; but he would never suffer in his own House, any Ornament which might distinguish it from that of a private Man.

ought

ought to preserve the Representations of what has been perform'd in any extraordinary Manner for the Service of your Country. Yet *Mentor* did not carry his Moderation and Frugality so far, as to disallow of those large Structures design'd for Horse or Chariot Races, Wrestlings, Fights with the Cæstus, and all other Exercises, which cultivate the human Body, and render it more active and vigorous.

He suppress'd a prodigious Number of Merchants and Shopkeepers, who us'd to sell Figur'd Stuffs of remote Countries, embroider'd Works of an excessive Price, Gold and Silver Vases emboss'd with Figures of Gods, Men, and Animals, and lastly, distill'd Liqueurs and Essences (o). He order'd likewise that the Furniture of every House should be plain, strong, and lasting. So that the *Salentines*, who us'd to complain loudly of their Poverty, began now to be sensible that they enjoy'd a great many superfluous Riches, which made them really the poorer, and they became truly rich in Proportion as they had the Courage to part with them. 'Tis the best Way, said they themselves, to grow rich by despising such Riches as exhaust a State, and by lessening our Wants, in reducing them to the true necessary Occasions of Nature.

Mentor was very industrious in visiting the Arsenals and publick Magazines, to see whether the Arms and other Warlike Implements were in good Condition: For, said he, we ought always to be in a Readiness to make War, the better

(o) O how many Things are there that I have no occasion for, said *Socrates*, when passing through the Market-Place at *Athens*, he saw the

Toy-Shops and Stalls glitt'ring with Furniture and Implements which can do no more than please the Eye.

to avoid the Misfortune of being forc'd to make it. He found that there was great Want of many Things ; and thereupon he presently assembled together such Artificers as understood to work in Iron, Steel, or Brass: You might presently have seen flaming Furnaces discharging whirling Sheets of Smoke and Fire, like the subterraneous Ebullitions of Mount *Ætna*. You might have heard the Anvil groaning beneath the reiterated Strokes of the sturdy Hammer, the adjacent Mountains and Shores of the Sea ecchoing back the Sound. You would have thought yourself in that fam'd Island, where *Vulcan* cheers up the *Cyclopes*, and forges Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods: And, as an Effect of a wise Forecast, you might have seen all the Preparations of War carrying on in a profound Peace.

After this, *Mentor* went out of the City with *Idomeneus*, and found a vast Tract of fertile Lands lying waste and uncultivated (p). Others were manur'd but by Halves, thro' the Negligence and Poverty of the Husbandmen, who not only wanted Hands but likewise a Spirit and a Strength of Body requisite to bring Agriculture to its highest Point of Improvement. *Mentor*, beholding these neglected Fields, said to the

(p) The frontier Provinces of *Persia* were governed, in antient Times, by two Satrapæes, as they called them, (Bashaws, in the *Turkish* Language) one of which commanded the Troops, and the other had the Direction of the Agriculture. If the Earth, for want of due Culture, failed to produce sufficient Plenty

for the subsisting both the Inhabitants and the Soldiery, the Satrapa who presided over the Husbandry was sure to be deposed. If the Enemy by their Incursions, ravaged the Lands and laid waste the Fields, the *Military* Satrapa underwent the same Fate.

King:

King: This Land courts the Inhabitants, but the Inhabitants are wanting to it. Let us therefore take all the useleſs Artizans that are in the City, and thoſe who follow ſuch Trades as only tend to corrupt good Manners, and let us ſet them to cultivate theſe Hills and Plains. It is indeed a Miſfortune that thoſe Men who are inur'd to ſuch Arts as require a ſedentary Life, are not accuſtom'd to hard Labour; but here is a Remedy for it: We muſt divide among them all the Lands that are void of Inhabitants, and call to their Aſſiſtance ſome of the neighbouring People, who under them will take upon them the hardeſt Labour; which they will do provided they are allow'd a reaſonable Recompence out of the Product of the Lands which they ſhall begin to grub up. In Time they may come to enjoy a Proportion of the Lands, and thereby be incorporated with your People, who are not as yet numerous enough. Provided they be laborious and tractable, they will prove as good Subjects as any you have, and make a great Addition to your Power. Your City-Tradeſmen, thus tranſplanted into the Country, will train up their Children to Labour, and break them to the Yoak of a rural Life. Beſides, all the foreign Maſons that are now at Work in building your City, have agreed to grub up Part of your Lands, and to turn Huſbandmen. Incorporate them with your People as ſoon as ever they have compleated the Work they are now about. Theſe Men will be overjoy'd with the Thoughts of ſpending their Days under a Government which is now ſo mild. As they are robuſt and laborious, their Example will help to encourage Induſtry among the Artizans which you tranſplant from the City into the Country,

with whom they will be mingled. And in Continuance of Time, the whole Country round about will be stock'd with vigorous strong Men, and well vers'd in Husbandry. And as for the Multiplication of your People, you need be in no Pain about that, for they will soon encrease beyond Measure, provided you facilitate Matrimony, which you may easily do. Most Men have an Inclination to marry, and 'tis nothing but a Narrowness of Circumstances that hinders them from it. If you do not overburden them with Taxes, they will find a Way to live at Ease with their Wives and Families; for the Earth is never ungrateful; she always yields Plenty of her Fruits to those who are careful to cultivate her, and refuses her Favours to none but such as are afraid of bestowing any Pains upon her. The more Children the Husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the Prince does not impoverish them; for their Children, even in their greenest Years, begin to be a Help to them. The youngest tend Sheep in the Pastures; those of riper Years lead the greater Herds of Cattle, and the eldest work at the Plough with their Father (q): Mean while the Mother, with the rest of the Family, dresses a plain Repast, against her Husband and her dear Children return Home after the Fatigues of the Day. She takes care to milk her Cows and Sheep, and

(q) Neither *Theocritus* nor *Virgil* have outdone our Author in setting off the Advantages and Pleasures of a Country Life. The Author's sole Intention, in painting it out with so many Graces, was to make his Royal Pupil sensible, how delightful and praise-

worthy a thing it is to contribute to the Felicity of a People. It was this important Lesson that he makes the Sciences likewise conspire to inculcate, tho they seem'd not to have altogether so much Relation thereto.

Streams

Streams of sweet Milk o'er-flow her cleanly Pails :
She lights up a large Fire, round which the innocent peaceful Family divert themselves in singing merry Songs, till the Hour of Rest invites to Bed : She prepares Cheeses, Chestnuts, and preserv'd Fruits, that look as fresh as if they had been just gather'd.

And now the Shepherd returns Home with his Flute, and sings to the assembled Family such new Songs as he learnt in the adjacent Hamlets. The Husbandman comes in with his Plough, and his fatigued Oxen walk with bending Necks and a slow Pace, notwithstanding the Goad that urges them along ; all the Hardships of Labour conclude with the Day : The Poppies, which *Morpheus*, by the Command of the Gods, scatters over the Earth, appease all gnawing Cares, lull Nature into a soft Enchantment, and every one falls asleep, without being solicitous for what the next Day may produce. Happy are the Men that live without Ambition, Diffidence, or Disguise, provided the Gods bestow on them a good King, who never disturbs their innocent Joys ! But what a cruel Piece of Inhumanity it is, out of a Motive of Ambition, to ravish from them the agreeable Fruits of the Earth, which they owe to none but bounteous Nature and the Sweat of their own Brows ! Nature alone, out of her own fruitful Bosom, would afford sufficient Maintenance for an infinite Number of moderate and laborious Men ; but 'tis the Pride and Extravagance of some Men that reduces so many others to the dreadful Hardships of Poverty.

But what shall I do, said *Idomeneus*, if those People whom I disperse about a fruitful Country, neglect to cultivate it ? Follow just a contrary Method

Method to what is usually observ'd, said *Mentor*. Greedy inconsiderate Princes make it their sole Business to lay heavy Taxes on such of their Subjects as are most diligent and industrious in improving their Estates, because they think they can raise those Taxes upon such People with most Ease; and at the same Time they favour and exempt from Taxes those whom Sloth and Idleness have impoverish'd. Invert this bad Method, which oppresses the Good, encourages Vice, and introduces a listless Negligence, which is no less fatal to the King himself than to the whole Republick. Impose Taxes, Fines, nay, if Need be, severe Penalties on those who neglect the Culture of their Lands, just as you would punish Soldiers who abandon their Post in a War. On the contrary, grant Favours and Exemptions to such Families as by multiplying do augment in Proportion the Culture of their Land (*r*). By this means their Families will soon encrease, and every Body will be spirited up to Labour, which will become even honourable: The Profession of a Husbandman will be no longer despis'd, it being no longer under such dreadful Pressures: You will see the Plough again in Esteem, guided by those victorious Hands which in Time of War defended their Country. It will be no less creditable to cultivate one's Patrimony during a happy Peace, than gallantly to have defended the same during the Troubles of War. The whole Country will flourish and smile again: *Ceres* will be crown'd with golden Ears of Corn; *Bacchus*, pressing

(*r*) This Precept is taken from the Laws of the *Romans*, who reckoned it a great piece of Service done to the State, if any one greatly increased the Subjects of it.

the Grapes with his Feet, shall cause Rivulets of Wine, sweeter than Nectar, to stream down from the sloping Hills: The hollow Vallies shall ring again with the Concerts of Shepherds, who along the Crystal Brooks shall join their Voices to their Pipes, whilst their jocund Flock shall crop the Grass enammel'd with Flowers, unapprehensive of the ravenous Wolves.

Will not you, O *Idomeneus*, be overjoy'd to be the Source of so many Blessings, and to cause so many People to live in a delightful Tranquillity beneath the Shadow of your auspicious Name (s)? Is not this Glory more desireable than that of ravaging the Earth, and spreading every where, nay, almost as much at Home, in the midst of one's Victories, as among the vanquish'd Abroad, Slaughter, Devastation, Misery, Horror, cruel Famine, and Desperation?

Happy, thrice happy that King, who is so lov'd of the Gods, and has so great a Soul, as to endeavour to make himself in this Manner the Delight of his People, and to shew to all Ages (in his Reign) so charming an Example! The whole Earth, instead of opposing him, would come and throw themselves at his Feet to beg him to be their King.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when the People have this Affluence of Peace and Riches, Pleasures will soon corrupt them, and they will turn against me that very Power which I have made them Masters of. Fear not, said *Mentor*, any

(s) There is no Comparison between the Appellation of a *conquering* King and a *pacific* one. A Nation is insensibly weaken'd even by

Conquering. There is ever a secret Bitterness in the fairest Fruits of War; whereas, in those of Peace, there is nothing but Sweetness.

such Consequence ; 'tis a mere Pretence, which is always brought in to flatter prodigal Princes, who wou'd overcharge their People with Taxes. Besides, it may easily be remedy'd. The Laws which we just now settled for Husbandry will inure them to a laborious Way of Living, and even in Plenty they shall have nothing beyond what is necessary, because we banish all Arts that serve only to furnish Superfluities. Nay, that very Plenty shall be moderated, by encouraging Matrimony, and by the great Increase of Families. Each Family being grown numerous, and possessing but a narrow Portion of Land, will be oblig'd to bestow an incessant Labour in tilling it. 'Tis a wanton Idleness which makes the People insolent and rebellious : They shall have Bread indeed, and enough of it, but then they shall have nothing else, except the Fruits of their own Land, gotten by the Sweat of their Brows.

To keep your People within such a Moderation as we have been speaking of, you must (*t*) forthwith regulate the Extent of the Ground which each Family is to possess. You know that we have divided all your People into seven Classes, according to their different Conditions : Now every Family in every Class must be restrain'd from enjoying more Land than is absolutely necessary for the Sustentation of those Persons of whom it is compos'd. This Rule being inviolable, the Nobles will not be able to purchase from the Poor. All shall have Lands, but each shall have but a very small Share, which

(*t*) By this Regulation, (which is authorized even by the sacred Writings) the *Romans* intended to put a Re-
 straint upon the Covetousness of private Men ; but the Rich know how to elude the Force of this Law.

will

will excite them to make the most of it by Manuring. If by a long Process of Time the Lands should be overstock'd with People, you may send Colonies abroad, which will encrease the Power of this State.

Farthermore, 'tis my Opinion you ought never to suffer Wine to grow too common in your Dominions; and if too many Vines have been planted, you must command them forthwith to be pluck'd up. Wine is the Source of the greatest Mischiefs among the People: It occasions Distempers, Quarrels, Seditions, Idleness, Aversion to Labour, Disorders in Families. Let Wine therefore be reserved as it were for a Cordial, or a choice Liquor, to be employ'd only in Sacrifices or extraordinary Festivals; yet do not think you can ever reduce so important a Rule into Practice, unless you inforce it by your own Example. Again, you must see that the Laws of *Minos* be strictly observ'd in relation to the educating of Children: Publick Schools must be set up, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their Country, to reverence the Laws, and to prefer Honour before Pleasures or Life itself.

There must be Magistrates to super-intend the Families (*u*), and have an Eye to the Manners of private Persons: Nay, be you yourself their Overseer since you are King, that is, the People's Shepherd, whose sole Duty is to watch over your Flock Night and Day: And thereby you will prevent a thousand Crimes and Disor-

(*u*) Such at *Sparta* were the *Gerontes*; at *Athens* the *Areopagites*; and at *Rome* the *Censors*. Those in the Administration made it more their Business to prevent Enormities than to punish them.

ders,

ders, and what you cannot prevent you must be sure to punish at first with very great Severity ; for 'tis an Act of Clemency to stop the Course of Iniquity, by making early Examples of such as shall offend. A little Blood, spilt in due time, saves the spilling of a great deal, and makes a Prince fear'd, without using Severity too often. But how detestable a Maxim is it for a King to place his Safety in the Oppression of his People ! How barbarous is it, never to cause them to be instructed, nor to lead them gently in the Path of Virtue, nor to use Methods to win their Love ; but to drive them by Terror to Despair, and to reduce them to the dreadful Necessity either to renounce their Liberty for ever, or to shake off the Yoke of Tyranny by Force ! Is this the true Method to reign peaceably ? Is this the true Way that leads to Glory ?

Let me tell you, that whereever the Command of a Prince is most absolute, there the Prince is least powerful ; he takes all, ruins every Thing, and is the only Possessor of his whole State : But then the State languishes, the Country is unimprov'd and almost desert ; the Cities decay every Day, and Trade sickens and dies. The King who cannot possibly be such by himself, and is only Great by Means of his Subjects, annihilates himself by Degrees, in proportion as he annihilates his People, to whom he owes both his Riches and his Power. His Kingdom is drein'd both of Money and Men, and the Loss of the latter is the greatest and most unrepairable of all Losses. His despotick Power makes as many Slaves as he has Subjects. They all flatter him. They all seem to adore him ; they all tremble at the least Glance of his Eye. But see what will happen upon the least Revolution : This monstrous

strous Power, wound up to too excessive an Height, cannot be durable ; it is destitute of Supplies from the Hearts of the People ; it has tir'd out and provok'd the sundry Degrees of Men in the State, and forces all the Members of that Body to sigh with equal Ardor for a Change. At the very first Blow the Idol is thrown down, broken in pieces, and trampled under Foot. Contempt, Hatred, Fear, Resentment, Distrust, in short, all the Passions unite themselves against so obnoxious an Authority. The King, who during the Time of his vain Prosperity, could find no one Man that durst speak the Truth to him, shall not find in his Misfortunes any one Man that will vouchsafe to excuse him, or defend him against his Enemies.

After this Discourse, *Idomeneus*, being prevail'd upon by *Mentor*, presently fell to work in distributing the waste Lands to useles and unprofitable Artificers, and likewise put in Execution whatever had been resolv'd on before. He only reserv'd for the Masons those Lands he had appointed for them, and which they could not begin to cultivate, till they had finish'd the Building of the City.

The End of the First Volume.



From the wound he received, he was so weak, that he could not stand. He lay on the ground, and his hands were stretched out, as if he were begging for mercy. The soldiers, who were standing over him, looked at him with pity, and one of them, who was a Christian, went to him, and gave him some food and drink. He ate and drank with great appetite, and his strength began to return. He then told them the story of his life, and of the many hardships he had undergone. They were all moved to pity, and they decided to take him to the city, and to give him a good home.

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After this, he was taken to the city, and he was given a good home. He lived there for many years, and he was very happy. He was often visited by the soldiers, who were all moved to pity, and they decided to take him to the city, and to give him a good home. He then told them the story of his life, and of the many hardships he had undergone. They were all moved to pity, and they decided to take him to the city, and to give him a good home.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

R E M A R K S

AND

A L L U S I O N S

Scholastical and Satyrical; taken from
the *Dutch* Editions of *Telemachus*
and elsewhere.

VOL. I.

N. B. *The Scholastical or Learned Notes are printed in Italick, the Satyrical or Party-Notes (which are a suppos'd Key to the whole Work) are in Roman.*

PAGE 2. l. 5. Calypso, &c.] Calypso, a Goddess, the Daughter of Atlas and Thetis, (or as others say, Tethys) was Queen of the Island Ogygia (a little Isle of the *Ausonian* Sea) where she entertained Ulysses after his Shipwreck. Her Name (as is said before) comes from the Verb *καλύπτειν* celare, to conceal, and signifies the Goddess of Secrecy; to denote either that Ulysses by living with Calypso, perfected himself in the Art of Dissimulation; which he was pretty well Master of before; or, in plain Terms, that he was concealed there a long Time (six or seven Years) and no body knew what was become of him.

P. 2. l. 5. Seeing Ulysses was, &c.] Ulysses, the Son of Laertes and Anticlea, was King (or Lord) of the Isles of Ithaca, Dulichium, &c. He was Husband to Penelope, Icarus's Daughter, of whom he had Telemachus. After the Siege of Troy was ended, he was driven into a Multitude of Dangers on the Seas, for ten Years together, before he could arrive at his own Country;

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and, among the rest of the Adventures he was put upon in this wandering Voyage, he was cast by a Tempest on the Rocks of the Island Ogygia. Calypso kept him there seven Years, as is mentioned before; in hopes of having him for her Husband: but she being obliged, by a superior Order, to send him away, she was inconsolable for his Departure, which she imputed to the Jealousy of the other Gods, who had commanded her to dismiss him. Homer *Odyss.* l. v.

P. 2. l. 13. Her Island, &c.] The Island Ogygia, called likewise Gaulus, which is situated a little above Melita or Malta, (to the Knights whereof it at present belongs) between the Coast of Africa and Promontory of Sicily, antiently called Pachynus, (now Capo Passaro.) In this Isle of Gaulus, Serpents cannot live. We must take care not to confound it with the Isle of Caudus, or Gaudus, which is not far from Crete.

P. 3. l. 17. Minerva who in Mentor's Shape, &c.] Mentor was a Friend of Homer, who, to eternize his Name, has given him a Place in the *Odyssey* by way of Gratitude; because when he landed at Ithaca, on his Return from Spain, and so very much disorder'd with a Defluxion in his Eyes, that he could not proceed on his Voyage, he was entertained by Mentor, who took a particular care of him. Homer makes him one of the truest Friends of Ulysses, and the Person to whom he committed the Care of his Family, when he set out for the Siege of Troy. The Author of *Telemachus* carries on the same Fiction; and as this Work was designed for the Instruction of the Duke of Burgundy, to whom, and likewise to the other Children of France, he was Preceptor; our Author, I say, makes Mentor to be Minerva herself, disguised beneath the Form of that old Man, in order to give the greater Weight to his Precepts, which are indeed worthy of the most exalted Wisdom.

P. 4. l. 25. Amazement and Compassion fill'd at once Calypso's Breast, to see so immature a Youth so sage and eloquent.] The Poem of *Telemachus* being altogether Allegorical, this Period does *en passant* contain a short Elogium of the great Qualities of the Duke of Burgundy, who, in the warmest of his youthful Blood, discover'd so much Wisdom and Prudence, as to leave no room to doubt, but that (had he lived) he would have made a most accomplished Prince. His Name was Louis; (the same as his Grandfather) and was Dauphin of France after the Death of his Father the Dauphin. He was born the 6th of August 1682, and died the 18th of February 1711. in the 29th Year of his Age.

P. 8. l. 6. *Telemachus sighing answered, &c.*] Every thing which the Author here puts into *Telemachus's* Mouth, is in the Character of the Duke of Burgundy; a Prince of so austere a Wisdom, that the late King his Grandfather perfectly stood
in

in Awe of him, and concealed himself from him whenever he had a Mind to do any thing that favoured of Luxury or Voluptuousness.

P. 10. l. 11. But a fond Passion for his wretched Country, &c.] *The Cause of his Impatience was his Love of his Wife Penelope, who was the continual Subject of his Thoughts Night and Day. Nay, he was so doatingly fond of her, that he feigned himself mad to avoid going to the Siege of Troy, but his Craft was found out.*

P. 10. l. 28. In the Cave of the Cyclops Polyphemus, &c.] *In the IXth Book of the Odyssey, we may see a Description of this Cave, which was in Sicily: and likewise how Ulysses and his Companions were shut up in it, and how Ulysses put out that Giant's [one] Eye, (for he had but one, and that was in his Fore-head) Ulysses having first fuddled him with a Bottle of strong Wine, and so he and the rest of his Companions, who had escaped the devouring Jaws of that Giant, got out of his Den by fastening themselves under the Belly of one of the stoutest Rams of his whole Flock. Odyss. l. IX.*

P. 10. l. 29. Antiphates King of the Læstrygons.] *The Læstrygons lived in the City of Lamum, antiently Formiæ, on the Coast of Campania in Italy; 'tis thought they had inhabited Sicily before. They fed upon Man's Flesh. The Name signifies a Devourer, being derived from the Punick Word Lais tircan, leo mordax, according to Sam. Bochart, Chan. l. 1. c. 30. Ulysses lost among 'em some of his Companions, who were killed and eaten up by them. Odyss. l. X.*

P. 10. l. 30. The Island of Circé, the Daughter of the Sun.] *The Island where Circé dwelt, (and where Aurora had her Lodgings) was called Æxa, or Circæum. It is a Mountain bard by Formiæ; Homer calls it an Island, because the Sea and the Morasses about it do indeed make it a Peninsula. Here it was that Ulysses's Companions were turned into Swine. Id. Ibid.*

P. 10. l. 32. Scylla and Carybdis.] *These are two Rocks at the Entrance of the Straits of Sicily not far from Pelorus, (a Promontory of Sicily over against Italy, now Capo de Faro) the first of these two Rocks lyes on the Coast of Italy, and the second on the Coast of Sicily. These were antiently two very dangerous Rocks, because of the Nature of the Shipping in those Days, and on Account of the Art of Navigation which then was very little understood. Now they are not accounted dangerous, but are laugh'd at by Sea-faring Men; not only because Ships are now-a-days stronger built, but because of the infinite Improvements that have been made in Navigation. Ulysses likewise lost there six of his Companions. Ibid.*

P. 10. l. 35. *Island of the Phæacians.*] *The Island of the Phæacians is Corcyra or Corfou, antiently called Skeria. It is over-against the Continent of Epirus. The Phœnicians called it Skeria from Schara, which signifies a Place of Trade.*

P. 11. l. 25. *Penelope's Lovers, &c.*] *Penelope's transcendent Beauty, and the Report of her Husband Ulysses's Death occasion'd many Nobles and Princes to come to wooe her, and they were ready to take her away by Force.*

P. 11. l. 27. *Nestor.*] *Nestor the Son of Neleus and Chloris was one of the Kings who went to the Siege of Troy with ninety Ships, (others say fifty Ships.)*

P. 11. l. 28. *Menelaus.*] *Menelaus was the Son of Atreus and Ærope; he married Helen the Daughter of Jupiter and Leda. Paris stealing away his Wife Helen, was the Cause of the Trojan War.*

P. 14. l. 36. *Acestes.*] *Acestes the Son of Crinifus a River of Sicily, and Hegesta a noble Trojan Lady. He entertained Anchises and Æneas when they went into Italy. Virg. Æneid. l. V.*

P. 16. l. 20. *Tomb of Anchises.*] *The Tomb of Anchises was on Mount Eryx. It was Acestes and Æneas who buried him there.*

P. 18. l. 9. *Hymenians a savage People*] *The City of Hymenra was in Sicily, at the Mouth of a River of the same Name. It was very flourishing for an hundred and forty Years, and then it was razed by the Carthaginians under the Command of Hannibal, about four hundred Years before Christ.*

P. 18. l. 30. *The Ægis of Minerva.*] *The Ægis was Jupiter's Shield; so called from a Greek Word signifying a Goat, because that God was suckled by the Goat Amalthea, and afterwards cover'd his Shield with her Skin. This Shield he made a Present of to Pallas, who fixed in it Medusa's Head, the bare Sight whereof turned the Lookers on it into Stone.*

P. 24. l. 1. *Happy, said Mentor, are the People who are ruled by a wise King, &c.*] Here begin the Instructions given to the Duke of Burgundy concerning the Manner in which he ought to reign; the Reverse of that which was follow'd by his Grandfather Louis the XIVth. As this Work was compos'd before the Marriage of that Prince, for whose Use it was design'd, this Reflection must be referr'd to the Time when the Treaty of Peace was negotiating at Ryswick; that is to say, about the Year 1697. at which Time France was very much exhausted.

P. 26. l. 4. *But yet, more happy the King who causes the Happiness, &c.*] Whoever reads this and what follows, cannot, without forfeiting his Pretensions to Reason and Sense, but

but own that the Author's Design was to make his Pupil sensible in the liveliest manner, that he ought not to regulate himself by the Example of his Grandfather. Now as the *Dauphin*, the Duke of *Burgundy's* Father, was brought up in the Principles of the Bishop of *Meaux*, quite different from these here; the Author of *Telemachus* had recourse to Allegory; to avoid running full-but against the Maxims of his Brother Bishop, who, however, was touched to the Quick with the tacit Reflection which was made on him. This afterwards appeared in the Squabbles which happen'd between these two Prelates, on account of a Book called the *Maxims of the Saints*; wherein the Archbishop of *Cambray* dittinguish'd himself as much by his Moderation, as the Bishop of *Meaux* did by the Bitterness of his Zeal.

P. 27. l. 10. *And thought himself a King for no other End but to be an Instrument of Good to his People.*] This Picture of *Sesostris* is that of *Philip* the IVth King of *Spain*, a Prince highly esteem'd for his Prudence and Wisdom, tho he was not always successful in his Schemes. He was born in 1605, and died in 1665.

P. 29. l. 20. *The Officer who was intrusted by the King, &c.*] By this Officer we are to understand the Duke of *Lerma*, to whom *Philip* the IVth gave too much Authority. Excepting this Particular, of confiding too much in this artful and tyrannical Minister, that Monarch cou'd not be much accused of Misconduct.

P. 30. l. 21. *O how unhappy is a King to be obnoxious to the Artifices of ill-designing Men, &c.*] We are not so much to admire the Excellence of this Poem, as to its Composition, as for that Fund of Honour, Probity and Courage in the Author, for having dared to compose it, in the Post he was in, and in the most servile Court that ever was perhaps in the World. He cou'd not, in the Tuition of the King's Grandson, directly condemn the Conduct of the King; it is enough that he endeavour'd to do it indirectly.

P. 33. l. 25. *Happy are they who love Reading, and are not, like me, deprived of the Means.*] *Louis* the XIVth never read at all: so the Duke de *S. Aignan* one Day told *M. de la Fontaine*, who took Occasion from thence, to present that Monarch his Book of the *Loves of Psyche and Cupid*, in order by this Means to excuse or colour over a severe Reflection which is in Page 79 of that Book, (the *Hague* Edition, 1700) and which might be understood to aim at the King's keeping so great a Number of Mistresses.

P. 34. l. 33. *Orpheus.*] *Orpheus was the Son of Apollo and Calliope, one of the Muses. He excell'd in the Art of playing on the Harp.*

P. 34. l. 33. *Linus.*] *Linus was also the Son of Apollo by Terpichore; he even excell'd Orpheus in his Skill in Musick: he was Orpheus's Master, and taught him that Art. It is said, that one Day happening to laugh at Hercules (whom he was teaching to play on the Harp) because he play'd ill on it, that Hero knockt him on the Head with the Instrument he was playing on.*

P. 40. l. 3. *None are about him but such as make it their Business to keep Truth from coming at him.*] The Author here had in his Eye, not only the Duke of Lerma, Minister of Philip the IVth King of Spain, but likewise the Marquis de Louvois, who suffer'd no body to come near the King; and never wou'd introduce any body before he had first of all settled with them what they were to say to his Majesty. He was an obdurate, merciless, violent Man, and made every body pay very dear for the Favours he procur'd for them.

P. 50. l. 21. *The Pillars of Hercules*] *The Pillars of Hercules are the two Hills of Calpe and Abyla, by the Straights of Gibraltar, where the Ocean enters into the Mediterranean Sea, and where Hercules made an End of his Travels. They are call'd Pillars, because, at a Distance, they look like two Pillars to them who are off at Sea.*

P. 51. l. 17. *Dido.*] *Dido was the Daughter of Belus, the King of Tyre and Sidon; her Brother Pygmalion basely murder'd her Husband for his Treasure.*

P. 51. l. 22. *Carthage.*] *This City which was built on that Part of the Coast of Africa which is almost over-against Rome, and whose Rival she was, was ruined by Scipio Africanus.*

P. 52. l. 21. *No Man knows in which of these Chambers he lies.*] This was the Case of Oliver Cromwell, who was declar'd Protector of England after the Death of King Charles the First. That Usurper, who under a specious Name cover'd all his Violences, was, like Pygmalion, restless, cruel and distrustful. As he was fear'd by every body, so likewise he fear'd every body. He had, in his Palace at *White-Hall*, several Apartments in which he us'd to lie alternately. However, he died a natural Death in the Month of September, 1658. after he had a good while govern'd England, under the Title of Protector, with more Authority than that of a King.

P. 55. l. 13. *The common Fault of too easy indolent Princes is blindly to surrender themselves up to the Guidance of crafty and corrupt Favourites.*] It is impossible to give a better Description of Louis the XIVth's Management; who tho he wou'd fain have been thought to do every thing himself, yet nevertheless gave himself blindly up to his Ministers, who did every thing under his Authority. He satisfi'd himself with certain out-

ward

ward Appearances which he would hardly ever depart from. He cauſed himſelf to be well ſerv'd by his Miniſters, but they made him treacherous in his Treaties; and by ſuggeſting to him, that All that his Subjects had in the World belonged to him, he fancy'd that it was uſing them with a great deal of Moderation when he took from them no more than he did.

P. 58. l. 1. *The Straight of Gades.] Gades or Gadire, now Cadix, is a City in Bætic Spain, hard by the Continent. It was built by the Syrians.*

P. 58. l. 8. *I thought I could never enough admire this great City, &c.] This Deſcription of the City of Tyre is a natural Picture of Amſterdam, which reſembles it in all reſpects, if it does not even ſurpaſs it in Riches, as likewiſe in the Extenſiveness of its Commerce. All that the Author had here in View was to ſtir up the Emulation of the French, by ſhowing that all theſe Things were neglected in their Kingdom.*

P. 58. l. 32. *Typhis and the Argonauts.] The Argonauts were thoſe Grecian Heroes who went to Colchis along with Jaſon to get away the Golden Fleece. Their Ship, built in Theſſaly by Pallas's own Hands, was call'd Argo, and Typhis was the Pilot of it.*

P. 59. l. 3. *The Tyrians are ingenious, patient, induſtrious, &c.] This is likewiſe a natural Portrait of the Hollanders; and what comes after is an excellent Leſſon to teach them what they ought to be afraid of, as it is a true Representation of what beſel the French.*

P. 59. l. 13. *Should they enervate themſelves, &c.] Luxury and Indolence begun the Ruin of France, where the Eſtates of the greateſt Lords were ſcarce ſufficient for the Expences of their Houſhold-Furniture and Equipages.*

P. 59. l. 16. *Should they ceaſe to honour Arts.] As the Taxes became perſonal and arbitrary in the Kingdom (of France) and Ingenuity and Plenty were taxed alike; the Arts were neglected, and the Profeſſors of them did not give themſelves the Trouble to excel, thinking thereby to redeem themſelves from the Contributions which were impoſed on them.*

P. 59. l. 19. *Should they neglect their Manufactures.] The Expulſion of ſo many of the Reform'd Religion out of France, having given Occaſion to ſet up a multitude of Manufactures out of the Kingdom, ſuch as Silk-Stuffs, &c. the Cities of Lyon, Tours, &c. have ſuffer'd an irreparable Damage therefrom.*

P. 65. l. 9. *But I will not go about to ſave my Life by an Untruth.] This Morality is admirable, and directly oppoſite to that of the Jeſuits, which the Author, in this Place, had a*

View to demolish, or at least to battle it. The King having been brought up according to the Jesuitical Morals, the Author thereby shews his Pupil that he ought not to govern himself either by his Grandfather's Principle or Example.

P. 66. l. 8. *This Woman was as beauteous as a Goddess, &c.]* This is the Picture of the Marchioness de Montespan, named *Françoise Athenaise de Roche Chouart*, whom *Louis* the XIVth took from her Husband. She was beautiful, gay, insinuating, fawning, but ambitious, cruel, vindictive, and capable of the greatest Excesses. The King quitted his Royal Consort for her. As this ambitious termagant Mistress was less fond of the King's Person than of the Lustre of the Crown, she fill'd the whole Court with Confusion and Disorder. When that Monarch took a Resolution to leave her for *Madamoiselle de Fontange*, she threatened to bring the Children she had by him into his very Presence, and tear them piece-meal before his Face; and she was suspected of poisoning the new Favourite whose Beauty had supplanted her. She was so enrag'd as to reproach the King that his *Flesh stunk, &c.*

P. 74. l. 27. *Achilles.] Achilles was the Son of Peleus, King of Theffaly, and of Tethys, Daughter of Nereus. He was killed by Paris, Hector's Brother, in the Temple of Apollo, whither he went to be married to Polyxena, Priam's Daughter.*

P. 74. l. 28. *Theseus.] Theseus was the Son of Ægeüs, King of Athens. He went down to Hell to bring away Proserpine. But he was kept in Chains there, by Order of Pluto, till Hercules came and freed him.*

P. 74. l. 29. *Hercules or Alcides.] Hercules call'd Alcides from his Mother Alcmena, Amphitryon's Wife, to whom Jupiter came in her Husband's Shape, and, when he was at the Wars, begat Hercules of her. He was hated by Juno on that Account. She put him upon several dangerous Adventures on Purpose to destroy him, and exposed him to several Monsters, which he however got the better of at last.*

P. 74. l. 30. *Yesterday she set you above your wise Father, &c.]* By this the Duke of Burgundy was warn'd to avoid the false Glory which his Grandfather was so fond of. His Flatterers having persuaded him that he was more than Man, he believed that no body could ever be compared to himself; and therefore he allowed them to give him the Sun for the Emblem of his Power, and to attribute to him even Immortality, as is done in the Inscription in the Square *des Victoires* at Paris. This Square was built at the Time this Poem was written, and is what the Author alludes to in this Place.

P. 74. l. 32. *She would not thus praise you, but she takes you to be weak and vain enough, &c.]* This is one of the homest Thrusts

Thrusts at the King, whose Weakness was notorious in the Matter of Praise. Let his Admirers say what they will in Justification of him in this respect, and that it was only delicate, refined Praise that he relished; the Expression *Viro immortalis*, in the Inscription before-mention'd, was too gross for a Prince, that was ever so little delicate, to allow of.

P. 78. l. 5. Stygian Lake.] *The Styx or Stygian Lake is a Spring and River at the Foot of Mount Nonacris, in Arcadia, the Water whereof is so cold and venomous that it immediately kills any thing that drinks of it. It eateth and wasteth Iron and Brass. The Poets feign it to be a River or Morass of Hell, and so sacred to the Gods, that if any of them swear by it, and break his Oath, he shall be deprived of his God-head, and drink no Nectar for an hundred Years.*

P. 79. l. 12. Raving Bacchanal Priestesses.] *The Bacchanal Priestesses, or Bacchantes, were Women who perform'd the Sacrifices to Bacchus every three Years, in the Night time, on Mount Citheron, near Thebes, and on other Mountains in Thrace. They carried in their Hands Staves, or Spears, wrapt about with Ivy or Bay-Leaves, called Thyrsi, and seem'd to be possessed with a Divine Fury.*

P. 79. l. 22. Cyprus.] *Cyprus is an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, very fertile and very delightful, and consecrated to Venus.*

P. 80. l. 6. Multitudes of Maids and young Women finically dress'd out, &c.] *This Picture of the Cyprian Women is a natural Portraiture of the Ladies of the Court of France, when the King was young, and till the Time of Madam Maintenon, who caus'd the Face of the whole Court to change and put on the Mask of Devotion.*

P. 80. l. 25. Cythera.] *Cythera an Island between Peloponnesus and Candia, or Crete, now called Cerigo, in Compass six Miles, formerly call'd Porphyris or Porphyrysa, for the excellent Purple Fishes that are taken there. Venus sail'd thither in a Sea-Shell.*

P. 81. l. 31. My Innocence and my Modesty became the Sport of this shameless People.] *The King, even in his Youth, was very serious and very reserved; he never stir'd from Cardinal Mazarin's Nieces, who notwithstanding their Familiarity, was a Check upon them in their Diversions: but it was not long before Snares were laid for his Innocence; and the bad Education he had had, contributed yet more towards the making him fall into them the sooner. It is against the like Danger that our Author here fortifies his Pupil, by shewing him the Precipices to which Youth is expos'd.*

P. 82. l. 21. *Elysian Fields.*] *The Elysian Fields were, according to the Poets, the Mansion-Place of the Blessed. See a Description of 'em in the 6th Book of the Æneid.*

P. 87. l. 17. *Minos whose Wisdom, &c.]* Minos was the Son of Jupiter and Europa, the Daughter of Ægenor, the King of Phœnicia. He was King of Candia or Crete, and, for his Justice, was feign'd, after his Death, to be made by Pluto chief Judge in the Infernal Regions.

P. 90. l. 6. *River of Forgetfulness.]* This River is called Lethe by the Poets, and in the Greek Tongue, signifies Forgetfulness; because they feign'd that if any drank of it, it would make them forget all Things past. In short, it is a River in Africa, watering the City Berenicè, which because it runs some Miles under Ground, and then issues forth there, the Poets feign'd it to come out of Hell.

P. 90. l. 9. *The dark Gulf of Tartarus.]* Tartarus; a deep Place in Hell where the Wicked are tormented. It is so call'd from a Greek Word, which signifies to trouble, or from another, which signifies to shake with Cold.

P. 90. l. 19. *Amphitritè's Carr, &c.]* Amphitritè, the Daughter of Oceanus and Doris, was the Wife of Neptune, and Goddess of the Sea.

P. 91. l. 6. *In the midst of the Air appear'd Æolus, &c.]* Æolus was the Son of Jupiter and Segetta, the Daughter of Hippotas, the Trojan. He was King of the Æolian Islands. He was feign'd by the Poets to be the God of the Winds, because by his Study, and Knowledge in Astronomy, he knew at what times, and how long such Winds and Storms would last, and when it would be calm Weather; or else because the Clouds and Mists, rising about those Islands, always portended great Winds.

P. 93. l. 8. *Mountains of Crete.]* Crete; now Candia, an Island of the Mediterranean Sea, famous for its good Wines. It is situated at the Mouth of the Ægean Sea, between Rhodes and Peloponnesus. The Breadth of it is fifty Miles, the Length two hundred and seventy Miles. In this Isle, Jupiter is said to have been brought up, and also buried. There were formerly, an hundred Cities in it. The People were excellent Archers, and mightily given to Lying; as St. Paul observed of them out of a Poet of their own, (Epimenides) Κεῖρες αἰεὶ Λέγας, καὶ ἄνδρες ἄνθρωποι, καὶ βέλους ἀγαθοὶ. i. e. Cretans, everlasting Lyars, evil Beasts, and slothful Belly-Gods.

P. 96. l. 25. *The King is superior to the People, but the Laws are superior to Him.]* It was hardly possible to mark out in a stronger Manner, the absolute Authority of Louis the XIVth, who could not do what he did with his People, but by the Abuse which he made of his Power; and who, far from

from obeying the Laws, made them bend to his Will, according to Times and Circumstances. All that follows after this, must likewise be taken in a contrary Sense, *viz.* Ironically.

P. 97. l. 19. 'Tis not for his own Sake, that the Gods have appointed him King, but for his People's, &c.] Louis the XIVth consider'd nothing but himself: He made all things center in his own Glory. This was the Motive of all his Declarations of War, especially that which he made against the *Hollanders* in 1672.

P. 97. l. 27. He loved his Subjects more than his own Family.] Louis the XIVth loved his Family much more than his Subjects; for he always sacrificed his People to the Aggrandizement of his own House.

P. 98. l. 1. The ingenious *Dædalus*.] *Dædalus*, the Son of *Micio*, and Father of *Icarus*, was a most ingenious Artificer. He fled from Athens into Crete, and there putting himself into the Service of *Minos*, he, by that King's Order, made the famous Labyrinth, or Maze, with so many Turnings and Windings, that those who were once got in could not get out again. Himself, and his Son, were put into it by Order of *Minos*, because he had offended him, by making a Cow of Wood for his Wife *Pasiphae*, who thereby obtained her Desire of a Bull which she was in love with, by placing herself within it. *Dædalus* found Means to escape, by desiring Feathers and Wax, to make a Present, as he pretended, for the King; but he made himself and his Son Wings, and so flew away through the Air. See the Ground of this Story in any of the grand Dictionaries; as also how *Dædalus* escaped out of that Labyrinth, in *Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.*

Expertus vacuum Dædalus æra,

Pennis non homini datis. Hor. L. I. Od. VII.

P. 99. l. 7. The cruel *Nemesis*, inexorable Goddess, &c.] *Nemesis*, the Daughter of Jupiter and *Necessitas* (Necessity) was the Goddess of Vengeance on the Wicked. She had at *Rhamnus*, a Town of Attica, a famous Temple built to her by King *Adrastus*, from whence she was called *Adrastia*: Tho others say, she was call'd *Adrastia* from a Greek Word, signifying the Impossibility of escaping, because the Guilty always meet with due Punishment sooner or later; nor can they for ever avoid it. Vengeance, tho slow, is sure. It comes with leaden Feet, but strikes with iron Hands.

P. 101. l. 37. Country of the *Salentines*.] The *Salentini* were a People inhabiting that Corner of Italy called *Terra d' Otranto*, formerly *Messapia*, on the Ionian Sea, in the Kingdom of Naples. Their chief City was *Hydruntum*, now corruptly, by the Italians, call'd *Otranto*. *Festus* derives their Name from

from Salum, which signifies the Salt-Sea; because they were almost surrounded by the Sea, being joyn'd to the Continent by a very narrow Neck of Land.

P. 104. l. 15. The Exercise of the *Cæstus*, &c.] The *Cæstus* was a kind of Club, or rather Thong of Leather, having Plummets of Lead fasten'd to it, used in Boxing. It comes from the Latin *Cædo* to beat.

P. 109. l. 11. The most unhappy of all Men is a King who thinks himself happy when he makes others miserable, &c.] This and what follows is no Irony nor Mock-praise, but a true and natural Picture of the Reign of *Louis* the XIVth. Every Word of it hits home; every Blow takes place. This Character stands in Need of no other Comment.

P. 109. l. 22. His Unhappiness is every Day augmenting, &c.] The King, (of France) even when his Prosperity was at the highest, was unhappy through his Fears and Apprehensions of Punishments in the other World, on account of his excessive Lasciviousness in his Youth, and his other numberless Enormities, in the subsequent Part of his Life. His Ignorance render'd him extremely superstitious, and his Superstition continually added to his Fears. There was no other Way of calming his troubled Mind, but by making him believe that the Hopes of his Salvation depended on the Destruction of the Protestants.

P. 110. l. 27. A King whose Mind is intirely turned to War, &c.] Another Portrait of *Louis* the XIVth, which is continued quite through the next Page till you come to the Character of a Pacifick King.

P. 112. l. 22. Whilst the ambitious enterprizing King is odious to all the neighbouring Kings, and incessantly in Danger of having Leagues form'd against him, &c.] The whole Reign of *Louis* the XIVth is one continued Demonstration of this Truth. All the Princes of Europe were in League against him, for no other End but to curb and reduce his exorbitant Power.

P. 112. l. 35. But those Arts which are useful and subservient to the real Occasions of Life, he promotes, particularly Agriculture, &c.] The Arts and Agriculture were so neglected in France, after that the War had occasioned the Necessity of high Taxes and forc'd Inlistments, that the Country was become a perfect Desert; and even in the Year 1680. it was found, after due Enquiry, that one Third of the Artificers who dyed in *Paris*, ended their Lives in an Hospital.

P. 114. l. 6. The greatest Part of Mankind being dazzled by glaring Objects, such as Victories, Conquests, &c.] This was what dazzled, and even blinded, *Louis* the XIVth; who, provided he cou'd but maintain the Surname of *Grand*, by the

the *Eclat* of his Victories, looked upon every thing else as nothing. All but *la Gloire* was worthless Trash in the Eyes of the *Grand Monarque*.

P. 119. l. 31. *Even the best of Kings through the Influence of Flatterers, often did the Mischief they never intended.*] Among all the Evils with which the late (*French*) King's Reign was cursed, 'tis certain there were many of them, which may be imputed to his being abused by Flatterers: He was exposed to them more than any other Monarch, ascending the Throne so young as he did, and having had so bad an Education; but, even in these Circumstances, could he answer to his Conscience, for the Evils he either did himself, or suffer'd to be done by his Ministers?

P. 122. l. 2. *A certain bail old Man, &c.*] This Picture of *Aristodemus* is that of the Duke de *Navailles*, whose inflexible Humour, as he himself tells us in his Memoirs, could never comply with that fawning Carriage which it is necessary for People to shew towards those who are above them. His Virtue, perfectly sincere, and averse to Flattery, made him troublesome to the King in his Amours, which follow'd his Marriage close at the Heels; and both the Duke and Madam de *Navailles* were order'd to quit their Places, and remove from Court. They retired to their Estates in *Poitou* and *Angoumois*.

P. 124. l. 22. The Diadem was put, &c.] *The the Word Diadem is commonly understood to mean an Imperial or Royal Crown, yet, properly, it was no more than a Fillet of very white Linen, wherewith Kings encircled their Foreheads as a Mark of their Dignity. It is a Greek Word, and comes from the Verb Διασσω, to bind about.*

P. 126. l. 13. The Coast of *Peloponnesus*.] *The Peloponnesus is a large Peninsula in the Southern Part of Greece, divided from the Northern Part by a small Neck of Land, call'd the Isthmus of Corinth, and washed in the other Parts by the Gulph of Lepanto, the Sea of Greece, and the Archipelago. It is now call'd the Morea, from Morus, a Mulberry Tree, with which sort of Trees it very much abounds.*

P. 132. l. 23. We might easily have taken him either for *Bacchus*, &c.] *Bacchus was the Son of Jupiter by Semele, Daughter of Cadmus, King of Thebes. The Poets made him the God of Wine, because he invented the Use of that Liquor. They used to sacrifice to him Asses and Goats, giving thereby to understand that such as were too much addicted to Wine, become stupid and lustful.*

P. 132. l. 23. Mercury.] *Mercury, the Son of Jupiter by Maia, the Daughter of Atlas, was the Interpreter and Messenger of the Gods: he was the God of Eloquence, Trade and Thieving.*

P. 132.

Remarks and Allusions,

P. 132. l. 24. Apollo.] Apollo, the Son of Jupiter by Latona, is stiled the Inventor of Medicine, String-Musick, Poetry, and the Art of Divination: He is also the Prince of the Muses.

P. 135. l. 31. The Nymphs of Naxos Isle.] These Nymphs of the Isle of Naxos, one of the Cyclades in the Ægean Sea, in Reward of the Care they had taken in nursing of Bacchus, were transplanted to Heaven and turned into Stars called Iliades.

P. 137. l. 4. These immortal Beauties show an Innocence, a Modesty, a Simplicity that is all over charming.] Much after this Manner it was, that the King justified his Love for *Mademoiselle de la Valiere*: He was infinitely more charm'd with her Modesty, than her Beauty; and thinking at first, that all that he loved in her was her Virtue, he afterwards launch'd out into the greatest Extremities of Vice.

P. 137. l. 23. O shun the Dangers incident to Youth.] It was likewise much after this manner that the Queen Mother spoke to *Louis* the XIVth, in order to cure him of his Passion. She proceeded so far, by the Advice of *Madam de Navailles*, as to bar up the Avenues of the Apartments where her Maids of Honour lay, as likewise those of *MADAME*, (the King's Brother's Wife) to hinder the King from coming at them: But, as *Moliere* says,

————— *Les verrouils & les grilles*
Sont de foibles garants de la vertu des filles.

Anglicè;

Bars, Bolts, and Iron Grates, and strong Stone Walls,
Must all give Way, when Love (or Hunger) calls.

P. 141. l. 13. This *Telemachus* who despis'd all the Pleasures of the Isle of Cyprus cannot withstand the ordinary Beauty of one of my Nymphs.] In the same Manner did the *Duchess of Orleans* (*Henrietta* of England, who very much loved the King) express herself when she saw him so fond of *Mademoiselle de la Valiere*, one of her Maids of Honour, whose Beauty was but indifferent. She was incessantly lamenting it in Terms much like those above, to the Count de Guiche and *Mademoiselle de Montalet*, who were her Confidants.

P. 141. l. 26. The Goddess discover'd to him her Uneasiness at what she saw.] It was to the Comte de Guiche, the *Mareschal de Gramont*'s Eldest Son, that *Madame* discover'd her Uneasiness at what she saw.

P. 141. l. 28. This Hunting-Match, which Mentor intimated to her, made her beyond Measure furious, &c.] A Present which
the

the King made to his Mistress of a Pearl Necklace and a Pair of Diamond Buckles of great Value, had the same Effect on Madame, and made her beyond all Measure furious.

P. 143. l. 24. *Cupid had set all the Island on Fire.*] The Court of France was at that Time all on Fire. The wisest of the King's Counsellors watched to see which would get the better, whether that Monarch's Passion, or the Queen his Mother's prudent Advice; but they all kept Silence, for they were not allow'd to speak their Minds.

P. 143. l. 33. *She was just ready to go a Hunting with him; her Dress was exactly like that of Diana.*] The King delighted extremely in Hunting; he used to take the Ladies along with him, and loved to see them dressed like *Amazons*. *Mademoiselle de la Valiere* was particularly charming in this Habit.

P. 144. l. 16. *Shall my Beauty serve only for a Foil to hers, &c.*] Much after this Manner did Madame exclaim, when she discover'd that the Visits the King paid her, were nothing but a Pretence to see *Valiere*.

P. 146. l. 28. *And now Eucharis said to Telemachus, as it were jocularly, Are you not afraid that Mentor will chide you? &c.*] Just so it was that *Mademoiselle Mancini* upbraided the King, upon his being kept under by the Queen and the Cardinal. *Are not you the Master, Sire?* said she to him, *why don't you make use of your Authority?* All she wanted was to get free from her Uncle, the Cardinal's Tuition, and she would have been very glad to have had the King done the same.

P. 147. l. 9. *These crafty Words sunk deep with Telemachus, and fill'd him with Indignation and Dislike against Mentor, whose Yoke he would no longer bear.*] A natural Description this of the King's Disposition towards the Cardinal, while he was in love with his Niece; he shew'd it in every thing that pass'd, even in his most innocent Diversions.

P. 147. l. 26. *Calypso dash'd Eucharis's Hand aside and cast a dreadful Frown at her.*] Madame acted in the same Manner with respect to *la Valiere*, whom she mortified so very much, that she was obliged to retire to the Convent of *Chailot*; but the King went and fetch'd her out, and soon after settled the Establishment of her Household.

P. 148. l. 3. *O Eucharis, if Mentor forsakes me I have no Friend left but you.*] When the King had like to have lost *Valiere* in her first Lying-in, he cried out to the Ladies who were present, *Restore me her, and take all I have in the World.*

P. 150. l. 11. *Far from being appeased by that Nymph's Submission, &c.*] The more Submission *Valiere* shew'd to Madame, the more did that Princess's Indignation and Contempt of her increase.

increase. The King was forced to make use of his Authority to oblige her to keep her in her Family, till such time as he could provide her a House and Equipage.

P. 150. l. 16. *Eucharis's Beauty was encreas'd by Grieving.*] *La Valiere* had naturally a certain languishing Air, which by Grief was render'd yet more moving. Without being beautiful her Manner was altogether charming, and nothing made a greater Impression on the King's Heart, which was very tender, than to see her one Day in Tears, complaining to him of Madame's Severity to her.

P. 152. l. 6. *He kept his Eyes fixt upon Eucharis, as she was still going further from him.*] When *la Macini*, being married to the Constable *Colonna*, departed from the Court, the King could not see her go away, without the greatest Regret. This here is a natural Description of what he suffer'd upon that Occasion.

P. 153. l. 2. *Your Passion is so violent that you are not sensible of it, &c.*] Cardinal *Mazarin's* Letters to the King were full of the like Reproofs. The King was not sensible of his Condition; he disguised, even to himself, his Passion for the Cardinal's Niece, under Colour of a most refined Friendship; nor did he feel its full Force, till he was to part from her who was the Object of it.

P. 153. l. 19. *You renounce all these Advantages to pass an ignoble Life with Eucharis.*] In the like Words, did the Cardinal deliver himself to the King, when he saw him ready to renounce all the Advantages of his Marriage with the *Infanta*, and to sacrifice his Crown and his Glory to *la Mancini*.

P. 153. l. 24. *I do not charge you with Dissimulation.*] This is what the Cardinal one Day wrote to the King, who was extremely nettled at a Letter of his, wherein he seem'd to accuse him of Dissimulation and want of Honour.

P. 153. l. 31. *You have not forgot the Cares you cost me.*] In reading this and the rest of this Page, one would think we were reading Cardinal *Mazarin's* Letters to the King, concerning his Love for his Niece; particularly, that wherein he threatens to forsake him and retire to *Italy*, if he did not break off that Converse which dishonoured him so much.

P. 162. l. 28. Beyond all the Seas into the famous *Bætica*.] *Bætica* was a Part of Spain, comprehending the Provinces now called *Andalusia* and *Granada*: it was beyond all the Seas in the Opinion of the Antients, who knew of no Seas but the Mediterranean, and such Parts of the Ocean which wash the Skirts of Europe.

P. 165. l. 24. *He denied himself all the Delicacies of the Table.*] *Oliver Cromwell* was alike distrustful, and took all possible Precautions

Precautions to avoid the Poison he dreaded, and was so cunning as to conceal this Distrustfulness of his, and make it pass for Frugality.

P. 169. l. 10. *Baleazar continued a long while wandering up and down in Disguise, on the Sea Coast.*] *Baleazar* here is the Representation of *Charles the II*d, King of *England*, who, after his Father's Death, and after he had lost, to *Cromwell*, the Battle of *Worcester*, fled into *France*, not without first wandering a long time on the Sea-Shore, and being obliged to make use of several Disguises to avoid being known.

P. 169. l. 21. *Narbal did not think it proper while Pygmalion was alive, that Baleazar shou'd come, &c.*] General *Monk* waited for *Cromwell's* Death, to put in Execution what he had been a long time contriving in Favour of King *Charles the II*d; then seeing himself possessed of Power sufficient, he sent Advice thereof to that Prince, who was come to *Breda*. The remaining Part of the Narration perfectly well agrees with what befel him, on his Return to *London*.

P. 170. l. 11. *Narbal call'd together the leading Men of the People, &c.*] *Charles the II*d was likewise, in the same Manner, restor'd by a free Vote of the Parliament.

P. 173. l. 10. *The cruel Danäides.*] *The Danäides were fifty in Number, all Daughters of Danaüs, King of Argos, married to as many of the Sons of Egyptus, their Cousins, who killed their Husbands the Night they were married, all but one, who was Lynceus, that was saved by his Wife Hypermnestra. The Poets feign, that they are incessantly employ'd in filling with Water Barrels full of Holes.*

P. 173. l. 12. *Ixion everlastingly turns his Wheel.*] *Ixion Son of Phlegias, King of Thessaly. Jupiter took him into Heaven, where he would have ravish'd Juno; but Jupiter hearing of it, in order to deceive him, put a Cloud in the Place of Juno, and in her Shape too, of which he begat the Centaurs. Jupiter afterwards cast him down into Hell, where his Punishment was to turn a Wheel everlastingly.*

P. 173. l. 13. *Tantalus parch'd with Thirst.*] *Tantalus the Son of Jupiter, by the Nymph Flora; who having prepared an Entertainment for the Gods, in order to make Trial of their Divinity, serv'd up a Dish filled with the Limbs of his Son Pelops, whom he had cut in Pieces. Jupiter discovering this Crime thunder'd him down to Hell, where, in Return for the loathsome Banquet he had made the Gods, he is feign'd by the Poets to suffer an eternal Hunger and Thirst.*

P. 173. l. 15. *Sisyphus rolls a Stone up Hill in vain.*] *Sisyphus the Son of Æolus, a great Robber in Attica, where he was slain by Theseus, and for his further Punishment in Hell, he is feign'd*

feign'd by the Poets to roll a great Stone from the Bottom to the Top of a Hill, which did suddenly and incessantly slide down again.

P. 173. l. 17. *Tityus will for ever feel in his Bowels, &c.] Tityus the Son of Jupiter and Elara, who attempting to ravish Latona, Apollo struck him dead with his Darts, (others say that Jupiter struck him dead with his Thunderbolts.) Be that as it will, he was sent to Hell, where he was adjudg'd to have a Vulture to feed on his Liver, which incessantly grew again with every new Moon.*

P. 173. l. 20. *He began his Reign by a quite different sort of Conduct, from that of Pygmalion, &c.] All that follows agrees perfectly well with King Charles the II^d, who, being taught by his own and his Father's Misfortunes, had learnt to use Moderation.*

P. 178. l. 2. *Narcissus.] Narcissus was a very beautiful Youth, Son of the River Cepheissus and the Nymph Liriope. He slighted the Nymph Echo, who was fallen in Love with him; upon which she pined away to a Skeleton, and had nothing else left but her Voice. Tiresias, the Southsayer, being ask'd concerning Narcissus's Fortune at his Birth, answer'd, he shou'd live so long as he did not see himself. The rest of his Adventures are described in this Page.*

P. 178. l. 8. *The bright Adonis.] Adonis was the Son of Cyneras, King of Cyprus, by his own Daughter Myrrha. He was a very beautiful Youth; hence feign'd to be Venus's Minion and Gallant. After his Death, as in the Text, Venus turned him into an Anemoné of a bloody Colour.*

P. 178. l. 19. *Cerberus.] Cerberus was a Dog with three Heads, which, by Commission from the Poets, kept the Gate of Hell.*

P. 179. l. 19. *This Country, &c.] This whole Description is literally meant of Spain; we find the like Account of it in antient Authors.*

P. 179. l. 20. *The Delights of the Golden Age.] The Golden Age is assign'd to the Reign of Saturn, because in his Time Janus brought into the World that fortunate Age, when the Earth, without being till'd, produced all kinds of Fruits. Astræa, that is, Justice reign'd here below, and all Men liv'd in common in perfect Friendship. This happy Period can suit no other but that which our first Parents spent in the terrestrial Paradise.*

P. 182. l. 29. *One wou'd think Astræa, &c.] Astræa was the Daughter of Jupiter and Themis, the Goddess of Justice. After having lived upon the Earth during all the Golden Age, she fled to Heaven, in the Iron Age, as soon as Men began to grow corrupt.*

P. 184. l. 1. *But what Pleasure can be take in governing Men against their Consent ?*] These Words, and all that comes after, do likewise agree extremely well with *Oliver*, who under the Name of Protector, kept the *English* so long in Slavery.

P. 184. l. 32. *They are so far from drinking, &c.*] This and what follows, ought to be understood of the *English* ironically. It is true they eat Grapes as well as other Fruit, but they are far from dreading Wine as the Corrupter of Mankind.

P. 185. l. 12. *The Honour of the Men in this Country, &c.*] The *English* are so little given to Jealousy, that there is not perhaps in the whole World a People among whom the Women are left more to their own Liberty. The *English* Women are beautiful and agreeable; but they perfectly well understand the Art of making the best of their Beauty.

P. 186. l. 2. *Nature has separated them from other People, &c.*] This is exactly the Situation of *England*; whose Kings, as appears from History, have often been the Arbiters of other Princes of *Europe*.

P. 186. l. 11. *This wise Nation never having committed any Violence, nobody mistrusts it. — Pride, Arrogance, &c. were never heard of among the Inhabitants of Betica.*] This is one of the strongest Mock-Truths against the violent Disposition which prompted the *English* to put one of their Kings to death, &c. It is also an Irony upon their proud and haughty Nature.

P. 186. l. 28. *The Beticans wou'd sooner forsake their Country, or meet their Death, than submit to Slavery.*] The *English* sacrifice every thing to the Love of Liberty: nothing but so just a Cause, can excuse certain Acts of Violence they have committed.

P. 191. l. 28. *Her Robe was fasten'd by that fam'd Girdle on which are represented the Graces.*] *The three Graces* (or *Χάριτες*, as the Greeks call 'em) were the Production of *Venus*, and generally kept her Company; which furnish'd the Poets with the Conceit of that mysterious Girdle here mention'd. Their Names were *Aglaiä*, (otherwise *Pasithea*) *Thalia* and *Euphrosyné*. They are said to be three, because we ought to be bountiful to others, and thankfully to receive good Turns from others, and to requite Courtesies: which are three several Acts. One, they say, was painted with her Back towards us, and her Face from us, as proceeding from us; the other two with their Faces towards us; noting, that for one Benefit done, we shou'd receive double Thanks. They were painted naked, to shew that good Turns should be done without Dissembling and Hypocrisy: also young, to note, that the Remembrance of Benefits should never wax old: They were also pictured laughing, to signify a Cheerfulness in doing of Kindnesses.

Kindnesses. Lastly, their Arms were linked one with another; to teach that one Kindness should draw on another, so that the Knot and Bond of Love should be indissoluble.

P. 196. l. 18. *The Coast of Hesperia.*] *Hesperia* means Italy there; so call'd by the Greeks, either from King *Hesperus*, the Brother of *Atlas*, or else from the Evening-Star *Hesperos*, (in Greek) which in the Evening appears in the West; and because the Regions of Italy and Spain are, with respect to the Greeks, situated in the West. *Hesperia* without an Epithet to it, is almost always taken for Italy, as here we find it in the Text above.

P. 197. l. 30. It is doubtless *Salentum*.] *Salentum* was once the Capital of the *Salentini*, in *Apulia*; see more of it in a preceding Note.

P. 204. l. 7. *The Rape of Europa.*] *Europa* was the Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phoenicia*, and Sister of *Cadmus*. *Jupiter*, in the Shape of a Bull, carried her away thro' the Sea into *Crete*. The Truth of this Fiction some think to be this; That the Ship wherein she was carried, was *Tauriformis*, like a Bull; others, that the Master of the Ship's Name was *Taurus*, Bull; others, that the Ship had the Figure of a Bull carv'd either in her Prow or Poop; others, that a Legion of Men stole her and other Virgins away, carrying in their Flag a white Bull: or else because the Word in Hebrew signifies both a Bull and a Ship. However this be, most Authors are of Opinion that from her is deriv'd the Name of *Europe*, one of the four Quarters of the World, and, though the least, yet the most considerable for People, Arts and Arms. *Stephens* will have it come from *Europus*, King of *Macedon*. But *Becmannus* deduces it from two Teutonic Words, *eur* excellent, and *hop* a Multitude of Men.

P. 204. l. 20. The Horses which *Diomed* had just kill'd.] *Diomed* was King of *Thrace*: He fed his Horses with the Flesh of Strangers which came into his Dominions; *Hercules* having overcome him, threw him to be eaten by his own Horses.

P. 208. l. 3. You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes disable me from reigning over that great Island, &c.] The Misfortunes which depriv'd *James* the 1st of the Throne of *England*, are too recent and too well known to need any Detail of 'em here. If ever any King was a terrible Example to other Kings, it is doubtless him we are speaking of; who, by the Abuse he had made of his Authority, deserv'd to be dispossessed of it and sent to seek Protection in foreign Countries.

P. 208. l. 14. *My Household-Gods.*] The Household-Gods, that is, the *Dii Penates*, as the Romans call'd 'em; as likewise *Lares*, from the Word *Lar*, which signifies the Fire Side, or one's Home; were odd little Images fix'd up and down in Niches, in several
Parts

Parts of the House: these the Pagans worship'd as their Protectors, and sacrificed Wine and Incense to them.

P. 209. l. 18. *But my own Pride and the Flattery of others, which I delighted in, over-turn'd my Throne.*] Pride and Flattery put James the II^d upon overturning the Laws of England, in order to set up there the same arbitrary Power which Louis the XIVth exercised in France with Impunity. He met with Obstacles in his Way, and the Efforts he made to remove 'em, or rather to destroy 'em, threw himself out of the Throne, which, by his Flight, was left empty.

P. 214. l. 4. *It is my Opinion, that you ought first to let us know whether your War be a just one; secondly, against whom you wage it; and lastly, what Number of Forces you have.*] Of these three Circumstances, the first was always overlook'd by Louis XIV. whose Concern about the Justice or Injustice of the Wars he undertook, was much less than the Desire he had of satisfying his Ambition, and raising his own Glory.

P. 214. l. 13. *The People who are call'd Mandurians.*] The Mandurians were so call'd from Mandurium, a Town of the Salentini, in the Kingdom of Naples. Mandurium derived its Name from the Lake Andurium, mention'd by Pliny, the Waters whereof (which are salt) never diminish or increase.

P. 215. l. 6. *Remember 'tis from a People you call rude and unciviliz'd that you receive this Lesson of Forbearance and Generosity.*] 'Tis a very common thing for French People to call all Foreigners rude and unciviliz'd, though they have often receiv'd from their Neighbours such Lessons (as above) of Forbearance and Generosity; and yet they have too often made War upon them merely out of a Desire of subduing People who never did them the least Hurt.

P. 215. l. 32. *O King, in one Hand, thou seest, we bear the Sword, and in the other an Olive Branch, &c.*] This Speech contains a lively Picture of the Ambition of Louis the XIVth, who, through a Motive of false Glory, did but too often begin unjust Wars, which made him drink deep Draughts of the Cup of Affliction, and were attended with Fortune's most mortifying Vicissitudes. Neither the Sciences, which he boasted himself the Protector of, nor the *Politesse*, his Subjects so much valued themselves upon, in his Reign, were ever able to preserve him from that violent Passion which he had for ravaging and committing Spoil on his Neighbour's Lands.

P. 217. l. 29. *'Tis the Opinion of these Barbarians that they can no longer trust either our Promises or Oaths.*] How often have the Allies of France found to their Cost, that there was no trusting either to her Promises or Oaths? She has many times violated the most solemn Treaties, almost before the Ink was dry or the Wax cold.

P. 218. l. 7. *The Locrians.] The Locrians were a People of Phocis,* who dwelt on both Sides of Mount Parnassus.*

P. 218. l. 17. *The Brutians.] The Brutians were a People in the farthest Parts of Italy, beyond the Lucani, (over-against Sicily) in the Further Calabria. They inhabit a sort of Peninsula which forms the Gulph call'd now Gioia, at the Mouth of the River Metaurus, now call'd the Marro or Meiro.*

P. 218. l. 24. *The People of Crotona.] Crotona is a very antient City of Italy not far from Otranto; it was formerly call'd Croto, by the Greeks. It is in that Part of Italy call'd Magna Græcia, wherein likewise were settled the Lucani, Brutii, and all the above-mention'd Nations. It is a very healthy Place, and of a temperate Air; whence the Proverb, Crotona Salubrius. It was the Country of Milo the great Wrestler. The inhabitants are called Crotoniatæ. We must take care not to confound it with Cortona, a Town in Tuscany, as the Author of these Notes has done.*

P. 219. l. 1. *Neritum.] Neritum now call'd Nardo, is a little City in the Kingdom of Naples, in Terra di Otranto, in the West, within a League of the Gulph of Tarentum.*

P. 219. l. 2. *Brundisium.] Brundisium, otherwise nam'd by the French, English, &c. Brindes, and by the Italians Brindisi, a City of Calabria, near the Adriatic Sea, which hath a very commodious Haven, if not the best in all Italy, whence was their usual Passage into Greece.*

P. 219. l. 3. *Messapia.] Messapia is part of Apulia, as the antient Romans call'd it, (but now corruptly Puglia.) The Terra di Otranto, in the Kingdom of Naples, is now the same Province of Italy which was formerly call'd Messapia. As for Apulia, it is a Country well stor'd with Sheep and commended for Wool; it is divided into two Parts, the one is call'd Puglia piana, or Daunia, the other, Peucetia, or Terra di Barri.*

P. 220. l. 4. *But Pride and Haughtiness are generally the Occasion of the most dangerous Wars.] The Pride and Haughtiness of Louis the XIVth was what involv'd him in several dangerous Wars: his Hand was against every body, and, (therefore) every body's Hand against him; he domineer'd over All, and All leagu'd against him.*

P. 221. l. 3. *In these Desfilees I have caus'd strong Towers to be erected, &c.] The Fortresses, which Louis the XIVth built on his Neighbour's Frontiers was the very thing that rais'd their Jealousy. He was for putting a Bridle upon them, whilst he was preparing to enter their Country in order to oppress them; and thereby excited them to make frequent and terrible Irruptions into his own Territories.*

P. 221. l. 19. *You are a wise King, said Mentor, to Idomeneus,*

us, and are pleas'd with hearing the Truth deliver'd to you without any Disguise, &c.] This is a very strong Irony, and the Application of it, by the Rule of Contraries, may be very naturally and easily made to *Louis* the XIVth. To be convinc'd of it, read but his Declarations of War, in all or most of which, you'll find the very Motives which *Mentor* here reproves in *Idomeneus*.

P. 223. l. 24. *They are all against us, &c.*] Just in the same Condition did *Louis* the XIVth often find himself, through the Distrustfulness and Jealousy with which he fill'd all his Neighbours. Even such of them as did not declare open War against him, wish'd to see him reduc'd, because his Power was become formidable to them.

P. 224. l. 15. *Tarentum.*] *Tarentum*, a Town of the *Salentini*, in the Province of *Messapia*, now the Archiepiscopal City of the *Terra di Otranto*, on the Southern Coast, in the Kingdom of *Naples*.

P. 224. l. 18. *Laconia.*] *Laconia* was a Province of *Peloponnesus*; it is now call'd *Traconia* or *Zaconia*, in the *Morea*, i. e. *Peloponnesus*; its chief City was *Lacedæmon*. Those of this Country were the first that us'd a Dry-bath, Hot-house, or Stew, in order to sweat out Crudities; from whence such a Bath is call'd by *Columella*, *Laconicum* (the Adjection of *Balneum* is to be understood.) The Inhabitants were call'd *Lacones*, as well as *Lacedæmonii*.

P. 224. l. 34. *Philoctetes.*] *Philoctetes* was the Friend and Companion of *Hercules*, who made him swear never to discover to any one the Place of his Burial. To him also he made a Present of his Arrows, poison'd with the Blood of the *Hydra*, a Monster with fifty Heads which *Hercules* had slain.

P. 224. l. 37. *The Walls of Petilia.*] *Petilia* was a Town of Great-Greece, so call'd from the Greek Word *πετῖλας* to fly; because the Augurs, from a Flight of Birds, pitch'd upon that Spot of Ground to build it on. It is now call'd *Belicastro*, says *Cluverius*: who rightly places it in *Magna Græcia*, and not in *Tuscany*, as this Dutch Annotator does.

P. 225. l. 3. *Metapontum.*] *Metapontum* is in the Gulph of *Tarento*, a City once of *Lucania*, now call'd *Torre di Mare*; or as others, *Pelicorè*; as much as to say, the Region (*πέλας*, *Kora* in Greek) of the *Pylians*; because built by the *Pylians*, as abovemention'd in the Text.

P. 225. l. 21. *Those Suspicions you created in the Minds of your Neighbours, have kindled this War, &c.*] 'This and what goes before, must be understood of the Low-Country War in 1667, and of that of *Holland* in 1672. The *Flemings* and the *Hollanders* are those whom the *French* call rude and unciviliz'd,

but who, for all that, have nothing barbarous but their Name.

P. 227. l. 9. Nestor.] Nestor the Son of Neleus, King of Pylos, in Peloponnesus, was very famous for his Wisdom and Eloquence, as well as for his long Life, which continued almost three hundred Years.

P. 228. l. 28. Caphareüs.] Caphareüs is the most Western Cape of the Isle of Negropont, now call'd Capo-figera, or del Oro. The Island now call'd Negroponte, formerly nam'd Eubæa, in the Ægean Sea, is thought to have been torn off, by the Violence of the Sea and Weather, from Bœotia, says Cluverius; it being sever'd from Bœotia, by so small an Euripus, or Gut of Water, that it may be join'd to it by a Bridge. The Turks, who took it from the Venetians, in the Year 1470, call it Egribos and Eunya.

P. 229. l. 9. Lemnos.] Lemnos an Island in the Ægean Sea, now Stalimenè; so call'd by the Turks who are Lords of it, and also in our late Maps. The Island is sacred to Vulcan.

P. 229. l. 23. Phocis.] Phocis a Country of Achaia, in Greece, between Bœotia and Ætolia, in which are the City Delphos and the Hill Parnassus, as likewise Helicon; it is now part of Livadia and Stramulipa, or of modern Achaia, depending on European Turkey.

P. 229. l. 34. He has violated all his Engagements with his nearest Neighbours.] This, and what goes before, was the Language which the Princes and Potentates adjoining to France continually us'd to and of the late King; who often times concluded a Peace purely to take Breath, that he might be the better able to begin the War a-fresh.

P. 231. l. 15. Agamemnon's Pride.] Agamemnon King of Mycenæ and Argos, was chosen Captain General of the Greeks, in the War against the Trojans.

P. 231. l. 16. Ajax's Fierceness.] There were two Grecian Warriors of this Name, one the Son of Oileus, King of Locris. He was struck with Thunder in his Return Home from Troy, by Pallas, for having ravish'd Cassandra, in her Temple, after the taking of Troy. The Dutch Annotator will have this to be the Ajax alluded to in the Text; but I rather take it that the Author alludes to the other Ajax, the Son of Telamon: He, for Anger that the Grecian Princes had adjudged Ulysses to have Achilles's Armour, grew mad, and at last, with that Sword which Hector had given him, slew himself.

P. 237. l. 9. The Gods are our Witnesses that we did not renounce Peace, till Peace had become absolutely impossible for us to enjoy, through the restless Ambition of the Cretans, &c.] This has ever been the Language of the Hollanders with regard to the French; they would gladly have had them for Friends, but

not

not for Neighbours. The restless Ambition of *Louis XIV.* made them dread his Nearness to them, nor could they find any Security but by a strong Barrier between them, and him. There was no trusting to his Oaths or Treaties.

P. 238. l. 25. *Tho he offers us Peace with Sword in Hand, he is not for prescribing the Conditions of it with Imperiousness.*] *Louis* the XIVth acted just the contrary at the Peace of *Nimwegen*, so that he did not in the least extinguish the Jealousies and Resentments of the contracting Parties, which afterwards broke out with more Force and Success than before.

P. 239. l. 35. *Reserve to yourselves the Honour of being Judges and Mediators.*] Thus it was that the King of *England* and the States of the *United Provinces* were Mediators of the Peace of *Aix la Chapelle*, which the King of *France* made in the Year 1668. in a manner out of Necessity: But Jealousy, occasion'd by the Mediation, soon turn'd to the Prejudice of these last Mediators.

P. 240. l. 22. *Think not that 'tis Fear obliges Idomeneus to make you these Offers.*] This us'd to be the Language of *Louis* the XIVth. He always colour'd over with the fairest Pretences of Moderation and Justice, the Necessity he was in of making a Peace.

P. 244. l. 13. *At the Sight of Idomeneus the Allies felt their Resentments kindle a-fresh.*] Whenever *Louis* the XIVth appear'd in any of the Frontier Towns, or took Possession of some new Conquest, the People could not behold him without shaking; but that which the *French* attributed to Admiration, was rather the Effect of Indignation in the Foreigners.

P. 244. l. 34. *The Mountain Atlas, that supports the Heavens.*] *Atlas* a Mountain of *Mauritania*, so high that the Top of it is said to reach to Heaven, and bear it up. It takes its Name from the King of that Country, who because he was the first Inventor of *Astronomy*, was said to bear the Heavens on his Shoulders; to wit, by maintaining the Science of it.

P. 245. l. 26. *Exquisite Wines were in abundance pour'd out for the Libations.*] The Libations were Effusions of Wine or some other Liquor done in Honour of the *Pagan Deities*.

P. 245. l. 27. *The Haruspices consulted the panting Entrails, &c.*] This they did in order to foretel future Events, by the Soundness or Unsoundness of the vital Parts of the Beasts that were sacrificed.

P. 246. l. 33. *Whoever prefers his own Glory and Ambition before a Sense of Humanity, is a Monster of Pride, not a Man, &c.*] What a glorious Lesson was this for the Grandson of a King whose Pride had made him the Aversion of all his Neighbours! He could not be too much strengthen'd against the

the Illusion of false Glory, since it was even then so prejudicial to his Grandfather.

P. 248. l. 7. *But pray what's to be done when we find ourselves near a Prince who knows no Law but his own Interest? &c.*] Thus, in the Case of *Louis* the XIVth, the Faith even of Treaties could never make Princes easy that border'd upon him. The inordinate Passion he had to aggrandize himself, made them even in time of Peace continually apprehensive of the Designs he was forming to renew the War.

P. 248 l. 11. *Think not that I glance at Idomeneus; no, 'tis Adrastus King of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to fear.*] Several things which have been said of *Idomeneus* perfectly well agree with *Louis* the XIVth; but it is not however the perfect Picture of him: for *Idomeneus* would allow to be told of his Faults, because he was desirous to repair them; *Louis* the XIVth could bear no Remonstrances, so far was he from being desirous to rectify what was amiss in his Government. 'Tis *Adrastus* that is the true Picture of that Monarch, through a perfect Conformity of their Inclinations. Like him, *Louis* the XIVth thought other Men were only born to be instrumental to his Glory, and to be his Slaves: like him, he would not have Subjects of whom he might be both King and Father, but must have Slaves and Adorers: like him, he caus'd Divine Honours to be paid him, by suffering proud Inscriptions, in publick Places, ascribing to him the Immortality of a Deity: Like him, in short, he had been an accomplish'd King, had he squar'd his Actions by the Rules of Justice and Integrity. It is easy to apply the rest of the Parallel. *Louis* the XIVth was fortunate till the Peace of *Nimeguen*. Force and Artifice was all alike to him, provided he cou'd but crush his Neighbours. He was well serv'd and obey'd; his Presence supported the Valour of his Troops; he esteem'd nothing a real solid Good but the Advantage of trampling all Mankind under Foot.

P. 248. l. 12. *Adrastus King of the Daunians.*] *Adrastus* was King of Argos, and of the Daunians, People of Apulia. He made War against the Thebans in Favour of his Son-in-law Polynices, as *Louis* the XIVth did against the Flemings, under Pretence of asserting the Rights of the Queen his Spouse. (*Adrastus* was likewise very long-liv'd, and so was *Louis* the XIVth).

P. 251. l. 10. *Astonish'd that the Hurry and Avocations of so great a War, had not hinder'd this growing City from increasing, and being imbellish'd all at once, &c.*] Though *Idomeneus* is not a Picture, in all respects, like *Louis* the XIVth, yet what is said here of him will certainly be allow'd to bear a very great Likeness to that Monarch. The Incumbrances and Distractions

tions of the War, never hinder'd him the least from satisfying his Passion for Buildings and for Gardens ; and those enormous Expences, join'd to those that were necessary to support the War, have at length exhausted the Kingdom, and reduc'd it to the piteous Condition wherein we now see it : *i. e.* when these Notes were written.

P. 253. l. 19. *But pity a Prince whom Flattery had poison'd, &c.]* Louis the XIVth had this common with *Idomeneus* : Poison'd as he was, by Flattery, in his very Child-hood, he could not find a Man generous enough to tell him the Truth not even in his Misfortunes. He was extremely ticklish as to any thing that had but the Appearance of a Reproof. People were so sure to displease him, by representing things to him as they really were, that Madam *Maintenon* always took the utmost Care to conceal them from him.

P. 256. l. 4. *You are engaged to reinstate Ulysses, &c.]* This is another Irony or Mock-Truth which the Conduct of Louis the XIVth will very well support and bear us out in. He was engaged to reinstate *James* the II. Mean while he made a Diversion in *Germany*, at the time of the taking *Philipsburg*, which hindred him from succouring that fugitive King so effectually as he shou'd have done. He reckon'd that the Forces of *England* alone would not be sufficient to establish the Prince of *Orange* there ; and that by cutting out Work for the *Hollanders* elsewhere, he shou'd render that Design abortive : but he was deceived in his Aims, as appeared by the Event.

P. 259. l. 12. *A Prince disgraces himself more by avoiding the Dangers of War, than by never going to it all, &c.]* Louis the XIVth went oftentimes to the War, but always carefully avoided the Dangers of a Battle. Nothing was more doubtful than his Courage, as appear'd, particularly, in the Year 1676. at the Siege of *Bouchain* ; where a Battle with the Prince of *Orange* being unavoidable, the Marshal *de Schomberg*, seeing the King turn pale in the Council of War, dextrously contriv'd a Majority of Votes against engaging, when all of them had given their Opinions but just before for it.

P. 260. l. 10. *Will be the first to whisper it about that you are faint-hearted, &c.]* This was frequently whisper'd at Court ; where even the Princes of the Blood made their Jest on the King, who calmly kept himself lock'd up with Madame *Maintenon*, whom they call'd his *old Woman*, whilst his Generals were exposing their Lives on the Frontiers, open on all Sides to the Enemy's Irruptions.

P. 262. l. 33. *Idomeneus was bred up in Ideas of Pomp and Haughtiness.]* No better Description than this can be given
of

of the Education of *Louis* the XIVth, who suffer'd himself to be too much bias'd by his Ministers, and who could but very indifferently preserve himself from their Snares, having been put into their Hands so young.

P. 263. l. 18. *There will be Self-Opinion, Disputes, and Jealousies, &c.*] This has a View to *M. de Louvois*, and *M. Colbert*, who never could agree, and whose Incompatibility was the Cause of great Mischiefs to the King and State.

P. 265. l. 17. *Idomeneus by his own Fault lost the Kingdom of his Ancestors.*] Thus King *James* the II^d, by his own Fault, lost his Kingdom, by attempting to change the Constitution of a State, the Laws whereof he ought to have protected and observ'd.

P. 266. l. 28. *He is naturally sincere, upright, just.*] It appears by this Character, that the Person of *Idomeneus* is not a thorough Emblem of *Louis* the XIVth, though there are several things in it which 'tis highly probable were meant of the latter. But, as we have already said, it was convenient to make this mixture of Characters, to disguise them a little more to the Eyes of the Court.

P. 270. l. 20. *The Commerce of that City was like the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, &c.*] All this is to be understood of the City of *Amsterdam*, which deserves to be imitated as a Model for all others, in respect to Freedom of Trade.

P. 271. l. 5. *As to the Inside of the City, &c.*] All that follows contains an admirable Lesson, which may serve, at the same time, as a Censure of the Luxury which *Louis* the XIVth introduc'd at *Paris* and at the Court. That Prince was always a great Lover of Pomp and State, and carried the Punctum of Magnificence further than any of his Predecessors.

P. 273. l. 15. *Never allow of any Change either in the Nature of the Stuffs, or in the Fashion or Cut of the Cloth, &c.*] This is a Critique on the Modes which were particularly introduc'd in *France*, under the Reign of *Louis* the XIVth. In the whole History of *France*, from the Beginning to the End, we do not find near so many Changes in the Fashion, as there were during this King's Youth only.

P. 275. l. 1. *After this Mentor fell to reforming the Musick. He silenced the soft and effeminate Sort, &c.*] As no Prince ever had a more excellent Band of Musicians than *Louis* the XIVth, so neither was there any Court more corrupt than his. 'Tis well known that that Prince never went to sleep, without a Symphony of soft Musick in his Anti-chamber.

P. 275. l. 11. *He likewise confin'd to the Temples all the great Ornaments of Architecture, such as Columns, &c.*] This is a Critique on the Sumptuousness of the Palace of *Versailles*,
where

where the King lavished away immense Sums, in ſuperfluous Ornaments.

P. 275. l. 23. A ſmall Periſtyle, &c.] *The Periſtyle is a Building begirt with Columns on the Inſide like Cloiſters.*

P. 276. l. 17. *Such Arts as are not abſolutely neceſſary, ought not to admit of any ordinary or indifferent Performers, &c.]* This Parallel muſt be confeſſed to be a glorious one to *Louis* the XIVth. He, like *Idomeneus*, erected Academies for Painting and Sculpture, which never ſent Abroad any thing but what was moſt exquisite in its Kind.

P. 277. l. 12. *Embroider'd Works of an exceſſive Price, Gold and Silver Vaſes, &c.]* This likewiſe is a Stroke at the Sumptuouſneſs of the Palace of *Louis* the XIVth, wherein there was a vaſt Multitude of Vaſes and other Moveables, all of maſſy Silver, and Furniture of the richeſt Stuffs.

P. 278. l. 20. *A waſt Extent of fertile Land lying waſte and uncultivated, &c.]* This was a Representation of the Condition *France* was in at the Time when firſt the Peaſants began to be forced away to the War, and the Country was depopulated and drain'd of the Hands that uſ'd to manure it.

P. 281. l. 24. *But what a cruel Piece of Inhumanity is it, &c.]* This reflects upon the Tallies (Land-Tax) and other Impoſts which hardly left the Country People where-withal to ſupport themſelves in the moſt preſſing Occaſions.

P. 282. l. 3. *Heavy Taxes on ſuch of their Subjects as are moſt diligent, &c.]* This prepoſterous and pernicious Piece of Policy which was practiſed in *France* with the utmoſt Inhumanity, ſoon reduced the moſt diligent, vigilant and induſtrious of its Subjects to extreme Miſery and Poverty.

P. 283. l. 17. *Slaughter, Devaſtation, Miſery, Horror, cruel Famine, and Deſperation.]* Moſt of *Louis* the XIVth's Conqueſts hardly produced any other Fruit to his Subjects than the Evils here deſcribed: becauſe, as he made War out of Ambition, he aimed not to make them happy, but himſelf great; and the more Victories he obtain'd, the more he loaded his Subjects, in order to carry on and ſupport new Deſigns and Schemes.

P. 286. l. 8. *But how deteſtable a Maxim is it for a King to place his Safety in the Oppreſſion of his People, &c.]* That which follows, to the End of this twelfth Book, is a Collection of Maxims which *Louis* the XIVth took for the Rules of his Government. We leave the Application of them to the Reader, who will find therein a perfect Conformity with the Condition *France* but a few Years ſince was manifeſtly in.

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